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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

March 30, 1940

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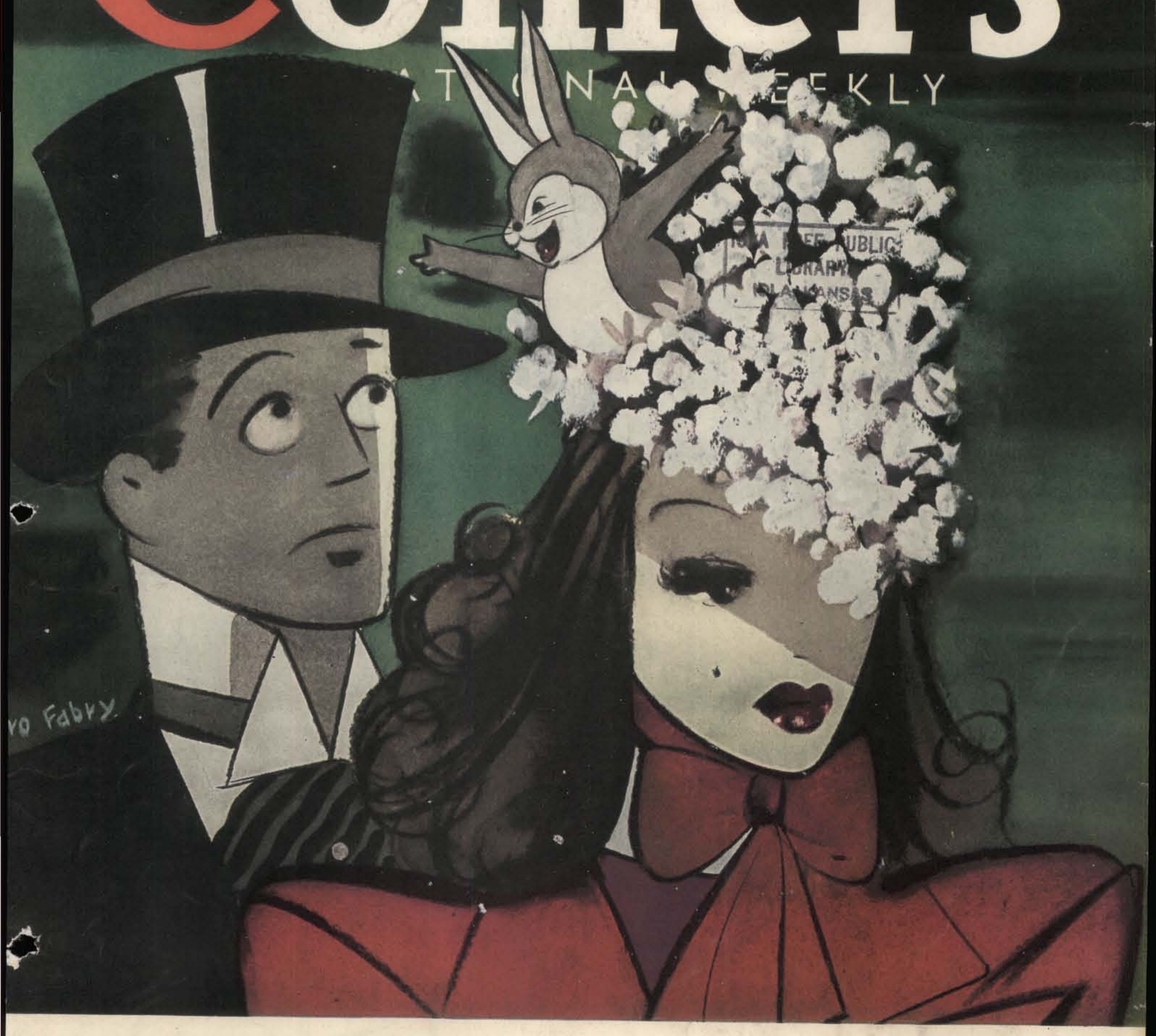

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA KANSAS

THE POPE'S FIGHT AGAINST TIME

By Frank Gervasi

MARCH 30, 1940

JUNE E THOMPSON
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A Truly Great Whiskey

It is our sincere belief that no other whiskey, however fine it may be, offers the matchless flavor, the delicate aroma, and the mellow-rich smoothness that have brought Four Roses renown as America's finest whiskey. Four Roses is all whiskey—a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years *or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

Do you see Billy?
No! I see a Man with a Home of His Own.

What is the Man Doing?
He is Facing the World with a Sparkling Smile.

What makes his Smile so Sparkling?
Perhaps because he started young with Ipana and Massage.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.4 OZ.
AS USED ALWAYS

How foolish to take chances! Let Ipana and Massage help guard the health of your gums... the brilliance of your smile.

BE HONEST with yourself! Are you sure you are giving your teeth the proper care . . . the care they should have to be bright and sparkling?

Your own child could probably tell you! For today, thousands of children are being taught in their classrooms a lesson that many an adult still has to learn . . . the importance of *gum massage* to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

They know that *most modern foods* are too soft and creamy to require vigorous chewing. And gums, deprived of the exercise they need for health, often tend to become weak, tender, flabby . . . and flash their warning tinge of "pink"!

"Pink Tooth Brush" a Signal for Action

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble . . . but let him decide! He, very likely, may simply tell you your gums have become "lazy"... need more exercise. And, like so many other dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean your teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang" . . . exclusive with Ipana and massage. It shows that gum circulation is being stimulated . . . helping to make gums healthier, teeth stronger.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today! And start the daily habit of Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, more attractive smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

March 30, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean
MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

BALKAN oil may win or lose the war, but not for the Balkans. For the tiny, poverty-stricken states caught between Germany's desperate need on one hand and Allied determination on the other, there can be but one outcome. Regardless of which of Europe's titans comes out with the rich prize of Balkan oil, the Balkan's lose—as they have lost time and again in their long and blood-soaked history. If Germany moves, Europe's most peace-loving people will see their homelands again turned into a shambles. Today they await each new move with apprehension. Frank Gervasi, cabling from Athens, gives you the human side of their story in "Oil For Europe's Burning."

AGAINST the tragic background of Germany's invasion of Poland, Eleanor Mercein presents a stirring story of grim retribution. The story of how the aging Princess Anastasia Leczinska wreaked her private vengeance on the invaders of her nation, and of the bright romance between her beautiful attendant and the youthful attaché of the American embassy. "Trophy" is a powerful and thrilling tale of the war behind the Eastern Front.

YOU don't need a lot of skill to get plenty of excitement and fun out of fishing. All you need are the right equipment—not necessarily expensive—a place to fish and a reasonable amount of plain luck. Ben Ames Williams, one of the most enthusiastic rod-and-reel addicts you could hope to meet, tells you how "Fishing Can Be Fun," conclusions drawn from a lifetime of angling all over the country. Accompanying this article will be a complete three-page map of the United States in full color, a guide to the native habitat of your favorite game fish. It's a required addition to every angler's library.

UNDER the able tutelage of William MacHarg, your old friend Detective O'Malley brings another murderer to justice in "Deadly Visitor." Robert Carson presents an entertaining tale to prove that the life of a radio announcer on the all-night programs can get pretty complicated. James Connolly contributes another grand Gloucester story of winter offshore fishing. Walter Davenport introduces you to Ohio's shy favorite son, Robert A. Taft. And there are additional choice articles and fiction by Kyle Crichton, Frank Richardson Pierce, Ruth Carson and others. To your taste.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

PRICE DAY and GEORGE BRADSHAW
Dance Once More. So there's no place like home, is there? Page 9

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Happiest Man in the World. Bushwhacker idyll. Page 12

JEFFERS GODFREY
Blue Cupid. A pigeon with personality. Page 14

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS
A Gift to the Nation. Study in patriotism. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
In His Own Way, by Timothy Fuller. Page 18

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in Crimson. The ninth of ten parts. Missing witness returns. Page 16

LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN
Appointment in India. The third of ten parts. Miss Small tells a fortune. Page 24

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
The Pope's Fight Against Time. The last stronghold of peace. Page 11

DON GLENDON
Left-Handed Press Agent. Meet the Great Mails—you'll be dazzled. Page 15

ARTHUR FORESTER and A. J. RUSSELL, Jr.
When New York Blacked Out. What German submarines did on our coast in 1918. Page 17

FRANK CONDON
Let Otto Do It. Otto Brower, unsung hero of Hollywood. Page 19

OWEN P. WHITE
An Eye for Planes. Television's ready for war. Page 21

WALTER DAVENPORT
Hell on Wheels. The U. S. Army amends a famous remark. Page 22

SHEPARD BARCLAY
Queen High. The first ten in contract bridge. Page 68

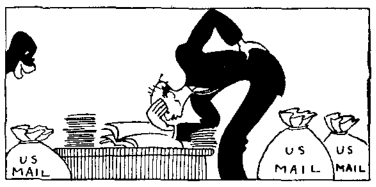
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
The Russian Way.
What This Country Needs. Page 74

COVER JARO FABRY

Any Week

IT IS our unsought opinion that a joke's a joke even when you don't understand it. Anyway there's no justice in getting sore. Take us, for example. Frankly we were a trifle confused when we saw that cartoon on page forty-two in our issue of February 17th. You know—the dapper, tuxedoed colored boy singing Old Man River in a white-tie night club. Ever since that cartoon appeared Mr. Gurney Williams, who has charge of that department of this well-nigh perfect magazine, has been swamped with letters from readers who apparently can't take a joke—not that one anyway. He asks us to explain. You see, this expensive young colored boy working in a café society rendezvous which pays him probably two hundred dollars a week is complaining about his "body all achin' an' racked with pain." And that's clearly incongruous—which of course is very funny. Get it? Oh well, if you're going to be that way why don't you do what we've done: Say yes and move on to the next place. Mr. Williams would be very grateful and he's sort of a nice guy.

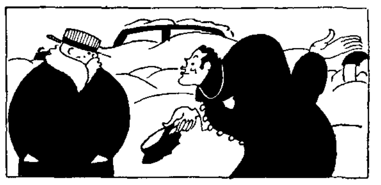


WE'VE just said that this was a well-nigh perfect magazine. Of course that was a slight understatement. We could just as well make it perfect but that would leave us with nothing to do but keep it that way. And that would mean a life of ease, which isn't good for a man. Like a neighbor's children about whom Mr. Thomas B. Campblow of Denver, Colorado, was telling us. "They're just perfect, the damn' little prigs," said Mr. Campblow.

THE whole pension cause is to get a nice coat of efficiency if Captain O. O. Belt of Seattle, Washington, is permitted to have his way. Captain Belt is organizing the National Blanket Pension League and we're cordially invited to become a member of the board of trustees. We haven't studied the captain's plan very carefully but, as we gather it from his literature, old folks would get two hundred dollars a month and young folks a hundred. With these gratuities the old ones would take care of their children and the youngsters be obliged to look after their parents. It would be rather bad news for middle-aged orphans who had no children, but Captain Belt would take care of them by taxing pensions at both ends and turning the proceeds over to the stranded middle group. To get the whole thing started the captain would levy a twenty-five per cent tax on the salaries of all government workers.

BUT Mrs. Darley Peffer of Sioux City, Iowa, has a much less complicated plan. At least hers won't require the constant presence of troops to enforce justice for the middle-aged—troops who'll probably have to be paid by the middle group out of what they wrench from their parents and children. "Make a list of every senior citizen," advises Mrs. Peffer, "and assign each, singly or by married couples, as the ward and responsibility of well-to-do or rich families."

WE'D like to say something about the courtesy of Cincinnati's police. We managed to get ourselves lost in that city while the weather was demonstrating what it could do when feeling mean. We asked a young cop for guidance. After making sure we understood his directions perfectly he accepted our thanks with dignity and added: "And please accept our apologies for the condition of our streets, sir."



FOR years Mr. George Presch of Chicago, Illinois, has refused to pass through picket lines, feeling that if we all followed his example both labor and capital would benefit by speedier adjustments. However, he's feeling rather cured. Strikers were picketing Mr. Presch's favorite restaurant. "So I ate my lunch at a place a block down the street," says he, "until one day while passing the old place I saw two pickets being relieved for lunch. And do you know where they went to eat? Correct. They sneaked around back and went into the kitchen, getting their coffee and sinkers from a scab cook. I've also written to Buffalo John Lewis but haven't had a reply. I was wondering too, how the National Labor Relations Board would work that one out."

PROBABLY sue the cook . . . W. D.

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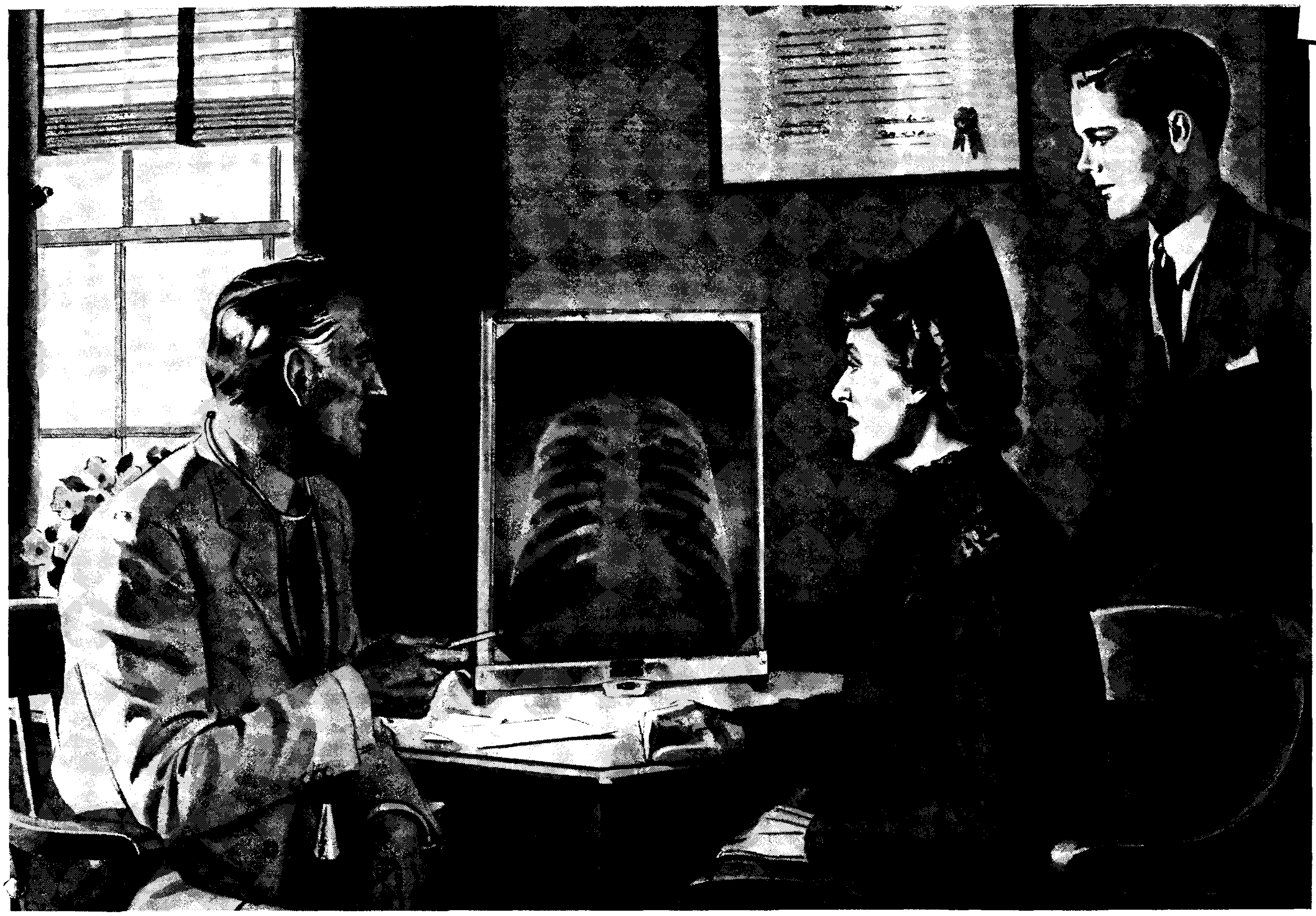

"Aren't you glad your son had this picture taken?"

An X-ray picture of your lungs may give comforting reassurance that you do not have pulmonary tuberculosis. However, it might indicate the presence of the disease.

▶ Although America's death rate from tuberculosis was lower in 1939 than ever before, the distressing fact remains that this disease still is a major cause of suffering and death—and the *leading cause of death among young people.*

It is between the ages of 15 and 30 that the disease claims its greatest number of victims. So, to mothers and fathers who have reason to worry about their children's lungs, and to young people within these age limits, the X-ray can be a friend indeed.

▶ For the X-ray helps to reveal tuberculosis *before familiar, obvious symptoms are recognized.* And when found in the early stages, the disease usually can be cured. So this simple precaution can save many months of suffering, sacrificed savings, lost earning power.

More and more schools and colleges are making available facilities for regularly checking the health of all their students. Progressive industries and communities are learning the economic benefits of discovering tuberculous cases early within large groups of people where the disease is apt to spread. Many communities already are offering tuberculin tests and X-ray examinations at low cost, or even free to those unable to pay.

▶ Of course, such examination is even more imperative in the case of those who are known to have been exposed to infection from a person who has active tuberculosis. Also in cases where the most common warning symptoms of tuberculosis are present, such as—persistent pain in the chest, constant sense of fatigue, loss of weight, frequent indigestion or lack of appetite, persistent cough or hoarseness, spitting of blood, afternoon rises in temperature.

Since medical science is today better able than ever to diagnose tuberculosis *early,* and to cure it when discovered *early,* the best way to stamp out this disease is to detect *early* cases and so prevent its spread.

▶ You can do much to guard your home against tuberculosis. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Tuberculosis." It contains valuable information for protecting your family.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 440-C
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Tuberculosis."

Name________________________

Street________________________

City______________State________

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

WELL, CHUBBINS, WE SAW GIANT TREES FELLED IN OREGON — HERE'S HOW THEY DO IT IN LOUISIANA
GRACIOUS, I'D HATE TO HAVE TO CUT DOWN A TREE FROM SUCH TIPPY LITTLE BOATS AS THOSE
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THERE'S A SALT MINE OUT HERE?
YES, CHUBBINS — ACTUALLY — THERE'S A PERFECTLY HUGE SALT MINE UNDER SEVERAL ISLANDS OVER YONDER. WE'LL SHOW YOU!
THIS SALT IS 99% PURE WHEN MINED. THEY SIMPLY GRIND IT AND IT'S READY FOR THE TABLE
AND RIGHT ON THIS ISLAND, THERE'S A BIG PEPPER FIELD
HA! HA! THAT'S RICH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR FAMOUS PEPPER SAUCE, JUDGE?
WOW IT'S RED HOT!
WELL, I CAN SEE YOUR TONGUE ISN'T USED TO HOT THINGS, JUDGING FROM THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU'RE SMOKING
YES — YOU'RE RIGHT! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN ENJOYING PRINCE ALBERT'S COOL SMOKING AND EXTRA MILDNESS. P.A. LETS THROUGH REAL FLAVOR AND RICH BODY WITHOUT A TRACE OF HARSHNESS
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*

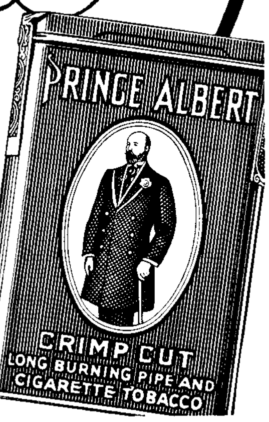
Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MOVE OVER into the circle of modern smoking joy

TONGUE-BITE DAYS ARE OVER FOR PRINCE ALBERT FANS. P.A. IS NO-BITE TREATED — **EXTRA MILD!**

GET ONTO P.A.'S **CHOICE TOBACCOS.** THEY SMOKE **MELLOWER, SMOOTHER, TASTIER!**

FAST ROLLING IS A PRINCE ALBERT SPECIALTY, TOO. **NO SPILLING, NO BUNCHING,** PLENTY OF **GOOD, RICH BODY!**


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

With the aid of microscopes, microtomes, chemicals and special lights, a New York scientist who specializes in the detection of frauds in furs has discovered several counterfeit coats that have been passed as genuine by other fur experts. He can identify the species of animal, the part of the world in which it lived and the season when it was killed by magnifying to 800 diameters one of its hairs and a piece of its skin about the size of a pinhead.

The telephone numbers used in stage plays, movie scenarios and radio scripts are fictitious and cannot be called. They are given to writers by the telephone companies to prevent curious callers from annoying subscribers.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution states that all persons born in the United States automatically become citizens of this country unless they are not subject to its jurisdiction. The Supreme Court has held that minor children born in this country do not lose their citizenship by expatriation of their parents.—*By J. R. Darnell, Naperville, Illinois.*

Male race horses are superior to females in running ability, according to a study that reveals that eighty-six per cent of the records, over twenty-four years, were made by stallions and geldings.

Of all the personal names in the Christian Bible, only five per cent are those of women.—*By Inez Ferguson, New York, New York.*

Madagascar has a unique mill in which the heavy silk thread of millions of giant Nephila spiders is automatically reeled from their bodies each season as they lie fastened in the viselike grip of a machine. After ten days, they have acquired another web and are returned to the mill for further "desilking," each female producing about 4,000 yards of this material in its lifetime.

The only woman ever depicted on the paper currency of the United States was Martha Washington, whose portrait appeared on a series of one-dollar bills issued between 1887 and 1892.

During periods of intense excitement, blood may pass through the human heart at the rate of four gallons a minute, or about as fast as water can run out of an ordinary kitchen faucet.—*By Jesse Lee Wilson, Newtonville, Massachusetts.*

One of the most highly flavored foods on the market is a certain brand of turtle soup that contains, in addition to sherry wine, twenty-seven different spices.

An old and odd superstition, still prevalent in many countries, is the belief that a bridge will have an unlucky existence if, in the course of its construction, no lives are lost.

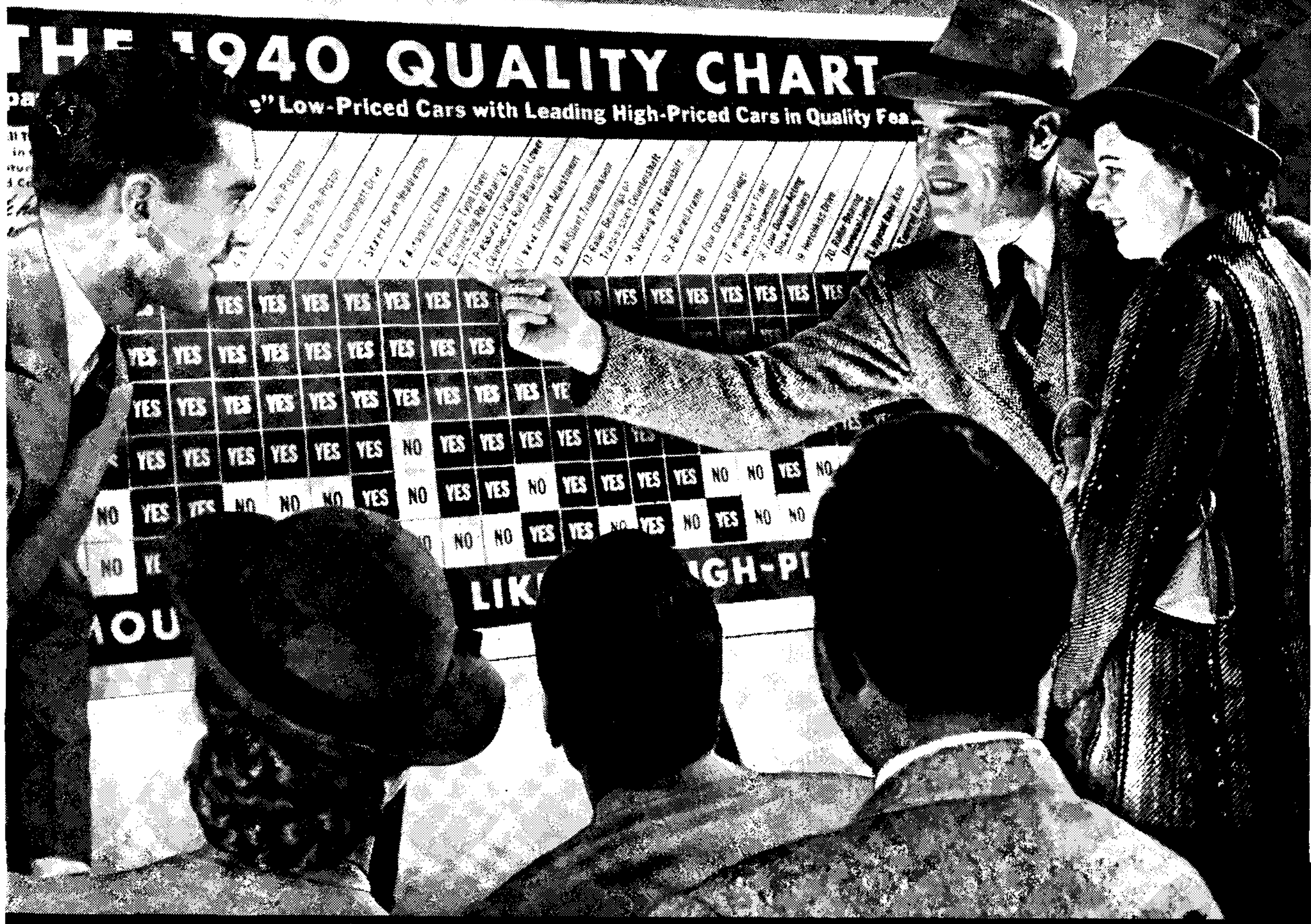
Howard University in Washington, D. C., is not only the largest and most completely equipped Negro institution of higher learning in the world, but it is, with one exception, the only private educational establishment in America that is supported chiefly by congressional appropriations, which amounted to about $1,185,000 in 1939.

Cullet, or broken or refuse glass, is an important ingredient in the manufacture of new glass because it hastens the melting process and improves the working qualities required for fabrication.

Great Britain's present annual sale of $30,000,000 worth of Scotch whisky to the United States exceeds that of any other British export to this country.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Selecting the Best is Easy


THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
"Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Fea
YES
NO
LIK
GH-PI

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS "ONE-TWO" METHOD TO COMPARE "ALL THREE" LOW-PRICED CARS

FIRST See the 1940 Quality Chart to discover what each of "All 3" gives you in size, comfort, safety, economy —in fundamental *fine-car* engineering.

OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

SECOND Take the 1940 Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride to discover for yourself how finer car quality contributes to your motoring enjoyment.

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS... | 2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

THIS YEAR, how do low-priced cars compare with high-priced cars in size, comfort, quality? The answer is on the 1940 Quality Chart...

It shows *Plymouth* is the only one of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 big features found in *high-priced* cars.

Only Plymouth has a 117-inch wheelbase... independent coil springs on all models... a big, 84-h.p. Floating Power engine, *Superfinished* in vital parts for long-life economy.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride. Plymouth is *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

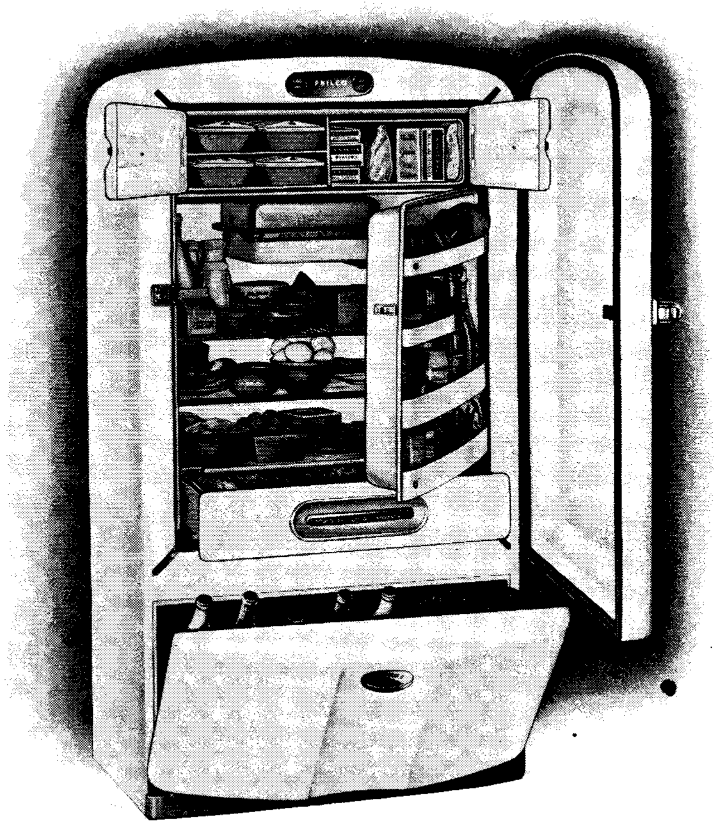
COUPES	SEDANS
START AT $645	START AT $699

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on dash, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

BUSINESSMEN! SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PHILCO brings you a NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR!



ONLY THE PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

A sensational new refrigerator is here... created by Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes! Philco engineers discarded old-fashioned principles to bring you this entirely new kind of refrigerator. At amazing low prices, it gives you new conveniences, new economy and new safety for the storage of your foods. Brand-new, *advanced* design gives you services you can enjoy in no other refrigerator, at any price.

A giant-size, *separate* Frozen Food Compartment *in addition* to the regular ice-cube chamber meets, for the first time, the modern need for Frozen Food storage. *Conservador,* the exclusive, shelf-lined Inner Door gives you 26% more quickly usable space. A complete *Moist Cold* Compartment, cooled by the refrigerated Freshener Shelf (an amazing Philco invention) eliminates covers and special dishes. A *Dry Cold* Compartment preserves foods that *must have* "dry" cold.

New uses, thrilling conveniences, greater economy... all are yours in the sensational Philco Refrigerator *at no increase in cost* over refrigerators of ordinary design. There's a model to fit your needs and purse—

FROM $119.95 to $257.50 F. O. B. FACTORIES Including 5-Year Protection Plan

INVESTIGATE! See your Philco dealer today. In your choice of 12 gleaming models, you get the most your dollar can buy in modern refrigeration service! Yours on easiest monthly payment terms.

FREEZING COLD!

The old-fashioned freezing unit that takes up space in the center of the refrigerator is gone! Philco gives you a giant-size, separate Frozen Food Compartment, specially designed for packaged frozen foods, frozen desserts, ice cream and extra ice cubes. Not a tiny, miniature space added on to an ordinary ice-freezing unit, but a giant-size space in addition to the regular ice-cube chamber.

MOIST COLD!

Now you don't have to cover foods to keep them from drying out! The Philco Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste and flavor of left-over meats and vegetables without the bother of covers and special dishes. Cooled by a marvelous Philco invention, the refrigerated Freshener Shelf, foods cool quicker, by direct contact. Only Philco has it!

DRY COLD!

Post Toasties

Some foods, like milk, butter and other dairy products that have fast bacterial growth, must have "dry" cold to preserve their purity. That's why no modern refrigerator is completely safe and healthful unless it offers dry cold storage for those foods that need it. The Philco Refrigerator gives you this complete, sealed Dry Cold Compartment.

CONSERVADOR!

The shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you 26% more quickly usable space. It's patented—only Philco has it! Holds two-fifths of your food right at your finger-tips, without opening main compartment. No crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why the Philco Refrigerator holds more food! Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment... saves on electric bills.

Collier's The National Weekly for March 30, 1940

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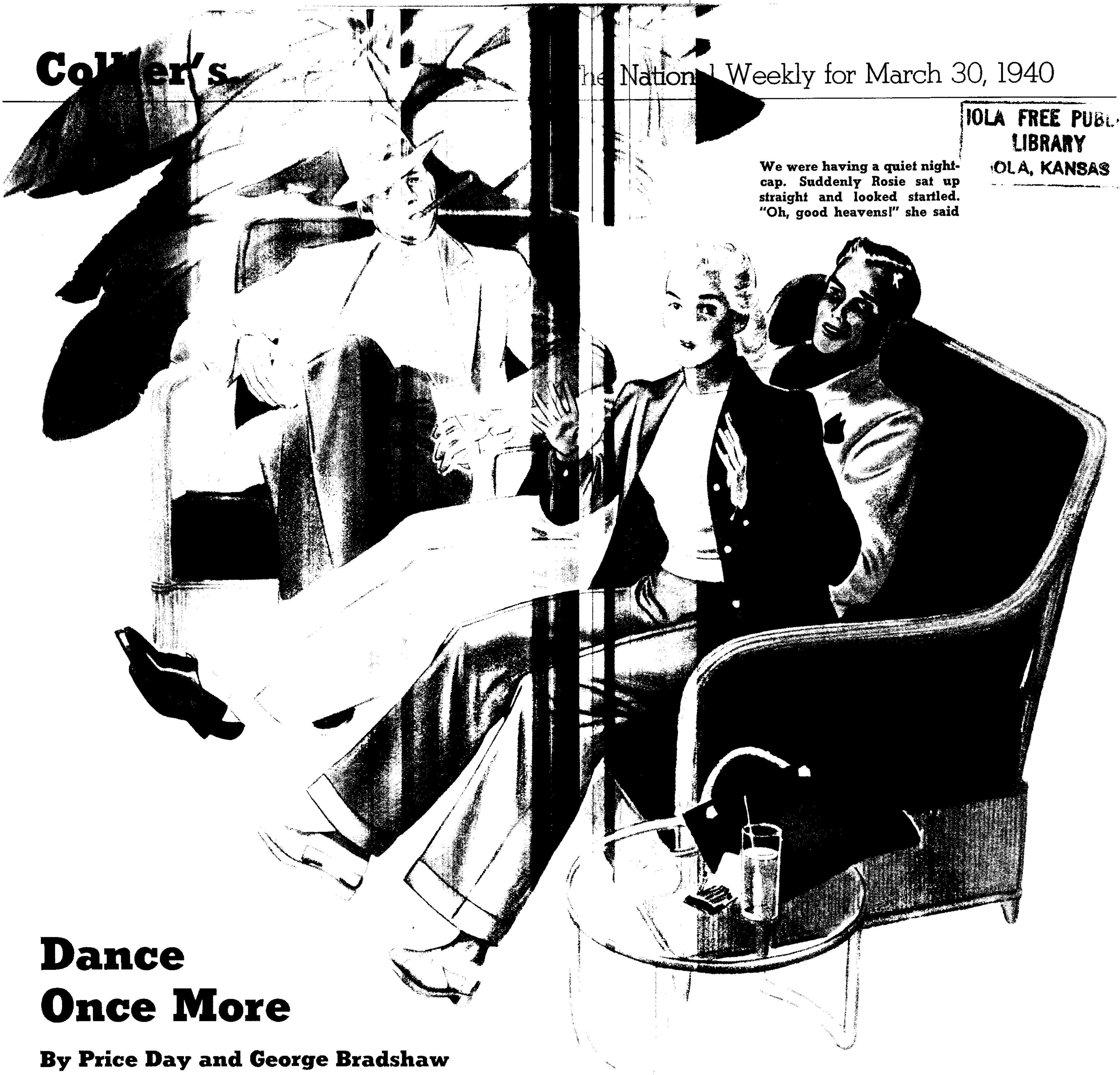


We were having a quiet nightcap. Suddenly Rosie sat up straight and looked startled. "Oh, good heavens!" she said

Dance Once More

By Price Day and George Bradshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Why Lanse's wife Rosie can sport a sable coat. The story of a dancing team who tried some fancy steps

I HAD thought that if we lunched together their plans might sound absurd to them, but I was wrong.

"Do you realize," Lanse said, "that Rosie hasn't had a home since she was sixteen years old?"

"Does she care?" I said.

"Certainly she cares."

Rosie nodded. "Jake," she said. "We're just like every other young couple. . . ."

"Now, listen," I began. And then I thought, What's the use? Why argue with dancers?

"Where is this gold mine?" I said.

Lanse leaned forward, very trim and young and eager: "Thirty miles south of Palm Beach. On the ocean. A perfect spot for a club. You can get the crowd from Miami and all those other resort towns—Boca Raton, Lauderdale, Hollywood, the racing crowd on its way back to Palm Beach. . . ."

"How much do you have to put up?"

Lanse hesitated: "Twenty thousand."

I shook my head. "Every cent you made out of the movie. You blew it in on this."

Rosie put her hand out toward me. "Jake," she said, "don't be mad."

I looked at her.

Dressed in gunny sacks Rosie would have been beautiful. Dressed the way she was—

I looked away from her.

"I'm not mad," I said, "but here you kids are right at the top, where I can book you into any room in the country, and yet you want to open a night club thirty miles from nowhere and set up housekeeping in the jungle. I don't see it."

"If you talk like that," Lanse said, "there's no use arguing. We're doing all right now, sure. But what about ten years from now? We've got the same future as baseball players or airplane pilots. When ballroom dancers get to be thirty-five they're through and you know it."

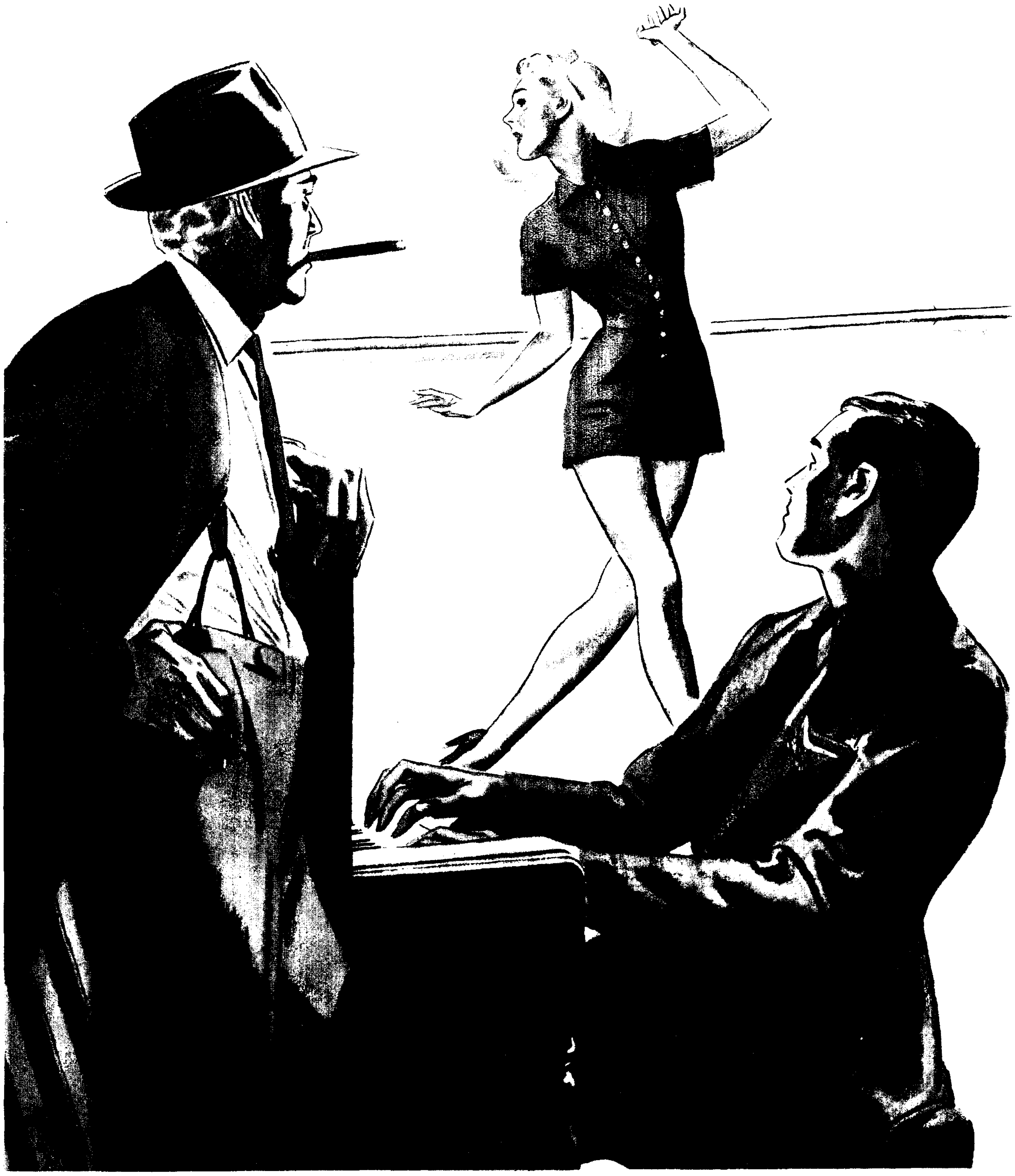
"Sure," I said, "but—"

Rosie said, "Jake, we haven't lived in anything but hotel suites since we were married eight years ago. You can't tell one from the other. We go in and open our trunks and unless we look out the window we don't know whether we're in New Orleans or San Francisco or Chicago."

They were certainly making speeches.

"And another thing," Lanse said. "We're Americans. We're not like all the Spanish and Italian teams. We were born in Ohio. We've got American ideas. We don't want to work for somebody else. We want to own the joint."

"What are you doing," I said, "appealing to my patriotism?"



This waltz seemed to me the best of the new dances she had figured out, a maze of exquisite turns

"You know what I mean," Lanse said.

"Children," I said, "I love you. I've booked you since the days you were dancing in cheap summer hotels. I'd do anything in the world for you. But here's what I think: you're a couple of dancers and you've got twenty thousand dollars in your pockets and you won't be satisfied till it's spent."

Rosie shrugged, "Well, maybe," she said. "Our first idea was to get me a sable coat."

"That would have been much more sensible," I said.

Lanse shook his head. He said: "We've found a swell house about four miles from the club. We're going to rent this year, with an option to buy."

"It's a sweet place, Jake," Rosie said.

"Oh," I said, "it's all settled?"

Rosie nodded. "I'm going out this afternoon and buy towels," she giggled. "Isn't it wonderful? My own towels." Then she frowned. "Listen, Jake. How many towels do you need for a house?"

I looked at her and sighed. "To wrap around the headaches you're going to have, baby," I said, "plenty."

I was worried. All the rest of that afternoon in my office I couldn't get the kids out of my mind.

Because I loved them; of all the people I handled they were my favorites. I had picked them up in a second-rate night spot in Philadelphia eight years before, and from that first meeting we had clicked. They were eighteen then, wonderful fresh kids who had won some contest or other in Cleveland and had decided to try to make a life out of dancing. They were undeveloped, even shy about appearing in public, I think, but they had an ease that no other ballroom team in the country could match.

By the time Rosie and Lanse were twenty-three they were dancing in London and Monte Carlo in the summer, and New York and Chicago and San Francisco in the winter.

They worked, they steered clear of the society racket that ruins so many young performers, neither of them drank, and they stayed married. I guess that was part of their success—when they came out on a floor, you knew they were in love, you could feel it.

I thought the life was just about perfect for them. They made all the money they could possibly use, they lived extravagantly, knew anybody they wanted to know, they hadn't a worry in the world.

And then, while they were dancing in Miami the winter before, they'd got their big idea. The American Dream. A homestead. Like vaudeville comedians who buy chicken farms.

Well, I will admit, the scheme had some elements of logic in it; the only thing I minded was it broke my heart. There are plenty of people to run restaurants. . . .

THERE it was, though, and they went, and early in December I got an announcement, an elaborate announcement in blue and green on rag paper: you could just see how proud the kids were of themselves. The Gulfstream Club, it proclaimed, would open on the fifteenth. When the time came I sent them a wire, and the next day they answered: "Except that your not being here broke our hearts it was colossal."

But it was mid-January before I got to Florida. Rosie met me at the airport, put me into her station wagon and drove me north, through the country.

She said: "Lanse wanted to get up and meet you, but he couldn't make it."

"You shouldn't have come either," I said. "For you people this is the middle of the night."

She glanced at me, then looked back at the road. "I guess you were never a housewife."

"Well, not recently."

"I thought as much. For us home girls *this* is practically noon."

"How's everything?" I said.

"Everything's wonderful."

She started talking about the club. Apparently the place was doing well, sure enough.

The house they had was all fixed up like a home. A lovely house, too. There was a yard, with bushes in it, and there were clean bright curtains at the windows, and cacti in pots on the mantelpiece, and little silver ash trays in the right places. You could just see Rosie, her pretty brows puckered in a frown, figuring everything all out from pictures in the magazines, and then going to work. It was quite touching.

We had breakfasted, Rosie and I, in what I suppose would be called a breakfast nook. Lanse wasn't up yet. He didn't usually get up till noon, Rosie said.

BREAKFAST was served by a colored maid whose name turned out to be Henrietta. She wore frayed felt slippers, and the coffee, besides being spilled over into saucers, wasn't very good.

"Henrietta makes the most marvelous fried chicken," Rosie said. . . .

After breakfast we went for a swim, and lay on the sand a while in the wonderful sun.

When we got back to the house Lanse, in white shirt and shoes and gray flannels, was having his breakfast. He jumped up, grinning, and we shook hands. Then I sat down at the table with him.

We began to talk, but we didn't get much said. Because as soon as he finished stuffing toast in his mouth and swilling coffee, he jumped up again, popped into a tweed coat and ran out the door looking as if it were nip and tuck whether he'd make the 7:53.

I hunted up Rose, out in the kitchen trying to get together with Henrietta about lunch.

"Listen," I said, "what time does this joint of yours open, at dawn?"

"Oh." She laughed. "Lanse goes down at this time every day to check over accounts and supplies and"—she gestured vaguely—"all those things. We open at three."

After lunch I had to go down to Miami to see a client, a singer, but I was back by seven.

To find the Gulfstream Club all you had to do was track parked cars down to the source: a low, spread-out building, very sumptuous-looking, with dark tropical planting against white walls and a sedate—but visible—neon sign.

Inside all was confusion. People, people, people in the bar, in the dining room. People everywhere.

I finally managed to spot Rosie and Lanse, in different corners of the bar, talking to customers, and they spotted me too and came over for long enough to tell me the place belonged to me before a barman motioned that he wanted to see Lanse a minute and a man at one of the tables called Rosie over.

(Continued on page 65)

The Pope's Fight Against Time

Radioed from Budapest by Frank Gervasi

The Vatican's superb diplomats have pipe lines to belligerents and neutrals everywhere. That's one reason why the President has a representative there. The other reason is America's deep interest in the efforts of Pope Pius XII for real peace throughout the world

IT WAS late afternoon on March 2, 1939, in Rome. The hospitable colonnades of the Basilica of St. Peter held a quarter-million men, women and children.

Those who couldn't press themselves within the stone arms of Mother Church spilled in a dense black mass down the slope from the Piazza San Pietro into the wide Via Della Conciliazione to the bank of the Tiber.

It was the day of the election of a new pope. To those who live and die within the range of the voice of the cathedral's bells that's always an important day. Instinctively the Romans knew that that election was of surpassing importance, for it coincided with a new turning point in the lives of men and nations. And that's why it was that of Rome's million and a quarter inhabitants only those whom infirmities or duties kept away failed to make a pilgrimage to where Peter was martyred because he was a Christian.

In the city beyond the river, streets were deserted, shops empty and here, as in the crowded square and along the blackened banks of the Tiber and in the thronged, narrow streets converging twistingly toward the cathedral, there was hushed expectancy. In Rome's ghetto and in the Campo Dei Fiori, where the Talmud is read at night by the light of candles, there was a new flicker of hope in the eyes of unhappy men and women. Diplomats waited in their chancelleries, statesmen in their sumptuous offices. They were patient and they were resigned. They foresaw what was to happen but were powerless to influence the result. Here was one election they couldn't fix, one event in the affairs of men beyond the reach of their power. They too could only wait.

Every telephone wire, every cable, converged that day on Rome, and powerful radio receivers in London, New York, Paris, Berlin and Moscow monitored the points of their dials where they knew the Vatican's radio station would transmit the news that the 262d successor of St. Peter had been elected.

Then it happened. How the crowd in the Piazza San Pietro knew that the widowed church had a new husband or that his name was Eugenio Pacelli, even before the thin stream of white smoke issued from the tin chimney of the ancient stove in the Sistine Chapel, will remain one of those mysteries of mob drama. But the crowd knew with that infallible awareness of the wise men who trod through the night to Bethlehem. Countable minutes before there appeared the first puff of smoke from the ballots being burned in the stove in token that the conclave of cardinals had ended, Romans in the throng shouted the name of Eugenio Pacelli, and as one voice a shout went up: "Viva Il Papa—Viva Pacelli."

No man has ever reached the pontificate in circumstances paralleling those

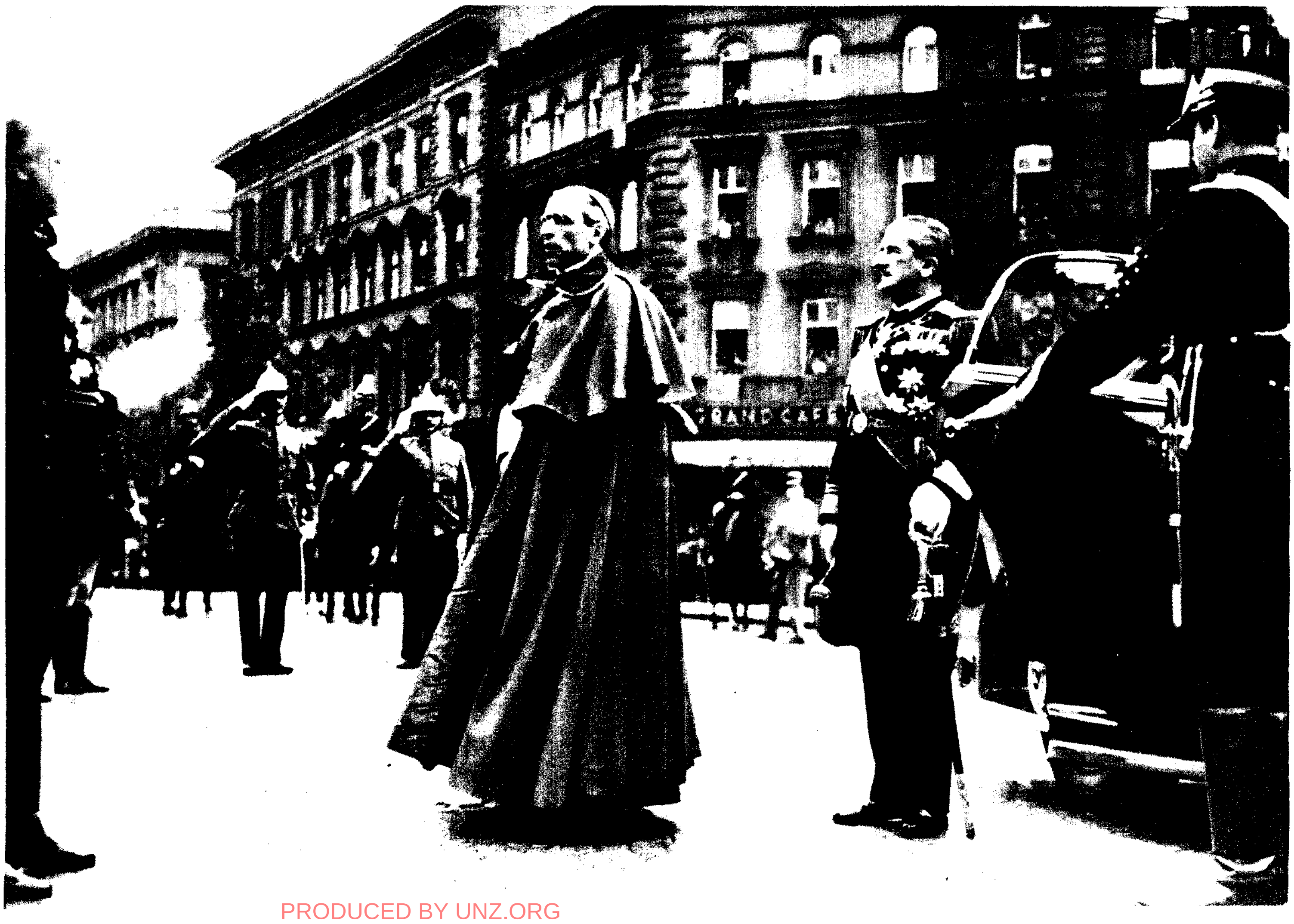
(Continued on page 29)

INTERNATIONAL

In striving for peace in Europe, Pope Pius XII faces a more difficult task than any of his 261 predecessors

Pius XII knows European politics intimately. Below, as cardinal, he visits Regent Horthy in Budapest in 1938

PIX

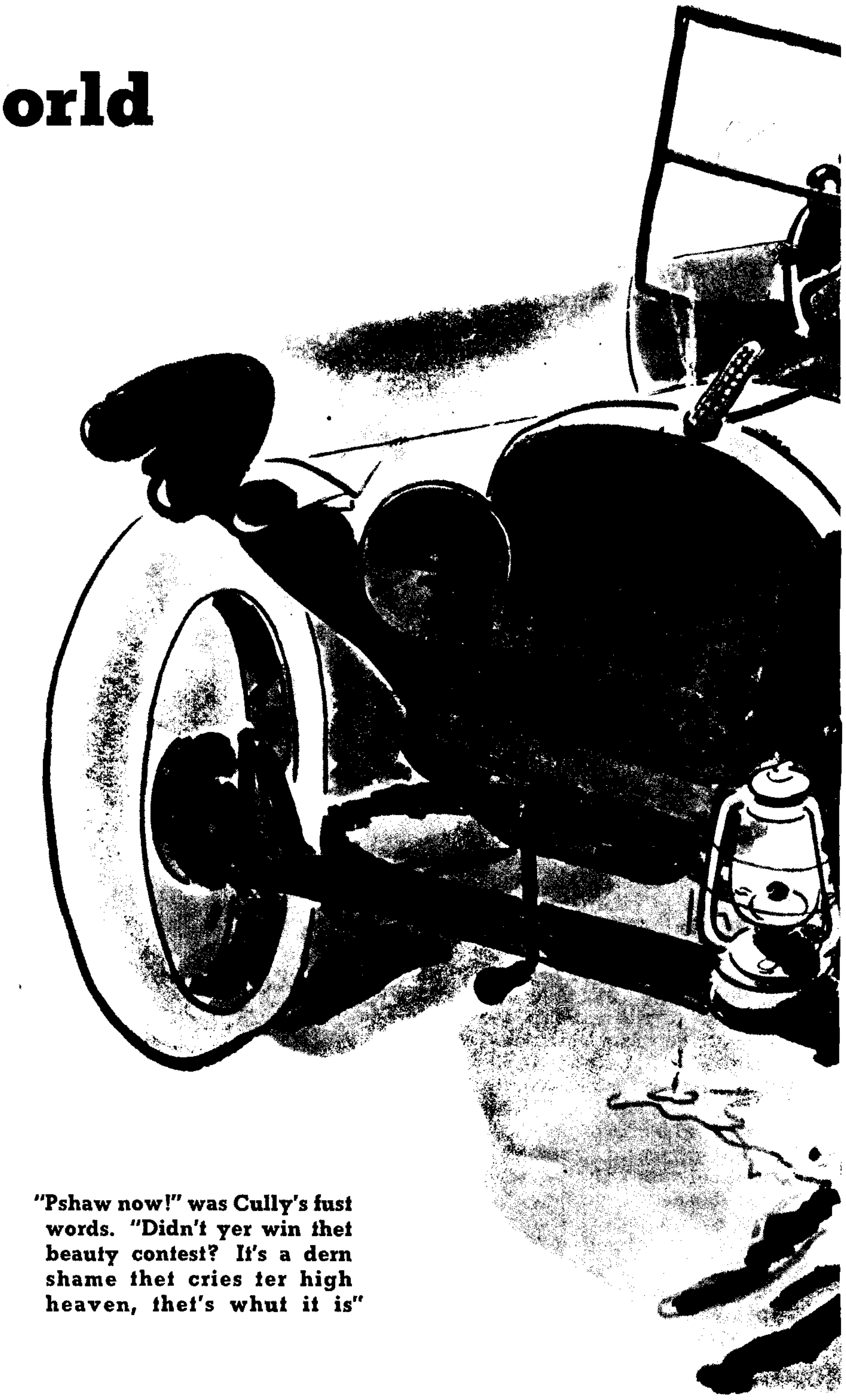


Happiest Man in the World

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Explaining the bad drought in the Ozarks. You'll agree with us that Cully McDavitt's welfare is worth a few parched throats



"Pshaw now!" was Cully's fust words. "Didn't yer win thet beauty contest? It's a dern shame thet cries ter high heaven, thet's whut it is"

OLD Bushwhacker, as I think I have stated before, is famous for two things—red hogs and sorghum beer. Bushwhacker red hogs have been barred from the American National Stock Show at Kansas City so as to prevent raisers of ordinary hogs from becoming discouraged. Bushwhacker sorghum beer, the only true temperance beverage, since it cheers but does not intoxicate, is a legend beyond the borders of Pike and Lincoln counties.

This remarkable liquid, so the bards and minstrels of old Bushwhacker have always insisted, was discovered by the Reverend Tobias Pike in the year 1804. Parson Pike, a godly man but addicted to strong drink, had fallen asleep in a fence corner—history tells us—and was visited by the ghost of his late helpmeet, Sabantha. Armed with a broadax, she chased old Tobias all over the Kingdom of Pike (which extended from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains). The good parson, being a mite unsure of foot, stumbled on a hummock (later called Pikes Peak) and brought up in a dirty ditch (afterward the Grand Canyon).

At this point the Reverend Mr. Pike awakened to see the recipe for Bushwhacker sorghum beer writ in flaming letters on the side of the ditch with the following message: "Try this for a change."

Be that as it may, sorghum beer is highly cherished in old Bushwhacker.

The Bushwhacker sorghum beer season starts with the first run of the new brew, precisely at high noon on September 16th each year. This will explain why I arrived on old Doc Fraser's front porch in Eolia at exactly 11:55 A.M. last September 16th, and why Doc Fraser—sage, historian and unterrified Democrat—sniffed when he saw me.

"You're a leetle late," Doc said.

"High noon, the sixteenth day," I said firmly.

Doc sighed.

"I ain't got me a drap in the house!" he said. "The sitchyation is creetical."

"B-but what happened?" I stammered.

Doc winced.

"Why, son," he said, "I'm fresh outer sorghum beer because I allus depend on old man Cunningham Yackey fer my reg'lar eighty gallon. An' Cunningham has fell down on me this year because he th'owed Cully McDavitt inter his sorghum beer vat this morning jest as the new batch ripened fer juggin'!"

"He—threw a man—*into sorghum beer*—"

"Cully McDavitt. Fact."

"Drowned him?"

Hold on, now son—said Doc Fraser—don't show yer ignerance. A man won't drown in sorghum beer. It's a natchel phenomenon thet's been proved half a dozen times around Bushwhacker. An' some radical like Cunningham Yackey allows, even, thet sorghum beer will teach a feller to swim. Fact.

Whut say? Why did old man Cunningham th'ow Cully McDavitt inter his sorghum beer vat? I was a-coming to thet, son. I know it sounds plumb onreasonable thet any Bushwhacker ceetizen in his right mind would ruin a six-hunderd-gallon vat of the noblest liquid thet ever flowed on the footstool. Let alone th'ow the finest character an' most popular man in the hull of Pike and Lincoln counties—which Cully McDavitt is by gener'l consent—inter so much as a rain puddle. But, son, Cunningham Yackey done whut he done to make this world look right agin to Cully McDavitt, an' dry as I am, the deed has my considered approval.

IF'N Cully McDavitt hadn't been washed clean in sorghum beer, so ter speak, his marriage of twenty-nine year to Missus McDavitt would've been bruk up. Thet near-drownin' in sorghum beer kept the lives of Cully's two boys, Jube an' Rufe Ned, f'm being plumb ruint. An', to cap the climax, when old man Cunningham done whut he done he saved a mighty purty romance betwixt Berlita McDavitt an' young Vurm Jones. Fact. Why, son, the fate of the hull Cully McDavitt family—husband, wife, sons an' datter—was decided out yonder at the Yackey sorghum mill this mornin'.

Y'see, son, Cully McDavitt is knowed far an' wide acrosst Pike an' Lincoln counties as a livin', breathin' monument ter sorghum beer. Cully is us folks' witness ter the fact thet sorghum beer is absolutely nonintoxicatin'. F'm the day Cully was weaned back yonder in Bushwhacker he never teched ary other liquid. The feller drank sorghum beer like you or I drink well water. He growed to manhood six foot three inches tall an' wide as a hay-barn door. He has a face on him like a manly angel an' you never seed a kinder pair of eyes in a feller's head. Many's the time I've druv an extry mile or two jest to enjoy Cully McDavitt's smile. And I've knowed busy men to travel up ter Bushwhacker f'm Louisiana, Troy or Clarksville to chin a while with Cully.

I mind the time a hull carload of lambs taken a notion to die on me with the black-mouth, an' thet fool Harney Webb who owned 'em questioned my veter'nary skill. I felt so low in my mind I drunk me a three-breath swig of corn licker an' was on the verge of abandonin' my perfession an' announcing fer County Coroner.

Well, son, Cully McDavitt heared whut had happened an' he come to Eolia as fast as thet old Henry of his'n would carry him.

"Howdy, Doc," says Cully, with his big smile. "I'm sure glad you lost them lambs. Folks was beginnin' ter call yer a murrical man. This'll maybe teach 'em thet you're only hooman, though I ain't so sure the lesson'll stick."

"Shucks, Cully," I said, "folks ain't got thet much confidence in me."

Cully jest shaken his head, marvelin' at me.

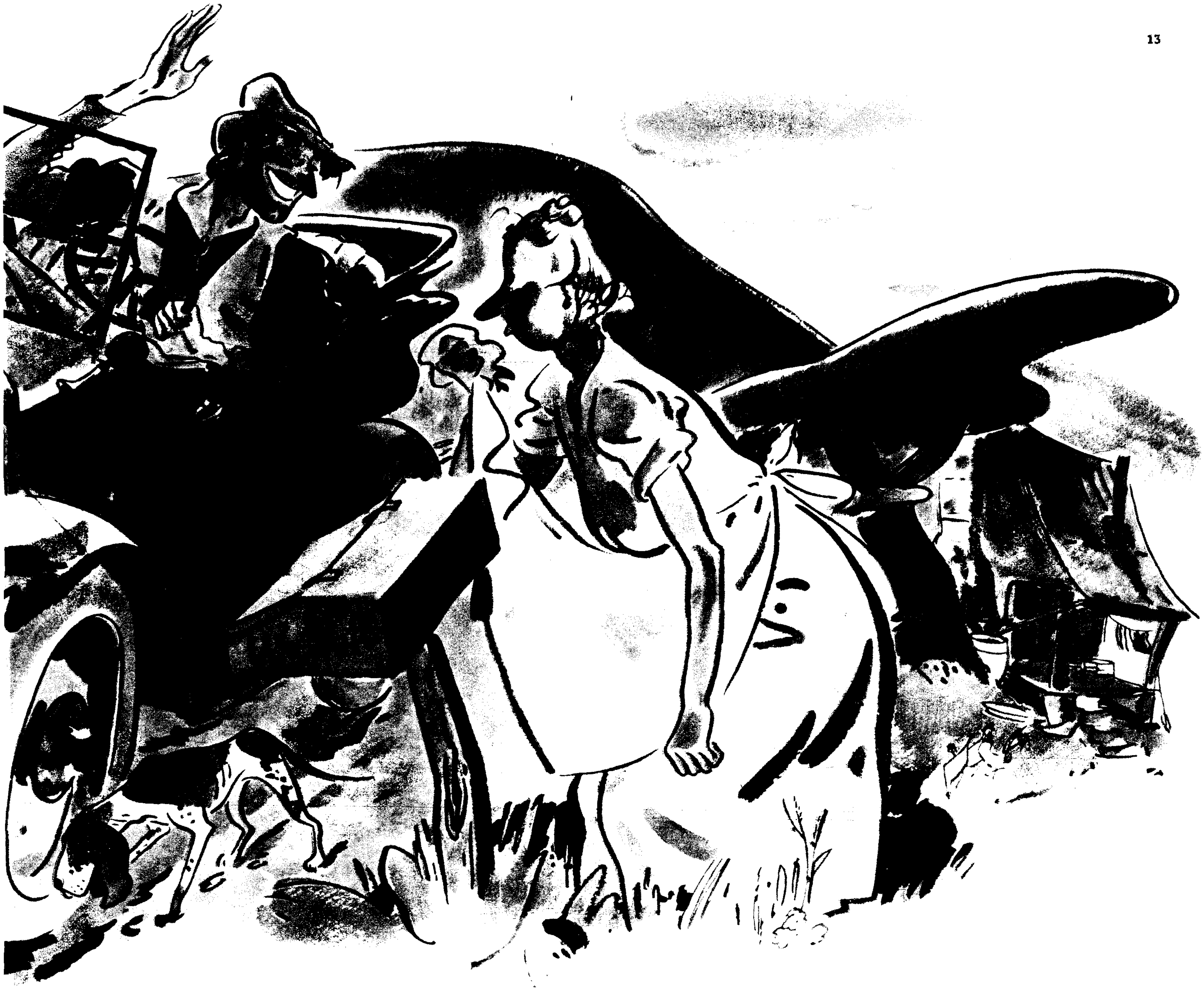
"Why, Doc," he says, "you git right down on yer knees an' thank the good Lord fer killin' them lambs. It ain't fitten fer a man ter be as gosh-awful bright an' handy with medical science as you be. You sure needed takin' down a peg!"

Yep, son, thet's Cully. An' not content with speakin' the truth ter me outer the kindness of his natchel heart, he clumb in thet old Henry an' went out ter have a talk with Harney Webb. The fust thing I knowed of it, Harney has me back to doctor two mules thet ain't reely ten dollars' sick, an' Harney says: "Don't let on ter Cully McDavitt thet I sent fer ye back. He's told a piece to the Bowling Green Times, already, a-praisin' my generosity an' big success as a sheep raiser. It's too dern embarrassin' an' folks waste my time askin' fer advice." Yep. Fact. An' Harney puffed up like a courtin' toad over it, too.

Whut say, son? Was Cully a-farmin at that time? Why, no-o, Cully ain't never whut yer might say actually *farmed*. Why, son, it taken about all of Cully's time jest gittin' around to say howdy to folks. Afore Cully married Missus McDavitt his old uncle Snavely McDavitt kind of looked arter Cully's farm, and as soon as Missus McDavitt went there *she* looked arter the place. I recollect there was a leetle hard feelin' on old man Snavely's part when Missus McDavitt taken charge. Y'see, son, Cully he'd allus bragged a lot on his Uncle Snavely.

"THET Uncle Snavely of mine is the best dern red corn raiser in Bushwhacker," Cully would say, a-holtin' up a foot-long ear thet some feller on the Bottom had give Cully. "He's growed me twelve hunderd bushels on thet sweet back-thirty piece of mine. Yestiddy he th'ows this ear at me an' yells: 'Don't go stickin' sech nubbins amongst good corn. It might git inter the seed fer next year.' Dern if'n I ain't a-goin' to write Wallace's Farmer about Uncle Snavely!"

Whut say? Intoxicated? Cully McDavitt? Why, son, nobody ever seed Cully McDavitt tech a drap of anything but sorghum beer. Whut say? Why suttinly us folks knowed Cully's Uncle



Snavely didn't grow forty bushel to the acre on them Bushwhacker hills. But he growed maybe five or six bushel an' thet made him jest as good a farmer as Cully ever allowed he was. The best corn raiser in the state of Ioway couldn't grow *fodder* on thet Cully McDavitt place.

I do recollect thet at fust there was some talk agin Missus Cully McDavitt. Y'see, Cully he'd met his missus whilst he was travelin' the lower Louisville road a-sayin' howdy down that-a-way. Folks on thet lower Louisville road had been hit with a big dry an' chinch bugs. I reckon it was a revelation to them folks jest ter see Cully a-comin' down the road in thet old Henry with the big black jug of sorghum beer he allus taken along settin' up on the front seat. Missus McDavitt ain't never tired of tellin' how Cully found her a-cryin' her eyes out by the mailbox.

"Pshaw now!" was Cully's fust words to Missus Cully McDavitt. "Didn't yer win thet beauty contest? It's a dern shame thet cries ter high heaven, thet's whut it is," says Cully. "You're purtier'n Mary Pickford!"

So Missus Cully McDavitt, she has to tell Cully thet she's a-cryin' because her oldest sister thet works in Peoria, Illinois, ain't sent a check an' they'll starve out sure. Cully he goes right up ter meet the hull family. He says it's love at fust sight with him, but he don't expect Missus McDavitt to marry him until she's seed the beauties an' natchel wonders of Bushwhacker. The upshot of it is that Cully loads Missus McDavitt, her pa an' ma an' two grandmas, inter the old Henry an' brings 'em back to Bushwhacker.

THEN, Cully comes a-rarin' inter Eolia an' tells it around thet he's found him a gal so purty he's a-feared to let her out'n his house. I mind the hull thing like it was only yestiddy, son.

"Her name is Syrinthia Shumley," says Cully, his eyes a-shining an' a smile on him like a angel, "an' she's purtier'n Mary Pickford. She's thet light on her feet she can jump a five-rail fence f'm a standstill start. Her biscuits float down a table like sweet dreams afore a good man's eyes, an' when she cooks winter-old side meat it tastes like the fust mouthful arter hog-killin'. Nobody knows the treasure I got me in thet gal. An' nobody ain't never a-goin' to know the full story of her sweetness but me an' the Lord!"

Nettie Dowell thet's been shyin' arter Cully herself, she up an' says: "It can't be the Syrinthia Shumley I met not six months ago in Troy. Why, she's homely as a mud fence, Cully!"

Cully shaken his head a-pitying the gal.

"You ain't met my gal, honey," he says.

Folks was mighty curious to see Missus Cully McDavitt, but they didn't get any close sight of her ontil the big weddin'. An' then, son, thet smart-alecky Crisie Hornaday made his big mistake. He taken a good look at Missus Cully McDavitt when she clumb outer Cully's old Henry afore the Baptist Church at the Knob.

"Mary Pickford—ha-ha-ha!" says Crisie Hornaday.

Cully he made one jump fer the feller. He shaken him like a hound dog with a blacksnake. He drug Crisie Hornaday over to Missus Cully McDavitt in her weddin' dress. He puts Crisie on his knees like a wheat sack alongside a black oak stump an' starts bumping Crisie's head agin the stump. "See her hair?" says Cully. "Gold, ain't it?"

"It's gold, Cully," says Crisie Hornaday.

"See her eyes? Blue as a June sky, ain't they?" says Cully.

"Blue as a June sky," says Crisie Hornaday, with the blood a-gushing outer his mouth an' nose.

"Purtier'n Mary Pickford, ain't she?" says Cully.

With thet, Missus Cully McDavitt can't stand no more, an' she sops up the blood off'n Crisie's face with the skirt of her weddin' dress an' pushes Cully away an' she says to him, "Don't make him say thet, Cully. Oh, don't make him say thet, Cully. Oh, don't make him say it," an' then he picks up Missus Cully McDavitt an' carries her inter thet church like he's got the Queen of Sheba in all her glory in his arms.

Whut say, son? Was Crisie Hornaday right in sayin' Missus Cully McDavitt ain't purtier'n Mary Pickford was at thet time? We-ell, I'm a-goin' ter tell the truth an' shame the devil. Right at thet time, son, I jined with the majority in thinkin' Missus Cully McDavitt was the ugliest gal I ever laid eyes on. But we was all wrong, son, Missus Cully McDavitt improved f'm her weddin' day right along. It ain't been two months ago thet Cully allowed, arter seeing one of them Jones Family movies over to Bowling Green, thet his missus was purtier than Spring Byington. An' I had to say right out: "Yep, Cully, she favors thet actress right smart!"

Y'see, son, it ain't healthy fer any outsider like you be ter doubt the purtiness of Missus Cully McDavitt or the downright shinin' beauty of Cully's datter, Berlita McDavitt. Or, fer thet

(Continued on page 26)

Five minutes, ten minutes—then decision. It bulleted undauntedly away to the east

Blue Cupid

By Jeffers Godfrey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

About a pigeon with an instinct for romance. He knew that home is where the heart is going to be

THE station agent at White Springs carried a plain box about a foot square across the double track. He stopped at the edge of a field and peered through the wire mesh on top of the box. There was a blue-checker cock inside there, and it was about the best-looking pigeon he'd ever seen.

The agent put down the box, let fall the door, and stood back. The blue pigeon came out and flew up at a forty-five-degree angle. Then it began to circle—its pale blue body and blue-black wings a kaleidoscope of gilded color in the slanting early morning sun. Five minutes, ten minutes—then decision: it bulleted undauntedly away into the east.

The agent was stumped. He thought he knew pigeons, he thought this cock bird was the best racing pigeon he'd ever seen. He read again the tag on the box. "Return to William Brown, 182 East 189th St., Chicago, Illinois." Chicago was due west from where he stood, yet the bird had gone due east. The agent shook his head. He said sorrowfully: "I never thought a pigeon like him would do a wrong-way Corrigan."

THE long loading dock of the biggest packing-house market in the world lay in late afternoon shadow and desertion.

Inside the pork cooler, Bill Brown was rushing to finish up by five-o'clock quitting time. The cooler was just about spick-and-span, and he was working on the loose pork loins, when the cooler door swung back. Mulcahy the checker stood in the doorway, the razzberries in his cold eyes for all college guys. He bellowed, as to a multitude: "There's a load outside!"

Bill winced at the dreaded cry, and his long frame folded a little in fatigue as he made for a truck. He grabbed despairingly at the handles of a barrel-runged two-wheel truck—started doorward with it. He'd have to truck the load alone—no use looking for his strikers. Old Jimmie had ducked home a good half-hour ago; big, flannel-mouthed, stalling Day was out somewhere, his frock stowed away, all set for a five-o'clock dash for the El. No use of complaining to Luby Zapp, the head provision man. Luby was supposed to run the cooler, but he never gave an order. All day he was on the phone, selling pork.

"What is it, Joe?" Bill asked Mulcahy as he trundled past the scales.

Mulcahy reached for his checking slab to follow Bill. "Truckload of summer sausage—get humping, big boy," he snapped.

Not too bad, Bill thought. A half-hour, and none of the boxes would go over thirty pounds. But it was a hell of a way to learn the business. Slogging all day like a hunkie—three years of it now. Grease and pushing a truck. Hands all festered—

"Brown!"

It was Luby Zapp—Luby looking extra thin and jittery without his blue frock.

"They want you over at the general office. P. F. Chisholm wants you."

"P. F. Chisholm?" Bill said.

"Sure—vice-president in charge of sales. Hurry over there."

"But I got a truckload of sausage, Mr. Zapp."

"We'll take care of it." Luby grabbed Mulcahy's checking slab away from him. "Take Brown's truck, Joe. I'll check the load for you." There weren't any razzberries in Mulcahy's eyes when he took over the truck.

Bill hiked off down the loading dock toward the general office. P. F. Chisholm, vice-president in charge of sales! That meant they'd been watching him after all. They knew he'd given his best to the job in the cooler. They were calling him in to send him somewhere. Like they'd called Put Bliss, the Harvard guy with the cane—called him in from the bush in South Chicago and sent him to South America.

BILL asked at the information desk inside of the general office where he'd find P. F. Chisholm. The man gawked a second at his greasy frock, then told him third floor.

Up on the third floor, Bill followed a boy down the center aisle, between a hundred desks. At the end of the aisle the boy stopped at a desk and whispered to a man. The man got up and went around and whispered to another man.

This second man came around to him and shook Bill's hand. "Go right in, Mr. Brown," he said, and pushed him through a door set in a partition of frosted glass.

Bill found himself in a big room, looking at a heavy-shouldered old man sitting at a vast glass-covered table desk. The old man had on a black derby, and the juice from the big chew of tobacco that bulged one of his ruddy cheeks was trickling down his lantern jaw.

In a flash Bill knew who he was. He was Snoozer Chisholm, the toughest man who'd ever trod the coolers. Beef-lugger, butcher, salesman, manager—forty years in the coolers, the best judge of beef the game had ever known. A legend out there now—an awe-inspiring, unprintable legend, used to humble the college novice and make him like the sweat and strain.

Bill stared at P. F. Chisholm and wasn't nervous. He was glad he found him as he was. He knew, somehow, he had something in common with P. F. Chisholm.

"Sit down, Brown." The old man didn't rise, and Bill sat down, looking back into the old deep eyes that looked him over. "You seem to be one of our students, learning the provision end of it."

"Yes, sir," Bill said.

P. F.'s cooler-cracked voice went querulous.

(Continued on page 41)

REX HARDY, JR.

eft-Hande
ress Agent

y Don Glendon

ow baseball ever got along witho m is a mystery to everyone, inclu g the Great Walter Mails himse

WHISTLING blithely because the advance sale reminded him of the Golden Era of Sports, Charley Graham, owner of the San Francisco Seals, entered the club's offices at nine o'clock of 1938's opening day and then stopped suddenly as he saw a couple of ushers tramping by with smudge pots in their hands.

"What are you going to do with those things?" said Graham.

"I dunno," said one of the ushers. "Walter Mails ordered them."

Puzzled, Graham stepped to a door on which was printed: "WALTER 'THE GREAT' MAILS—THE WORLD'S GREATEST PRESS AGENT." He turned the knob and entered. There sat Mails, with his coat off and his eyes flaming. When he saw Graham, he stood up, grabbed the owner by the shoulder and shouted: "I've got it—Charley—the greatest opening-day stunt in the history of baseball. You think that Joe Engel of Chattanooga is smart, don't you? Well, I've got something that will make Engel climb into his hole. Listen—I've got thirty smudge pots. I am going to start them around noontime. Everyone will think the stadium is on fire and turn in the alarm. Every piece of fire equipment in town will be here and you know that everyone likes to follow fires—they'll follow those engines right to the box office! What do you think of it?"

Graham started to fall. Mails grabbed him and said, "What's the matter, Charley?"

"My heart," moaned Graham. "You'll kill me yet, Walter. What would you tell the fire department if they came out to arrest you for that hoax?"

"What would I tell them?" stormed Mails. "Why—I'd tell them we were getting rid of those termites that eat up the stands!"

You can put this down as a sure thing: Walter "The Great" Mails, whom Billy Evans called the greatest left-handed pitcher he ever saw and whom friends and foes alike still call "The Big Lip," is going back to the majors.

Mails, now forty-two, is not going back to repeat his miraculous achievement of pitching Cleveland to a World's Series, as he did in 1920. He is going back as Walter—The Great—Left-Handed Press Agent! His work as a promotion man on and off the field for baseball and the San Francisco Seals has earned him a nationwide reputation.

Not on the Program

Here's one for your scrapbook:

The scene is Seals Stadium in San Francisco, late October, 1937.

In a benefit game for the Catholic Youth Organization, minor leaguers were playing the major-league stars, led by Joe DiMaggio. Eight thousand people were out to watch DiMaggio, just after electrifying fans with his hitting, fielding and throwing.

Along came the fifth inning. The game was dragging. People were sitting on their hands. The Great Mails, in uniform, had been at the loud-speaker, striving to put some life into the drab exhibition.

Joe DiMaggio was on deck, swinging a couple of bats. Mails, taking the spotlight in his usual impetuous manner, bellowed into the public-address system, "Ladies and gentlemen—this is The Great Mails speaking! I notice that Joe DiMaggio—the killer-diller of the New York Yankees—is ready to hit. How would you like to have me go out there and strike him out?"

Thundering cheers and boos greeted the announcement. The crowd stood up as a sort of accolade when Mails jumped over the railing, grabbed a glove and in his best pouter-pigeon walk—known as the Mails strut—took the mound. DiMaggio started to move out of the box to give Mails time to warm up, but the "Great Walter" snapped: "Get in there, busher! I don't have to warm up for you!" Mails looked straight down the alley and squarely into the laughing eyes of DiMaggio. For Joe, like everyone else, thought that Walter was out there clowning.

Dramatically, Walter wound up in slow motion, then cut loose with a fast ball. The umpire raised his arm for a called strike. The crowd roared, not at the strike but at Mails' antics after the pitch. For Walter started to hold onto his left arm and point to a sea gull circling overhead.

He screamed, "Get a gun—somebody—that buzzard is after my arm." After the laughter had subsided, Walter was again the pitcher. He shook off the catcher's signs three times in a row, while DiMaggio stood at the plate, grinning. Finally, Mails nodded pompously, wound up quickly and floated a curve ball, low and inside. The change of pace caught DiMaggio off stride. He took a terrific cut and missed the ball a foot.

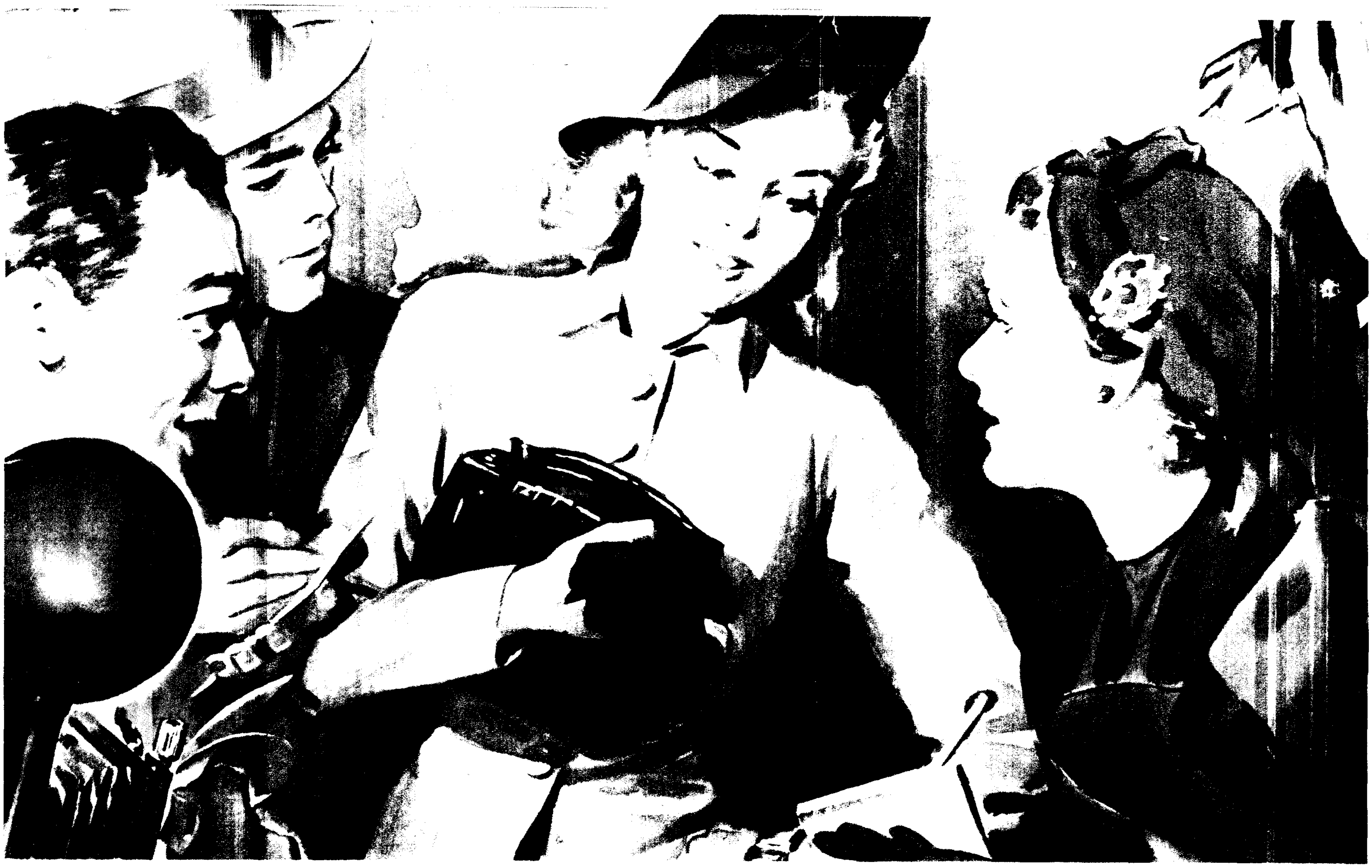
Now, the crowd was laughing at DiMaggio. Mails, realizing that Joe was a bit embarrassed, knowing that it was a benefit game and yet diabolically wanting to set up DiMaggio for the kill, walked halfway down the pitching line and shouted, "It's a pretty lucky thing I'm not in the American League now, Joe. You'd be out there in that crab boat of yours making a living!"

DiMaggio didn't like it. He tightened. Mails grinned. He swaggered up to the rubber, reared back and zoomed a fast ball, shoulder high, that went by DiMaggio like a bullet for the third strike!

No Time for Modesty

Unbelievable? Certainly. But so is anything that The Great Mails does. He's screwier than "Dizzy" Dean or Buck Newsom ever thought of being. He's a better actor and a brighter showman than Maxie Rosenbloom. And he's almost as smart as he says he is. How many ballplayers do you know who have been on a pay roll for twenty-five years? For pure swashbuckling audacity, for glorified conduct in the thick of battle, Mails' life story is so cockeyed that only

(Continued on page 70)



The reporters surged forward, barking questions. Toby said, "Don't crowd me, folks. I'll talk"

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

HELD up and robbed on Long Island by a bandit and his "moll," Wally Andrews and his wife, Madge, return to Karnak, their Southern home city. A few hours after the holdup, Gregg Stuart, an architect who had grown up in Karnak, saves the life of a total stranger—Lynn Harrison—when a man (to whom she refers later as "Rick") tries to shoot her on a New York street. Then, to protect her from her assailant, he takes her and her friend, Toby Fuller, to Karnak.

There a series of shocks awaits him. The *first comes when Lynn—whom the Andrewses* say bears a striking resemblance to their bandit's girl friend—admits that it was Rick who had held up the Andrewses, and that she had been with him at the time! The second comes when Gregg sees Rick on a street in Karnak. *And the third* comes when Madge Andrews is murdered, and Lynn (against whom the evidence is very strong) is arrested and charged with the crime.

The trial begins. Various witnesses testify, and Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, brings out these damning facts, among others: That *Rick Norton*, accompanied by a girl, had attacked and robbed someone in Ohio; that he had been caught and sent to prison; that he had escaped; and that his accomplice in the robbery had been—*Lynn Harrison!* Also, that one Norman Bailey, whose son had been kidnaped, had given the ransom money to a go-between—a girl: *Lynn Harrison.*

But Jason Marsh, who is defending Lynn, does not lose hope. . . . Finally, Lynn takes the stand. She says that, infatuated with Rick Norton, she had been with him when he held up a filling station in Ohio; that, misled by what Norton told her, she had believed him to be innocent. She says that, after he escaped from prison, she met him in New York City; and that, at his request, she called on a "Mr. Bailey," who had given her "an important letter"—which, unknown to her, contained the ransom money.

Jason Marsh stares at her. "When," he says, "did you know that Rick Norton was a criminal?" Lynn's eyes are steady. "The night Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were robbed on Long Island," she replies. The courtroom is tense. Jason Marsh says quietly: "Tell us about that night, please."

IX

I WENT riding with Rick," Lynn began. "We found ourselves in a fashionable section of Long Island when the car stopped. Rick said it had broken down and I believed him. He pretended to try to fix it. Then he asked me to flag any car that came along."

"Why you?"

"Because he said they wouldn't stop for a man in such a lonely spot. But they would for me. We had dressed, you see; and had danced at some place where we ate dinner. That seemed logical. I waved to a car, and it stopped. It was an old machine. Two young men were in it. Rick asked them if they had something—something with a technical name—and they said no. Then they drove off and he asked me to try again, but with a big car because he said jallopies wouldn't have it. Then a big sedan came along and I stopped it."

"The Andrews' car?"

"Yes."

"What happened then?"

"Mr. Andrews was driving. I turned to call Rick, and saw him. . . ." She bit her lip and continued with some difficulty. "He had a gun in his hand and he was telling Mr. and Mrs. Andrews to give up their money and jewelry."

"What did you do?"

"I don't remember. The shock was great. I think I protested, but I can't swear to that. The whole thing didn't take five minutes. There wasn't any argument. Rick got the jewels from them, and shoved them into my evening bag. He put the money into his own pocket. They drove away and so did we. Fast."

"And then . . . ?"

"I still blamed it all on his false imprisonment. I thought I understood. But Rick started to talk, and for the first time I discovered that I had been wrong about him."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"His voice had changed, and his manner. He said that if I was thinking of telling the police I'd better check it out. He said I was in as deep as he was . . . and I said I'd take that chance."

"Go ahead, please."

"He admitted then that he had been guilty of the assault back in Ohio, the one for which he was originally convicted. That changed everything I felt for him; everything I had felt. I was disgusted and shocked—and scared. Then he repeated that I'd better keep my mouth shut—because I was involved. And he explained."

"He explained what?"

"About the packet I had gotten from Mr. Bailey being ransom money. He summarized the whole thing. He said that it would look bad for me; that apparently I had been his sweetheart back in Columbus. That I definitely had been his companion the night of the gas-station robbery. That I had worked for him when he was in prison. That after his escape, I had sheltered him and given him money when I knew he was an escaped convict. That I had acted as go-between in a kidnaping. And that now I had helped in a holdup. He said that my story might be believed on any one of those things—but not on all."

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd talk anyway; that I didn't believe I was as deeply involved as he said. Then he told me something else. . . ."

"What?"

"He explained the details of the ransom—his fear of marked bills, just as Mr. Bailey testified. He said he still had the little boy. He told me that no harm would come to the boy if I kept my mouth shut. But that if I talked, the boy would be killed."

"Aaaah! I see. . . . Then your reason for keeping silent since then was not to shield yourself, but to save the life of a poor, unfortunate, kidnaped boy. Is that it?"

(Continued on page 33)

When New York Blacked Out

By Arthur Forester and A. J. Russell, Jr.

Broadway darkened and New York's subways requisitioned as air-raid shelters. Precautions against an invasion? No. That was Manhattan for a few hysterical days in 1918 when the U-boats came. And they really came

ON JUNE 4th, New York's police commissioner ordered the city darkened. Display lights, advertising signs, unnecessary theater illumination were shut off. Tower clocks were taboo. Tall buildings were blacked. The city's citizens lowered their window shades and dimmed their lights wherever possible.

The port of New York was closed. A steel net was stretched across New York harbor narrows. Antiaircraft guns were mounted and manned.

Instructions were issued for action in case of air attack. Alarm sirens would be sounded. People were instructed to open windows of their homes and offices and go immediately to the basement. The subway would be requisitioned as a shelter.

The police department established emergency first-aid units in ninety precincts of the city. Five hundred physicians were organized for work and George J. Gould, Henry C. Frick and Samuel Lewisohn volunteered their Fifth Avenue homes as emergency first-aid stations. New Yorkers rushed to enroll for the police department's course in first aid (diplomas at the end of five lessons).

A thorough checkup was made. Crowds on Broadway cheered as police forced recalcitrant restaurant proprietors to dim their lights. The police commissioner flew over the city with Army officers looking for violations. He found none. New York was "an unidentified black patch." New York was waiting.

That was June 4, 1918.

This state of near hysteria was not the result of a gradual accumulation of tension over a period of weeks or even days. It was brought about by the events of a single day.

The morning before, June 3d, had dawned relatively normal. We were at war. But that was "over there." News from abroad was encouraging. The Allies had struck back, at the Marne. The Germans were halted in their tracks. Town after town was retaken. Revolt raged in Russia.

New York itself was calm. The papers featured stories about the new taxes, about prohibition, about the impending telegraphers' strike. The theaters were having a good season with such hits as Going Up, Maytime, and Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. Ernest Poole was awarded the Pulitzer prize and Ralph de Palma won the Harkness handicap at Sheepshead Speedway. Twenty-two thousand turned out to hear Sousa's band at the Polo Grounds for the War Thrift campaign, and Caruso, McCormack and Martinelli were to sing at the Metropolitan in behalf of the U. S. Navy Music Festival.

But that morning twelve seamen shuffled into the barge office on New York's Battery and announced that their schooner, the Edward H. Cole, had been attacked and sunk by a German submarine only 45 miles off the American coast.

At first their story was not taken seriously. They were laughed at. Then the crew of a second vessel came in with a similar story. Alarm spread. Before the day was over, three other crews reported the sinking of their ships.

The most complete picture of the situation was that given by Captain Holbrook of the American schooner Hattie Dunn, the first vessel attacked. His story, a strange one, was this:

On Saturday morning, May 25th, the Hattie Dunn, two days out of New York in ballast, was some twenty miles off Maryland's Winter Shoals, heading for Charleston, South Carolina.

A gun boomed across the water. Captain Holbrook saw smoke and what he took to be an armed steamer. Target practice, of course. Nevertheless, he tacked sharply inshore.

Crack! Another shell screamed across the water, closer this time. Captain Holbrook had no choice. He stopped. A few minutes later, some two hundred feet of gray mass came alongside the Hattie Dunn.

It was the German submarine U-151.

"Want us to kill you?" yelled a voice with a German accent.

A small boat pulled alongside the Hattie Dunn, asked about the schooner's papers and foodstuffs, prepared to take captain and the crew off. A petty officer and men boarded the Hattie Dunn, looked her over and placed time bombs strategically around her hull. The crew was ordered to row to the waiting submarine.

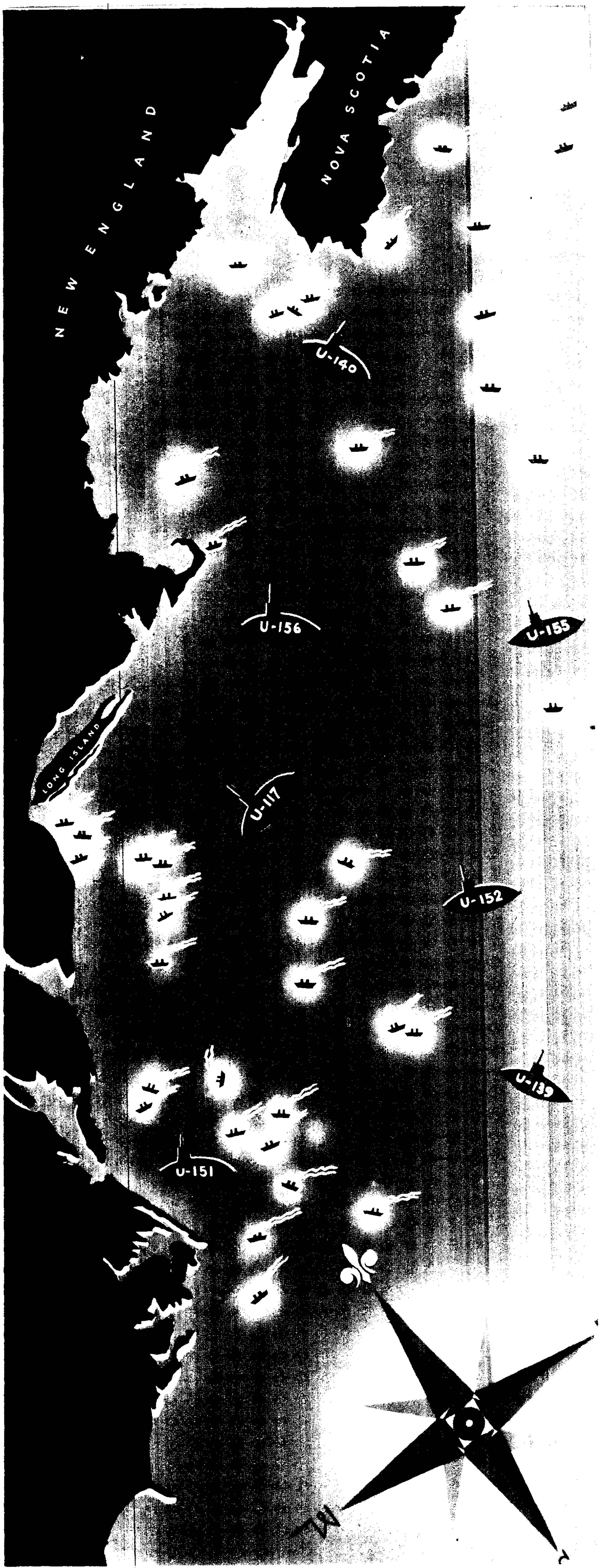
A sharp explosion. And the Hattie Dunn sank.

Before sundown that same day, the U-151 had sunk two other schooners, the Hauppage and the Edna. Their crews were made prisoners along with the Hattie Dunn men, bringing the total to 23.

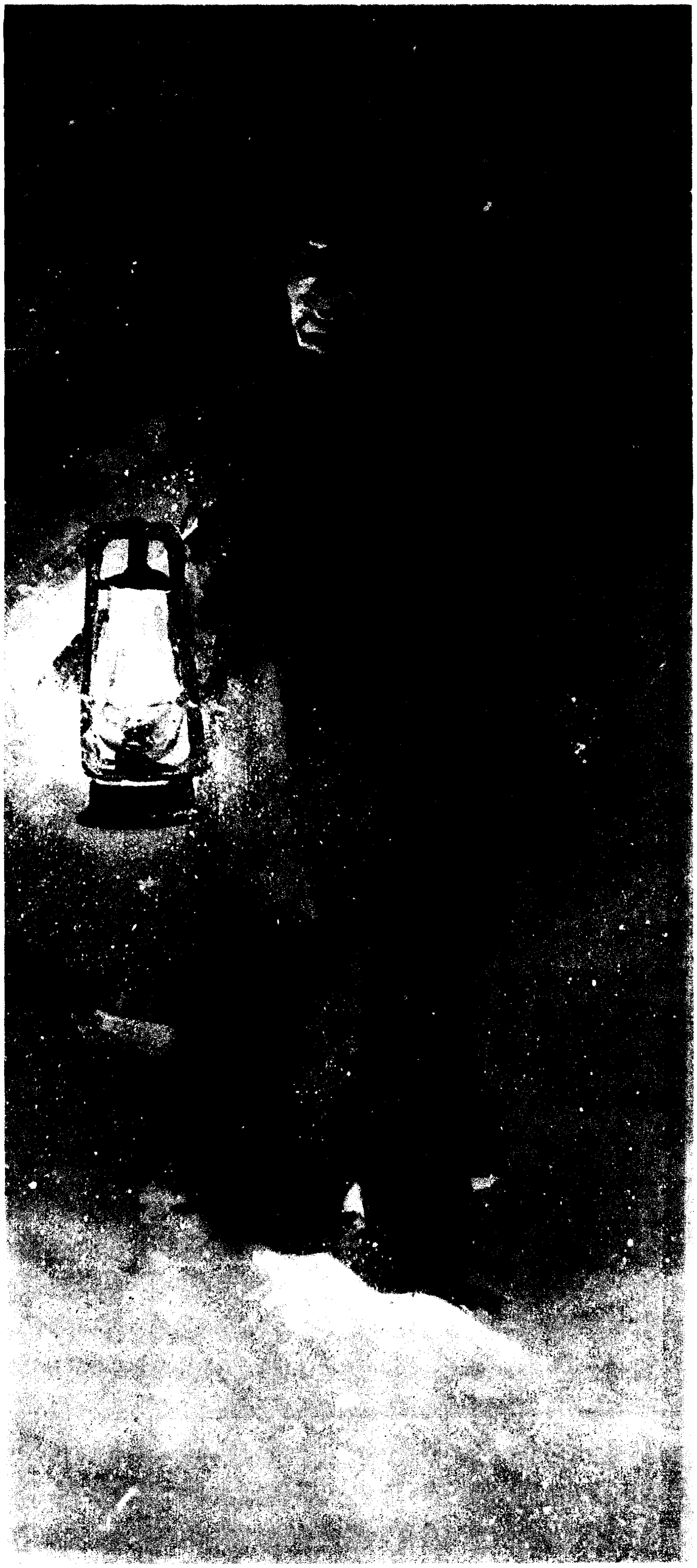
For eight days these American seamen lived aboard the U-151, witnesses to the fact that she cut two cables 60 miles east of Sandy Hook and laid mine fields near Cape May and Cape Henlopen.

They were well-treated. For breakfast, their menu consisted of black bread and tea with jam. For dinner, they shared the crew's mashed potatoes, beans, bacon and cheese, with sauerkraut on the side. They drank cognac and smoked German cigars and played the crew's three phonographs.

(Continued on page 72)



Six German submarines, operating off the United States coast in the summer of 1918, sank or seriously damaged nearly 100 ships. Their operating positions, as well as the principal sinkings by each, are indicated on the map



The snow got into his eyes and he kept blinking. Twice he slipped

In His Own Way

By Timothy Fuller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THERE was only one thing Grampa Harris was sure about, and that was the way he was going to die.

"I'm eighty-seven years old," he said, "an' I come a long way. Plenty of times I thought I was done for but I come through. So now I'm ready an' when I go it's goin' to be peaceful. I'll be lyin' in my own bed an' I'll be rested."

That had been five years before and he'd taken no chances. In the winter he kept pretty much to his room, although sometimes he'd come into the kitchen and sit by the stove. Even in summer he never got farther than the yard outside the back door.

The farm was his and he'd seen them come and go until now there was just his grandson, David, and David's bride, Edna. Dave worked hard and kept the farm going and Edna worked hard too, even after it became obvious that Grampa Harris was going to have a great-grandchild.

It began to snow early in the afternoon. The thermometer held steady at twelve above and Grampa knew they were in for a good snow.

Dave was going to a meeting at the Grange that night and he was worried about leaving Edna.

"Now, Dave, you go on and go," she said. "Doctor Parsons said it wouldn't be for two weeks anyhow."

"Well," Dave said, "you can always phone."

GRAMPA heard Dave go out of the house about six. Edna brought in his supper and he ate it in bed. She built up the fire a little and went out with his tray. Grampa was turning on his radio for the evening news when he heard her cry out and fall. He got out of bed and put on his slippers and bathrobe.

By the time he got to the kitchen Edna was up and sitting in a chair. Her face was white and she looked scared.

"I guess you better phone Doctor Parsons," she said.

"You think it's time?" Grampa asked.

She nodded and Grampa went into the parlor to the phone. He cranked the handle three times and then picked up the receiver. The operator didn't come on and so he put down the hook and cranked the bell again. When she didn't come after the third time Grampa knew the wires must be down in the storm.

He went back into the kitchen and looked at Edna. She hadn't moved out of the chair and her mouth was twisted up at one side.

"Doc says for you to get to bed," Grampa said. "He says don't you worry an' he'll be here in an hour. He says he'll call Dave at the Grange."

He went to his room and turned the radio on loud so Edna would hear it while he was gone. Then he pulled on his clothes and took the lantern from the kitchen and walked out into the storm.

The snow got into his eyes and he kept blinking as he went out to the barn. Twice he slipped and almost fell before he got there.

It was warmer in the barn. He had walked all the way to the end before he remembered they'd sold the gig ten years before.

He hung the lantern on a nail and opened the stall where Dave kept the horse for plowing. Big Jock came out slowly and stood waiting. Grampa threw a blanket over his back and managed to get up on the horse. Grampa dug his heels into Jock's sides and the horse started and went out into the snow.

Before they got to the road Grampa knew he was going to die. Every time he breathed, the cold went down into his throat and hurt him. He was mad to have it happen like this after all his planning.

"Don't seem fair a man can't pick his own way when he gets to be as old as me," he thought.

It had been a long time since he'd ridden a horse in the snow. One winter he'd ridden a lot. General Custer had been in command, he remembered.

"Looks like all along I was meant to go with my boots on."

It was two miles to the town and no other house on the way. Jock walked slowly and Grampa began to get sleepy.

"You just keep on into town," he told the horse. "Someone will see us an' they'll know what's wrong."

It was easy lying there on Jock's back and he didn't mind the cold. But he was bothered about having to revise his plans for dying.

The men on the snowplow met him just outside of town and they carried him straight to the doctor's. Mrs. Parsons wrapped him in a blanket before the stove and Grampa opened his eyes.

"Edna," he said. "Dave's at the Grange."

Doc Parsons knew what to do and he called Dave. The wires weren't down in the town. Mrs. Parsons handed Grampa a glass and the brandy burned his throat but it woke him up.

"You'll stay here with us for the night," she said.

"I aim to die in my own bed," said Grampa.

Doc looked at him a minute and nodded to his wife.

"We'll drive you home," he said.

STILL wrapped in the blanket, they carried him out to the car. Dave was already at the farm when they arrived and he helped Doc carry Grampa into his room. Dave and Mrs. Parsons took off his clothes and put him to bed while the doctor went in to Edna.

It was two hours before Mrs. Parsons came into the kitchen and told Dave about his son.

"Edna's fine," she added.

Doc came out and they all went in to look at Grampa. He was lying on his back the way they'd left him. Doc felt his pulse.

"I'll be back first thing in the morning," he told Dave.

Mrs. Parsons picked up Grampa's wet clothes.

"I couldn't find his boots," she said.

When they had all gone Grampa opened his eyes and wriggled his toes in his boots.

"It's a wonder I ain't thought of it before," he muttered.

He felt warm and comfortable and now there was nothing left to worry about. He'd keep his boots on all the time after this and when he went he'd be ready.

"Fella gets to be as old as me," he chuckled, "he got to use his head."

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Otto Brower, Hollywood's best-known second-unit man, leaving for location with a group of actors

Let Otto Do It

By Frank Condon

THE chances are about six, two and even you wouldn't know what a second unit is, unless you are employed in a movie studio. Consequently, you wouldn't know the champion. There are any number of second-unit lads, but the champion is Otto Brower, now blushing. Otto, walk over and take a little bow.

Forty-eight years old this Christmas, twenty years in the movies and most of the time pawing around with railroad tickets, shoving actors into trains, arriving at lonely destinations and tackling the hard chores. Second-unit leaders are fellows who take all the jolts around a studio and say very little.

In the world of second units, Otto occupies the Joe Louis or head spot, and although his salary is paid by Twentieth Century-Fox, any studio in Hollywood will admit cheerfully that Otto is the one. This insures him permanent employment in the cinema until he is eighty-five years old and independent.

Now a second-unit man is like this: When they start to produce a movie drama, they have a cast and a director. That's the first unit—cast and director. . . . These work placidly amid the comforts of the studio, but just suppose it is a drama of stark love, revealing the pitiful nakedness of a woman's soul in New York City and the Stork Club, but containing also a long sequence showing the woman's soul having a little trouble far away in a raw lumber camp, or up in Alaska with the miners, or out on the trackless desert. The second unit swings into action. That's Otto Brower.

He collects a few hard-bitten extras, accustomed to train sores, and some actors to double for the real actors at home and the gang climbs onto a Santa Fe night train and goes somewhere far away. He shoots the action required in the drama, stuffs it into the cans and returns to his studio, where his picture-taking is fitted into the main job, and if it is very good indeed the other director gets all the credit and beams upon his confreres.

Otto makes so few mistakes, wastes so little studio money and conducts these travel forays with such continuous intelligence that he's admittedly the most reliable trouble shooter in the trade, and no matter who else gets fired on account of the war, Otto will remain unfired.

In fact, he has recently been promoted. He is really now a regular, first-string director, which makes him feel queer, and shoots four pictures a year for the studio. He sits in dignity in his own office, with rugs and a water bottle, a secretary and three telephones, maps of the world in case of emergency and a neat sign on his screen door announcing that inside sits a director. But even so, he is still the second-unit man, as Mr. D. Zanuck has tried and cannot find any other second-unit man whom he can trust blindly.

As first-string director, Otto has just finished his latest Jones Family picture, called Too Busy to Work, which is regarded in trade circles as one of the really good Jones pictures. And when Otto told them first that he thought he could do comedies, they just stared at him and went on answering the phone.

As second-unit man, he went out and bought himself some special underwear for African jungle work, there being a jungle job on the assembly line, but that has been declared canceled on account of hostile submarines, which are likely to take a pop at movie people afloat. It was assumed that movie people in transit are contraband, so Otto will stay home a while.

(Continued on page 48)

A GIFT TO THE NATION

By Richard Howells Watkins

Mr. Hall, Yankee, learns about limeys from a U-boat

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

TO MR. HALL'S mind that last three hundred tons of Barbados sugar was a mistake.

Mr. Hall came somewhat profanely to that decision after having instructed the 'Badian boatman to pull him around the steamer St. Nicholas for the third time. She looked lower at every circuit and Mr. Hall was not at all sure that this was merely an optical illusion.

"Sure she's only down to her marks," he said to Fred Rieser, the young man who had applied for the job of second mate. "But supposin' a wave over four inches high should hit her between here an' the English Channel? Then how far down would she be?"

Mr. Hall paused, but not long enough for the would-be second mate to reply.

"*The answer's on the chart o'* the waters around here an' it's something over a thousand fathoms," Mr. Hall said. "That's how far down she'd be."

From the bridge of the St. Nicholas the Old Man, Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, hailed the boat.

"Mr. Hall!" he piped. "Will you come aboard, please?"

Mr. Hall answered and growled in his throat. "Pull around to the starboard side," he told the boatman.

He indicated himself with a finger like a belaying pin. "I'm an American citizen," he said. "It's against the law for me to go get myself killed in a war zone, especially when the chances are we'll never make it to the war zone. An' look at what I got for a master! A silly old limey ex-naval officer with bats under his hat. And the ship under the Greek flag!"

"Well, *how* about quittin'?" suggested the Canadian would-be officer hopefully.

Mr. Hall glared at Mr. Rieser. "Your trouble is, you talk too much," he said. "You're practically a limey yourself, if you was born across the river from Detroit. And you're forgetting you're nothing but a second mate—I mean not even a second mate."

Fred Rieser grinned.

Mr. Hall brooded as the black 'Badian sweated over the oars.

"I don't like limeys," he said. "Maybe I got a little limey blood myself but I got other blood, too. My ancestors were all good guys who never refused a drink, any of 'em. But I don't like limeys."

He jerked a finger toward the bridge at the attenuated figure of Commander Billingsby, R.N., retired, and lowered his voice:

"You know what that little wart told *me once? He told me that in the World* War—the first one—he served with the British fleet at the Dardanelles. He was proud of it! Proud! You know what happened at the Dardanelles? The Turks trimmed the limeys. Sat in their forts an' lobbed shells at the battleships till the British had to quit. They never did force the straits."

He shook his head. "But Billingsby was proud he'd been there. He was proud o' being licked. An American wouldn't ha' admitted it. He would ha' had an alibi. He'd ha' been able to prove he wasn't around when the Turks dished it out. But limeys don't mind being licked. They like it!"

HE LOOKED up uneasily at the stern of the St. Nicholas as the boat swung around under it.

"Le' me tell you why you won't want this job," he said. "The old boy has been on ice in Fowey, Cornwall, with asthma for years. So he gets turned down for active service with the navy. But he's inherited all the jack in the Billingsby family an' has no kids to represent him in this war so he gets ambitious himself. So he comes out here an' buys a Greek ship piled up on a coral reef off the Venezuelan coast.

"Me being a practical man and out of a job, he hires me to get her off cheap. We get her off, fix her up a little. He figures on taking her to England and presenting her with his compliments to the nation. 'England needs ships,' he says. 'Ships will win the war. This one can be transferred to British registry and carry many a cargo.' "

"Not a bad id—"

"But," Mr. Hall interrupted angrily, "he loads her down with scrap and then piles sugar in her 'tween decks. More gifts to the nation! He makes an impossibility out of what was only a long chance. That last three hundred o' sugar! My story is we'll pull one o' these limey 'glorious attempts' an' go down with all hands instead of gettin' there with a couple o' thousand tons o' melting scrap. That way Commander Billingsby will be a hero forever instead of just a guy that done a job." He leaned over to tap young Fred Rieser on the knee. "An' that's why you don't want a berth in this one."

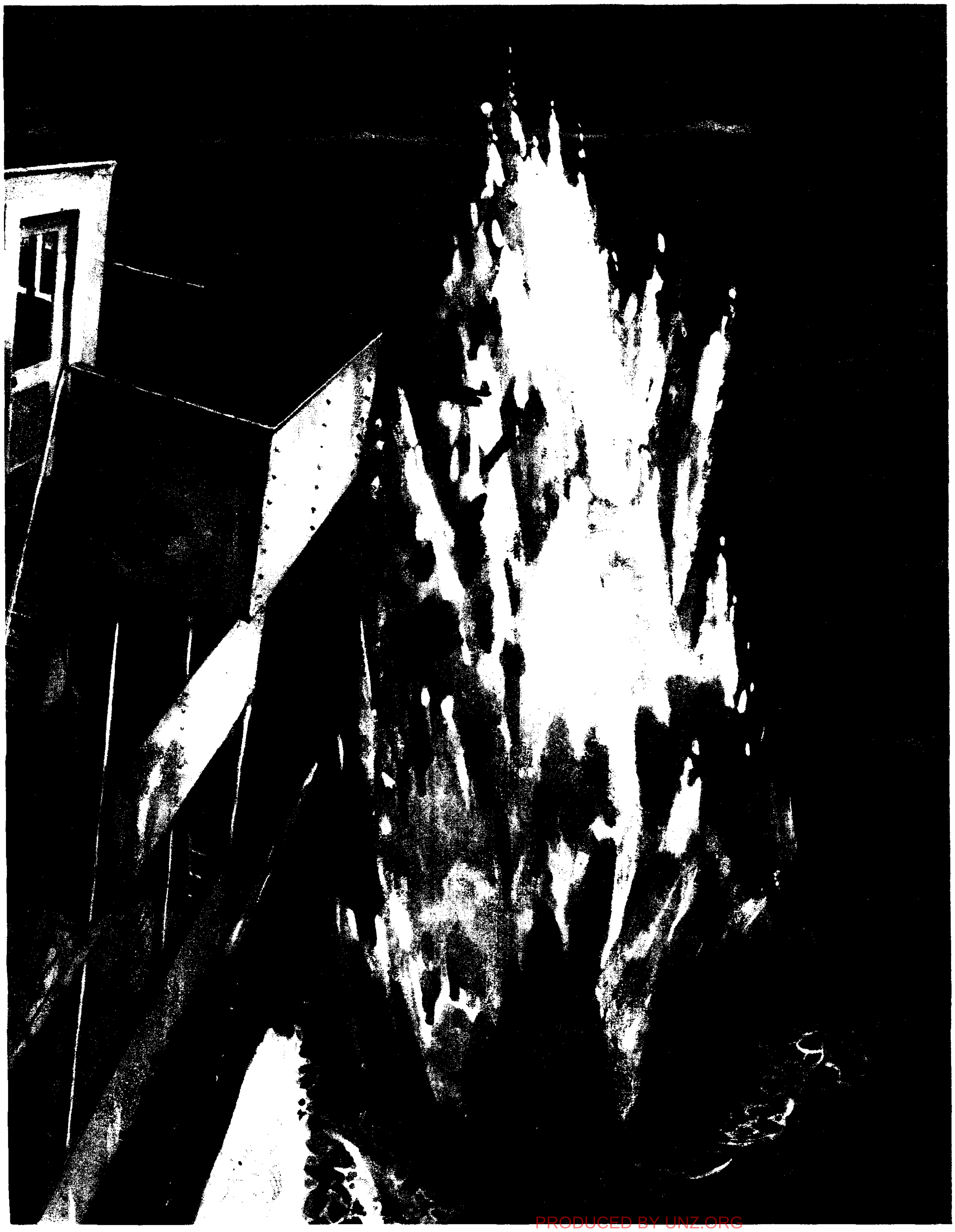
Mr. Rieser's eyes were glowing. "We'll make a damn' good try," he said.

Mr. Hall groaned. "Another one!" he said. "You wouldn't think a river as narrow as the Detroit would make all that difference!"

"What d'you mean?" asked Mr. Rieser.

Mr. Hall leaned forward and bulged his jaw. "I mean if I'm in this, this ain't going to be a damn' good try. We're not trying; we're goin' to get there."

(*Continued on page 57*)

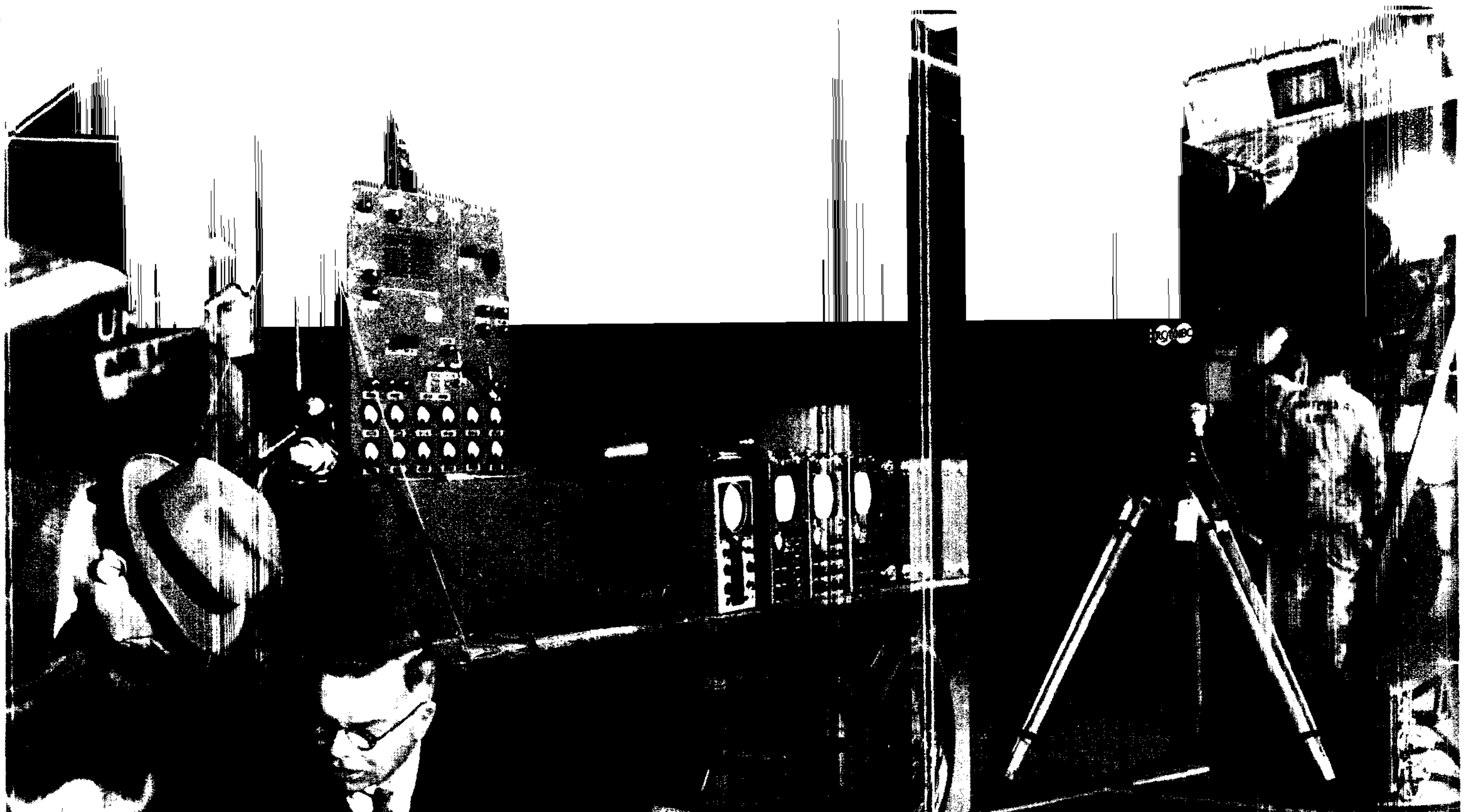


Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit

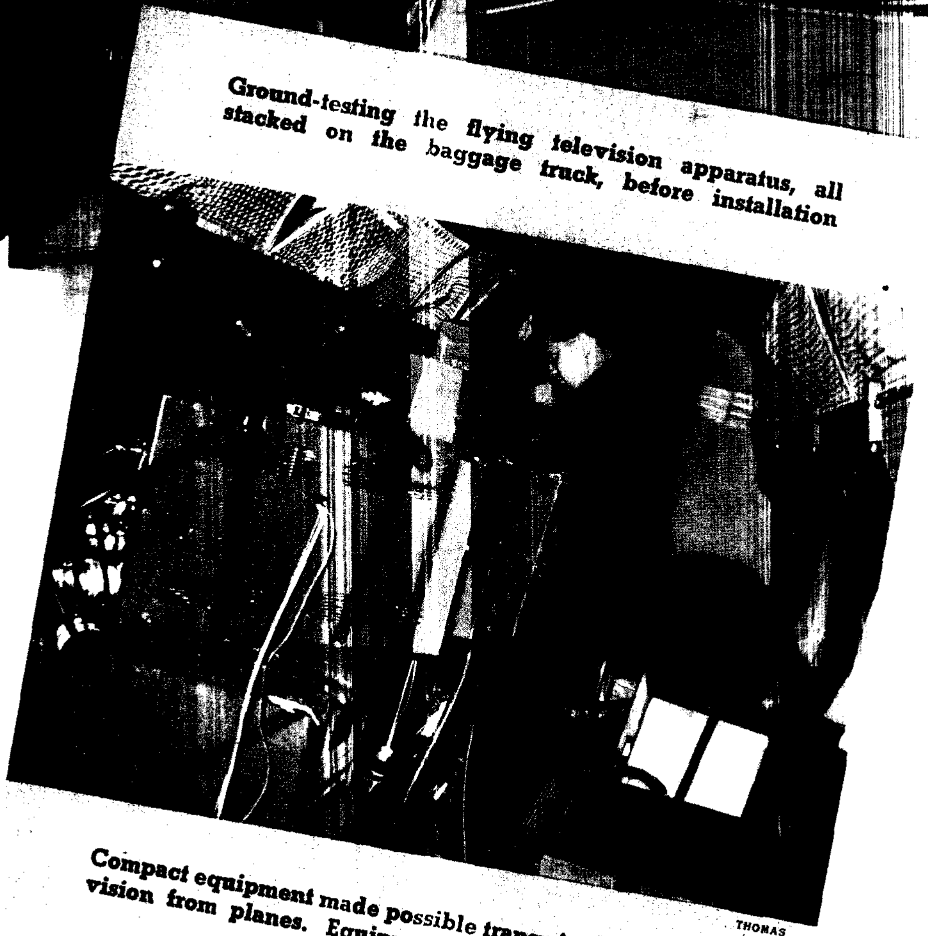
An
for Planes

By Owen P. White

When television was really young two ten-ton trucks were needed to haul the transmitter equipment. Today seven light suitcases do the same trick and television is ready for war



Ground-testing the flying television apparatus, all stacked on the baggage truck, before installation



Compact equipment made possible transmission of television from planes. Equipment is shown in position

THOMAS

IN a small room, less than ten feet square, on the roof of a towering building in New York City are crowded eight men and a small amount of electrical equipment. There is a dead silence. Something significant is about to happen. It does. Suddenly out of thin air comes a voice.

"Hello—hello—hello," it says. "11:47 A.M.—we're taking off—moving down the runway—gaining speed—now we're up; we're in the air—turning west—out over Flushing Bay, and—"

But from that point on a television transmitter takes over and in its own way tells us its own story of its own first plane ride. It does it vividly. So vividly that we see everything the plane passes over. It flies above the Triboro Bridge, crosses Manhattan Island, turns up the Hudson, comes back along the Palisades on the Jersey side, swings in a wide circle around Radio City and the Empire State Building, heads south, hovers over the fort on Governor's Island and then from far down in the lower bay sends back good and clear pictures of a couple of incoming ships.

Nothing that radio has done in years is as spectacular as this. How has it been accomplished?

By compression.

Until now it has required two ten-ton trucks loaded with equipment, all hooked to a pick-up camera as large as a trunk, to produce a picture. This has been too much equipment. If television were ever to fulfill its destiny—the transmission of information from the scene of an event—easily portable apparatus would have to be devised. In the RCA laboratories at Camden, New Jersey, this has been done. Seven suitcases of ordinary size, and of light weight, now house everything necessary for the transmission of pictures from two cameras. Obviously, this changes the status of television, because it makes it practical to telecast stage productions from theaters, floor shows from night clubs, religious services from churches and even—may Providence protect us—even the antics of the orators who will be treading the boards of campaign rostrums during the remainder of this year.

All of which from the amusement angle is very interesting, but what about the telecast from the plane of which you are already a preferred spectator? That's different. Very different, because for years radio and military experts have been speculating on the wartime possibilities of the very thing you have just seen happen. Thirteen years ago, for example, in 1927, Colonel David Sarnoff of the U.S.A. Signal Corps Reserve, after describing to his fellow officers an imaginary bombing raid carried out by remotely controlled, unmanned, robot planes, said that it would be too fantastic to consider the part that direct television might play in the war of the future.

That future war, however, is now here, while at the same time, as the result of five years of secret research, so is direct television from the air. The United States, though, is the only country that has it. Several years ago Russia tried it, with equipment that it had made according to its own designs here in this country, but its engineers couldn't make it work.

Can Be Highly Developed

Neither, so far as is known, have the radio engineers of any other European country made it work. Here, however, it is already such a phenomenal experimental success that very soon now, perhaps by the time this article appears in print, experts from our Army and Navy on both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts will be watching it in action.

What they will see will undoubtedly be of great interest to them, because, according to a published statement by Dr. Arthur N. Goldsmith, one of the most eminent and conservative radio engineers in the world, "the use of television for military and naval purposes can now be highly developed. Observation planes equipped with television transmitters, and either manned or unmanned and operated by remote control, can now send views of underlying terrain back to army headquarters or to receiving stations on ships. In fact, with an elaborate technique of this sort, commanding officers can literally oversee the scope and progress of all military operations.

Nor is that all that Dr. Goldsmith has to say about putting eyes in an airplane. "Television," he continues, "offers the important possibility of permitting televisibility—that is, the electrical viewing of surrounding and distant terrain—under conditions when optical viewing is not possible." In other words, perhaps the most important thing about television for military use is that it is an improvement on natural sight because of its ability to transmit sight through mist, cloud, fog and darkness. Consequently a television-equipped plane, either manned or unmanned, flying beneath clouds can transmit information to concealed bombers flying above them, enabling the bombers to unload their cargoes on enemy battleships, towns or fortifications at a minimum of risk to themselves.

It was, in fact, the intention in the test flight we have just been discussing to experiment with that idea by sending up a second plane equipped with a tuned receiver which would pick up the pictures from the transmitting plane far beneath it, and entirely hidden from it. For some reason this was not done at the time.

It will be, however, in the next tests, with probably a number of receiving planes, and there is no doubt in the minds of the engineers who have the experiment in charge but that direct television communication between planes long distances apart will prove entirely practical.

And as they are also without doubt as to their ability to fly unmanned, television-equipped bombing planes anywhere they want to fly them, and unload them anywhere they want to unload them, all by remote control and all under the supervision of the plane's own eyes, it certainly seems as though our television engineers in their effort to provide us with a new medium for our national amusement have also presented us with a most powerful weapon for our national defense system. ★★★

Hell on Wheels

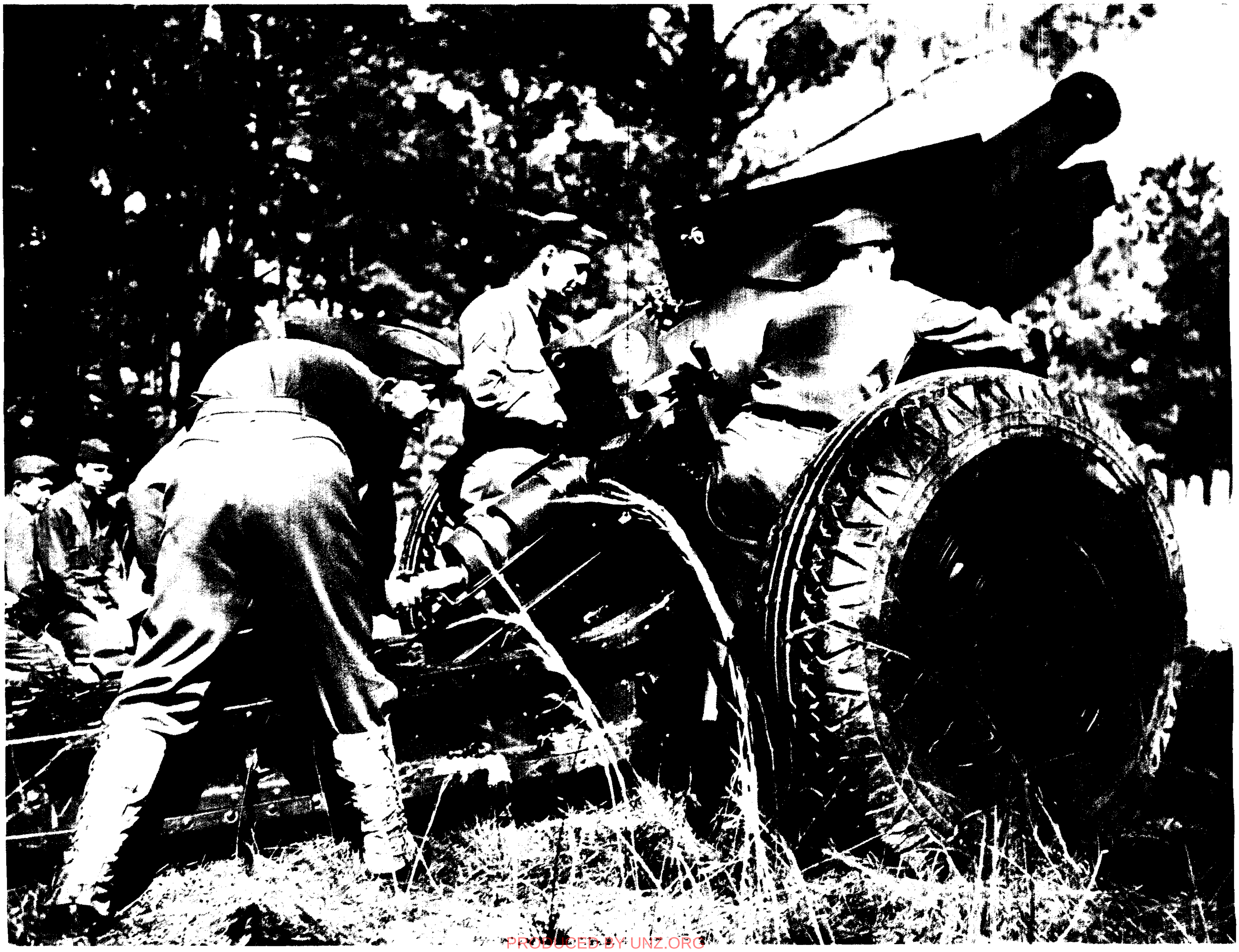
By Walter Davenport

Our Army is modernizing itself and doing a thorough job of it, too. It doesn't expect to fight anyone, but it won't hurt to have a homemade Blitzkrieg handy—just in case

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS GROENHOFF

New formations offer better protection against flying machine gunners. Instead of the old columns of squads, troops now fall in by twos, well separated

Below, a 155-mm. howitzer and part of its crew. The new smaller divisions will have 16 of these guns instead of 24



IT TOOK a hundred and sixty years, but the United States Army has finally retired Frederick the Great. In his day he was the world's best trigger man, the military daddy of the Duke of Wellington and of even the immortal Napoleon. Since 1777, when one of his soldiers, Frederick William, Baron von Steuben, came out of Prussia to coach the demoralized troops of George Washington, Old Fritz's ghost has commanded our armies.

But that's all over. Perhaps you've heard something of what's happened without realizing what it meant. The Army calls it reorganization or mechanization. Revolution would be more apt. When and if we go to war, our battle lines will look more like those we flung out against the British Grenadiers before Steuben taught the remains of the Continental Army the Prussian system. The tendency is back to Indian formations and tactics—but on wheels.

Gone is the old brass-hat motto of "Drill 'em till they drop." Dead is the tradition that close-order drill was handed down from Sinai. And it's about time. The United States is the last of the great powers to modernize its army and demobilize Old Fritz. Japan clung to the old order until she learned her lesson in Manchukuo. The Russians still wabble between the old and the new, unable to decide which is the least bourgeois.

It has all happened because the General Staff of the United States Army had finally to decide between Frederick the Great and machine guns, the Duke of Wellington and tanks, Napoleon and airplanes. It was a struggle—a long one —between tradition and science, and science won. The Regular Army has been adapted. Veterans scarcely recognize it. And the reorganization has just begun.

Before we're through the revision may reach even into the United States Military Academy itself, modernizing West Point's sacred Prussian curriculum and requiring of cadets that they know more about civilians than they do about Cicero, more about humanity than hieroglyphics. It may even come to pass that our West Pointers may be required to serve a year in the ranks as privates and noncoms before buckling on their Sam Browne belts. Hitler has done just that in Germany.

It's Only a Beginning, Too

Our new Army has abolished brigades and, heaven help us, the time may come when we'll have no more brigadier generals. And it isn't unlikely that lieutenant colonels, innumerable aides and officers' valets—the latter being a bit more widely known as strikers or dog robbers—will vanish. And the rejuvenation has scarcely begun. They told us in the War Department that, among other things, fewer generals hereafter are going to die in bed. They are even talking of a completely revised policy of officer promotion, priority and the like being likely to be supplanted by ability. And while we're looking into the future, we may as well add that if the realignment is followed through it is going to be a whole lot easier for a man in the ranks to become an officer.

The actual work of rejuvenating our military establishment began about five years ago. Briefly, the new Army is conceived on smaller, harder-punching units from army and corps down to company and platoon. Where the old army division of 30,000 men in huddled squares moved forward to victory or whatnot at the alarming rate of ten or twelve miles a day (when it moved), the new division of 15,000, more or less, will have at the enemy at the rate of thirty or forty—being on wheels. Whereas it used to take the better part of a day for the warlike schemes and machinations of the Army's head to seep down to the fighting units, the new order will have the boss's idea in the hands of the last lieutenant and sergeant in an hour or two.

The change has been talked of ever since November 11, 1918. Now it's official. If you're a veteran of the first World War, you should take a day off and have a look at what's happened. The regulars have already been reformed. Horses and mules have vanished. Two-way radio has supplanted runners who frequently didn't get there, telegraph lines that often were smashed, and will augment telephones that were, often, ruined by concussion under fire. Today, instead of the old column of squads, four men abreast, shoulder to shoulder, begging the flying-machine gunner to swoop and destroy them, our troops will merely fall in at arm's length, face right (or left) by twos and march off to glory.

No more will officers bark, "Squads right" or "Squads left." Those old chaos-breeders On right into line and Right front into line, which took weeks to learn (and nobody knew why), are but dismal memories. The General Staff assures us that with nine tenths of the old Infantry Drill Regulations in the ash can, they'll now be able to teach a fellow to look like a soldier in a day. They've even abolished Parade Rest.

An Army Mystery Ends

To avoid as many technicalities as possible, suppose we outline the form and personnel of the new division—a body of somewhere between 12,000 and 17,000 men instead of 30,000. It will consist of three infantry regiments instead of four, and two field artillery regiments. And the regiments will be smaller, better armed and more agile. With this to start with, the old overmanned headquarters staff will be pared down. That always mysterious unit of Division Headquarters known as G, 1 is eliminated. G, 1 took care of personnel. Hereafter the division adjutant will include personnel in his job and perhaps somebody will discover what Division G, 1 really did under the old setup.

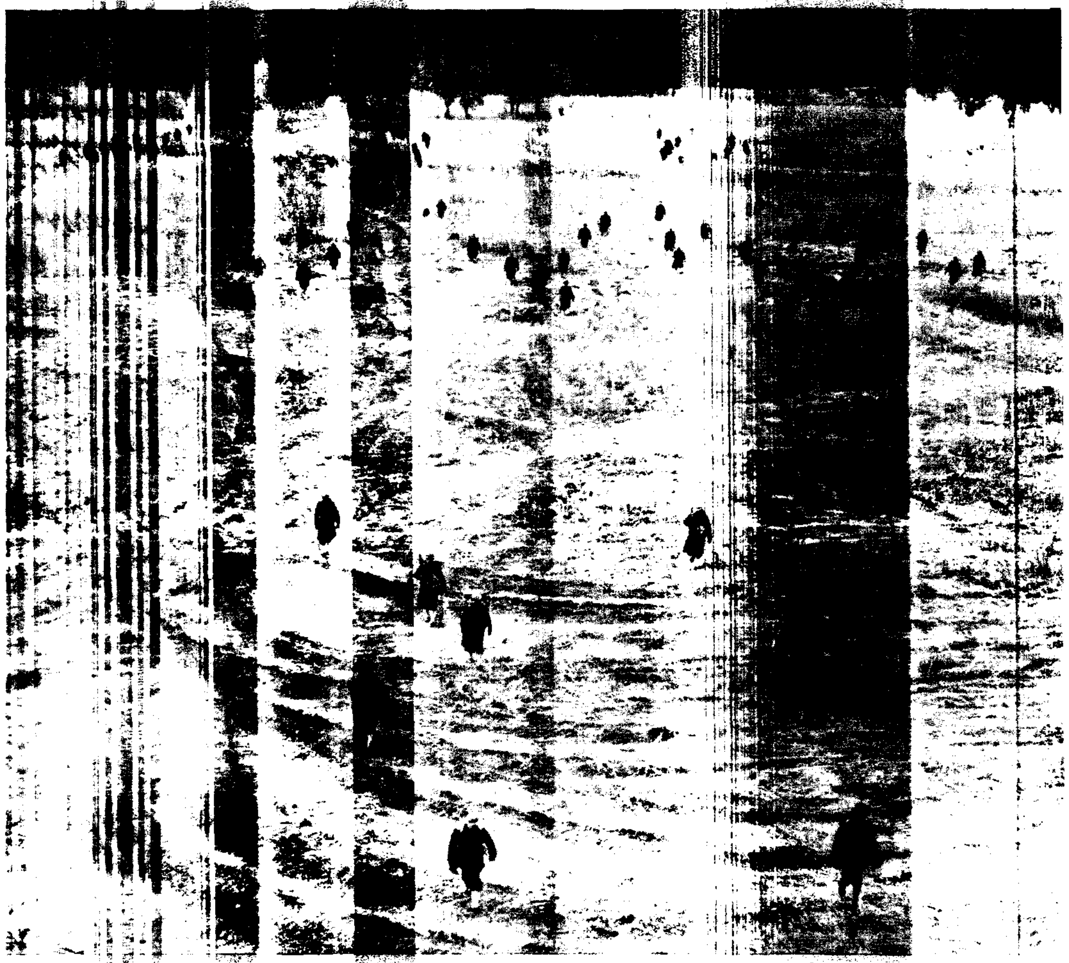
Hereafter, instead of passing on GHQ's orders to distant subordinates and merely hoping against hope that the orders will arrive at their ultimate destination recognizably akin to their original form, the division commander will transmit the idea straight to the men who are to do the job. As his principal aides he will have one infantry general and one artillery general. These two brass hats will be in constant communication with the line, with no brigadier between, although brigadier generals will still have duties to perform. They will be charged with knowing everything about their arms—numbers, morale, positions and, if possible, the correct address of the enemy.

When the division commander is told that his superiors would like a little something warlike done, he will call in his infantry and artillery aides, get the low-down from them and give his orders, which will, if all goes well, carry out GHQ's plan. In the old days, when the commanding officer's advisers got through advising they were supposed to have nothing more to worry about except promotion. After they had told their boss all they knew it was up to the boys out front. But now, after having told the commander what he wants to know about the artillery and the infantry, they may be commanded to put on their boots and trot out to their men in the thick of the brawl.

As infantry personnel is cut down, so will be the artillery. Under the old war footing each gun was attended by seventy-eight officers and men. In action this frequently bred embarrassments, there being physical situations where there wasn't room for all those men and the guns too. But in the new division, guns which have never seen a horse nor smelled a mule, being truck- or tractor-served, will be manned by forty-two

(Continued on page 45)

Light machine guns, 108 to a division, may be picked up and carried by any soldier. The rifle above is the new semiautomatic .30-caliber Garand



When moving up or consolidating positions in open territory, troops will use wide-open formation above. Below, infantry on the move. Gun, 37-mm. antitank

Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

DISINHERITED by his wealthy father, Fred Oaks—a restless wanderer with a craving for adventure—joins the Spanish rebels, who, prompted by certain German volunteers, send him to India on a mysterious secret mission. When his father dies, on the west coast of the United States, a girl—Lucy Steel—employs a San Francisco detective—Bill Gabriel, employed by an agency—to find him.

With Lucy Steel, Gabriel flies to India. Leaving Lucy in Calcutta, he goes to Shakkarpur. There, posing as a teakwood buyer and working in collaboration with the Criminal Investigation Department, he finds Oaks.

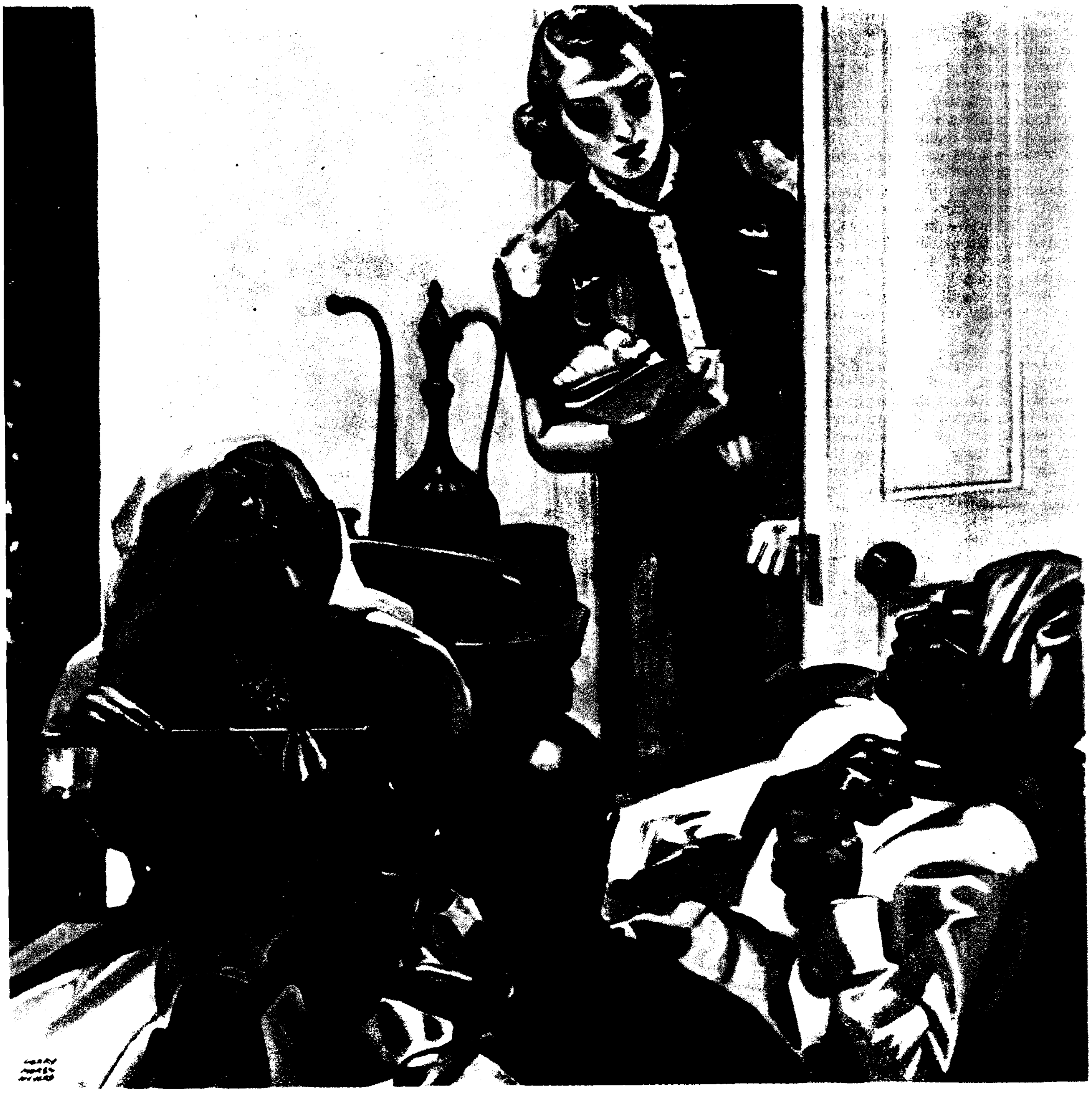
When Lucy Steel joins him, he insists that she take a room at Seaside House, and keep an eye on Oaks; and she does so. . . . Meanwhile—although Oaks seems to be attached to Virginia Hatton, sister of Reginald Hatton, the district officer—Rhoda Curring has fallen in love with him. Rhoda is a married woman—her husband is James Curring, who manages a number of plantations. Alone with Oaks she implores him to run away with her.

Oaks is evasive. Frantic, Rhoda says: "If I thought you were in love with that Hatton girl, I think I would kill her!" Then she leaves the bungalow. And Oaks, searching for her, learns that before her departure, she had loaded a revolver. . . .

On the eve of two native festivals (one Moslem, one Hindu) which may lead to trouble, someone steals a ton of dynamite from James Curring's plantations. Suspecting that Oaks is somehow involved, Reginald Hatton decides to arrest him.

But—although she feels certain that Oaks has come to Shakkarpur to incite the natives to mutiny—Virginia Hatton warns him. She tells him that he is in peril, and must be very careful. . . . Bill Gabriel goes to Seaside House. He enters Lucy Steel's room; she is not there. He finds his way to Oaks' room, where, after a long argument, Oaks admits him—very reluctantly. In the room in a bed is a girl—an attractive blonde. The girl is Lucy Steel—and she is dead!

Oaks insists that he is not a murderer. There is blood on a sheet, but none on the body. "Do you know why I came to Shakkarpur?" Gabriel asks. "Sure," Oaks says. "Teak." "No," Gabriel says. "I came here because Lucy Steel hired me to find you."



She ventured a few steps into the room and said: "I'm afraid I'm intruding"

OAKS smiled. "I'm deeply flattered."

"Do you know what she wanted with you?" Gabriel said.

"You took the question out of my mouth. I've been wondering vaguely how she happened to pick my bed to die in. Suppose you tell me why."

"You know as much about this as I do. More, I suspect. What did you do with her clothes?"

"I haven't seen any clothes."

"You expect me to believe that she came down the hall to your room without even a stitch of underthings on?"

"What sort of underthings?" Fred asked.

"Black lace step-ins," said Gabriel. "And—"

"If you're not going for the D. O., I think I'd better go for him myself," Fred Oaks said. "He might be interested to learn just how familiar you are with the color of the dead lady's lingerie, how you came into the room waving a gun, how reluctant you seem to be about calling in the constituted authorities, how—"

Someone knocked at the door.

Fred and Gabriel looked at each other. The detective slipped his automatic into his coat pocket but kept his fingers tightly clasped around the butt. There was a moment of silence. The knock was repeated. Fred called, "Come in."

The door swung open. An old man stood on the threshold, a scuffed leather bag in one hand. The black alpaca coat which hung slightly askew from his frail, stooped shoulders was several sizes too large, and his duck trousers were too tight. He was bareheaded.

"Good evening, Dr. Forsythe," Fred Oaks said.

The old man took a hesitant step into the room. "Where's the patient?" he asked in a querulous voice. "Miss Small said there was someone—"

"Did you just see Miss Small? Did she send you to this room?"

"No, I haven't seen Miss Small. I came directly here. The boy said there was someone in Room 9 who—"

"I'm afraid you're too late, Doctor," Gabriel said. "Come in."

DR. FORSYTHE closed the door softly behind him. He came over to the bed.

"Much too late," he said, looking into the eyes of the dead woman. "Who is she?"

"Her name is Lucy Steel," Gabriel said. "She came in on the Madras Mail tonight."

Dr. Forsythe made faint clucking sounds with his tongue. "She had a very short stay in Shakkarpur," he said.

"What killed her?" Gabriel asked.

Dr. Forsythe continued to make clucking sounds as he pursued his examination. The tip of his beard brushed the waxen flesh as he scrutinized every inch of the body. He slipped his hands under Lucy's shoulders, raised her gently, turned her on one side. At last he straightened up.

"The lady was shot," he announced.

"Shot? There's no blood. . . ."

"You're a detective, Mr. Gabriel?"

"That's what he thinks," Fred volunteered.

"You should own a copy of Gray's Anatomy, Mr. Gabriel," said the doctor. "Every young man in your profession should be familiar with Gray. Then you could determine for yourself that the bullet entered the left side between the ilium and the floating ribs . . . here . . ." He pointed to a small dark spot, no larger than a shoe button. "And since there is no other wound, you could also judge that the bullet remained in the body. The bleeding you mention is all internal. A small caliber bullet—not over a .32, I should say—making a

(*Continued on page* 50)

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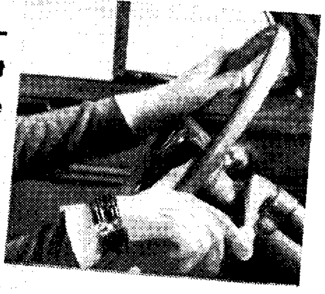

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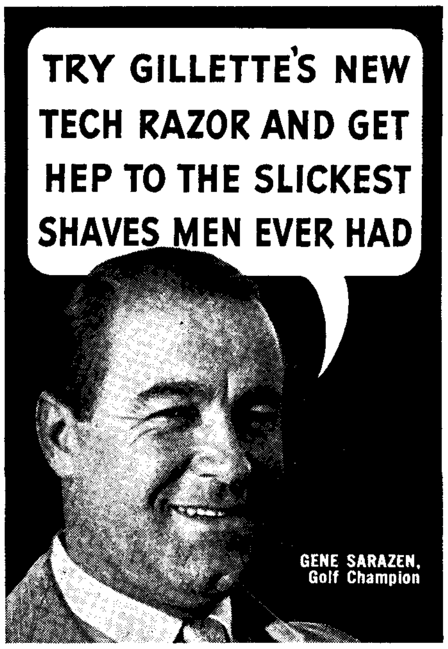
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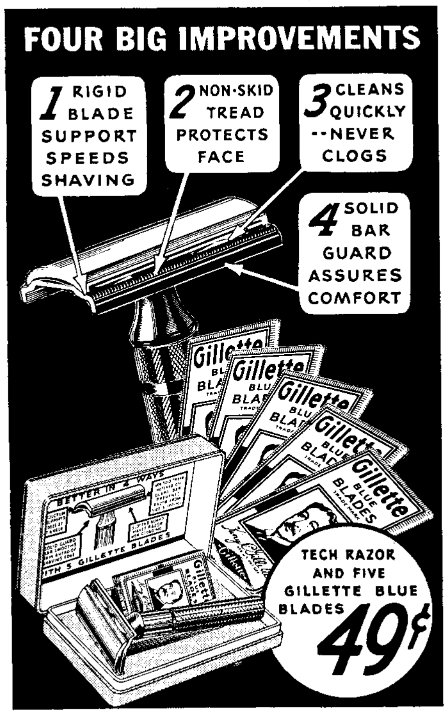
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Happiest Man in the World

Continued from page 13

matter, the good looks an' gener'l smartness of Jube an' Rufe Ned McDavitt. There's plenty of fellers in these parts who'd be apt fer ter climb you even if Cully hisself wasn't around.

An' thet's because Cully ain't never played favorites with his an' his'n. I mind the time Jim Byars got hisself bruk down with a ten-year-old binder with forty-five acres of wheat to cut an' the grain a-lodgin' on him. It's a hunderd an' five in the shade an' there's pore Jim a-tinkerin' with the bundle tier of thet binder. I park my car by the fence an' I walk to whur Jim is at. He's a-blubberin' tears an' sweat an' he's about to give up.

"Leetle deeficulty, Jim?" I say.

"It's got me down, Doc," says Jim.

"Ain't thet bad, Jim," I say.

"Yep, 'tis," says Jim. "I told the old woman this mornin' thet if she quit on me today an' I couldn't get her to tie bundles I wouldn't come home. I'm too old an' wore out fer farmin'—jest like this pore binder."

Well, son, what is a man ter say? I knowed Jim meant it. I start a-tryin' to recollect some comfortin' words of the Good Book, when all of a sudden I hear a clankin' and a rattlin' on thet Louisville road. It's Cully McDavitt, son, on his reg'lar round a-sayin' howdy.

Cully shet old Henry down an' clumb the fence, a-whistlin'.

"Gosh!" says Cully. "Danged if'n this ain't the best patch of wheat I've seed since I left the Bottom. She'll run fifty bushel an' No. 2 grade at least!"

"Never git it to the thresher," says Jim Byars.

Cully shaken his head.

"These here new binders is a caution, Jim!" says Cully McDavitt. "Too dern stiff in the joints, thet's whut's the trouble. Go set in the shade whilst I taken a look at the tarnation thing!"

SO CULLY he gits down an' tinkers with thet old binder, all the time a-makin' conversation about Jim's fine, big farm an' his great repertation as a farmer. Then Cully cusses the harvester trust fer puttin' out new-fangled machines; he goes to his old Henry an' finds a spare part thet'll jest fit Jim's binder, an' before you know it, son, the old wreck is a-clickin' like a mail-order sewing mechine.

"When yer get this wheat knocked down, Jim," says Cully, "it'd be mighty neighborly if'n you was to give thet Warner boy a lift with his'n!"

Well, son, old Jim Byars clumb aboard thet binder like he was in his young manhood.

"I'll be over to help thet Warner boy Thursday mornin' at sunup, tell him," says old Jim Byars.

You go ask Jim about Cully McDavitt.

Whut say, son? The effects of sorghum beer on Cully McDavitt? Why, it never had no effect except ter give Cully the wisdom thet passeth understanding. Take the way Cully handled his childern fer example.

Jube an' Rufe Ned McDavitt is wild, fanciful young fellers. They wasn't never content to stay back in them Bushwhacker hills an' grow jest corn, sorghum an' red hogs. They started theirselves a mushrat pen in the crick an' a white-rabbit pen in a corner of the yard an' a pet field-mouse run in the root cellar.

"Them two boys of mine is leetle geenuses!" says Cully McDavitt. "They aim fer to crossbreed white rabbits an' mushrats an' make the purtiest white fur you ever seed. Then they aim fer to cotch up a passel of black snakes an' train 'em on them field mice until they're reliable mousers. I reckon they's a fortune in either idee, let alone both."

Even when them rabbits an' field mice bruk loose an' riddled a fine stand of Cully's sorghum, he stands by his boys. Even when they burnt down the smokehouse a-tryin' ter invent a new rheumatism cure it don't faze Cully McDavitt.

"Daggone if'n them two boys of mine ain't on their way to riches!" says Cully McDavitt. "Soon as they git set on the right thing Missus McDavitt won't never have ter lift a finger no more."

'Twas the same way with Cully when young Vurm Jones started a-sparkin' Berlita McDavitt. Many a ordinary Bushwhacker father would have th'owed oppersition in the path of young Vurm Jones. The boy is a city feller thet ushers in the picture show over to Troy. An' with all due respects ter city men, son, young Vurm Jones seems like a purty poor specimen, bein' full of windy talk an' big idees.

But Cully he told me: "Thet perspective son-in-law of mine kin make even New York City seem like a tol'able place fer a man to live. He sure has opened my eyes, Doc. I make the solemn perdiction right now thet Vurm Jones is a-goin' ter own the hull of Hollywood, Californie, afore he's through!"

Whut say? I ain't told why old man Cunningham Yackey th'owed Cully inter thet sorghum vat? I ain't told why the fate of Cully an' his hull durn family turnt upon it? Why, dang you, son, I'm a-coming to thet creetical sitchyation. But fust I want ter sum an' total Cully McDavitt as he stood on his hind legs in Bushwhacker not ten days ago.

"I'm the happiest man in this world, Doc!" says Cully McDavitt, "I draw my breath every day in the best part of the best county in the best state in the best country on God's green footstool! Yea, a sweet land a-flowin' with milk an' honey an poperlated with men, women, childern, red hogs, dogs an' mules thet ain't yit seen their equal anywheres. I got me the purtiest wife an datter, the brightest sons an' perspective son-in-law thet ever blessed a man.

"Why, Doc, the happiness in me jest can't be talked or laughed or smiled or prayed, daggone it. An' I owe it all to the Good Lord who made Parson Pike who discovered sorghum beer. As a distinguished man of science thet sets hisself in the seats of the learned an' mighty I ask you, Doc Fraser, to help me with a propersition I've long had on my mind!"

"Whut's thet, Cully?" says I.

Cully he laughs a big laugh thet goes blowin' acrosst them Bushwhacker hills like the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel. He rares back an' lets fly:

"I aim fer to grow me an' extry big crop of sorghum an' git everybody in these parts ter do likewise. Then I aim fer to pool the surplus an' run off the biggest batch of sorghum beer in heestory. An' then, Doc, I aim fer to ship thet beer to all the crowned heads of Europe an' Asia. 'Twill bring the reign of the Prince of Peace right here on the footstool, Doc!" says Cully McDavitt.

Yep, son, thet was Cully McDavitt on the very verge of disaster!

"A right good idee, Cully!" I say. "But I ain't none too sure them folks is fittin' ter receive thet sorghum beer."

"Sorghum beer like a gully-washer f'm the Good Lord's own heaven will flood them pesky folks an' wash 'em clean," says Cully McDavitt. "Right through them palaces an' inter them trenches an' acrosst them airports, Doc. All we've got ter do is turn the spigot."

THET evenin', son, I a-settin' right here on the porch an' thinkin' of Cully McDavitt's words. All of a sudden I see Cully's old Henry a-b'ilin' up the hard road. But it ain't Cully an' his jug of sorghum beer. It's young Rufe Ned McDavitt.

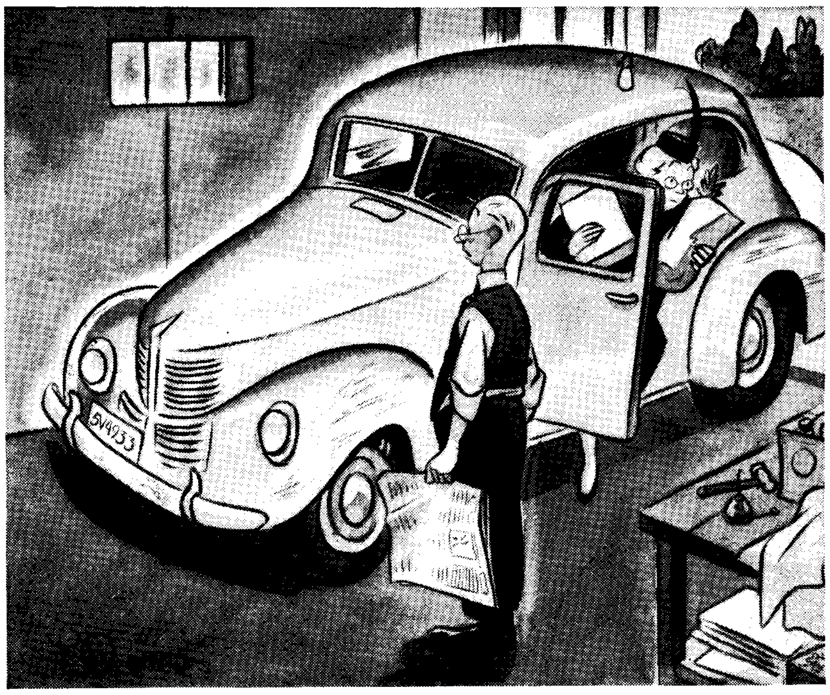
"Come quick, Doc!" yells young Rufe Ned, "something turrible has happened ter pop!"

"Do tell . . . whut?" I gasp.

"He's turned agin sorghum beer!" says young Rufe Ned McDavitt, bawling like a baby. "Hurry, Doc!"

Well, son, I knowed thet if'n Cully McDavitt had reely turned agin sorghum beer it was mighty apt ter be serious.

But even with my heart a-pumpin' an' my mind swishin' with fear I wasn't



"Quite a lot of green cars on the road today, weren't there, dear?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

New Development in Motor Fuels!

TWO NEW GASOLINES

to give your car *NEW* performance!

...NO PRICE INCREASE!

QUICK FACTS ON

NEW SUPER-SHELL

- **Is it higher in anti-knock?**

  Yes! Try NEW SUPER-SHELL on the steepest hill you can find. Try it on a fast getaway in high. You can *feel* the difference!

- **Is NEW SUPER-SHELL quick starting?**

  Got a stop watch? Step on the starter. Your engine's in action *right now!* And hold onto your hat for the getaway. That's how NEW SUPER-SHELL works on starts and pick-ups!

- **How about economy?**

  NEW SUPER-SHELL is made by Shell's "Balancing" process. It's *balanced* for peak performance in all gears, at all speeds—balanced to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go.

- **Does NEW SUPER-SHELL cost more to make?**

  Yes—but costs you no more to *buy.*

This spectacular advance made by the same company that

FIRST sponsored anti-knock research!

Sponsored by Shell, Harry Ricardo discovered principles that made high-compression engines possible. His experiments in flame propagation and action of aromatic hydrocarbons led to the development of Shell's "Balancing" process in refining.

FIRST produced 100 Octane gasoline!

Shell first produced 100 Octane gasoline commercially, instrumental in bringing aviation to its present high development. Shell produced approximately 30% of all aircraft fuel used in the U. S. in 1939.

FIRST produced a "balanced" fuel to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go driving!

The refining process that makes NEW SUPER-SHELL and NEW SHELL PREMIUM possible is Shell's "Balancing" process. There are many different tests by which the performance of a gasoline can be measured. "Balancing" means that no one performance characteristic is stressed at the expense of another—we don't rob Peter to pay Paul. As a result, every drop of both these fuels is usable in your motor. Waste is reduced. Economy increased. Stop-and-Go costs you less.

QUICK FACTS ON

NEW SHELL PREMIUM

- **Is its anti-knock performance improved?**

  Yes! If your anti-knock requirement is far above the average, NEW SHELL PREMIUM will amaze you with its smooth, steady, *knockless* power!

- **Quick starting?**

  Like a flash! We know of no faster!

- **Better mileage?**

  Absolutely! Because NEW SHELL PREMIUM is made from the cream of the crudes—and balanced by Shell's own process—you can count on it giving you increased savings on your costly Stop-and-Go.

- **What about the price?**

  Costs more to make, but costs you no more than the usual extra price.

These two new products aren't all the news. Watch for the announcement next week on the 1940 Share-the-Road crusade.

SHELL
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"HONEST, THESE NEW GASOLINES ARE SO GOOD THAT YOU SHOULDN'T DILUTE THEM WITH ORDINARY GAS —TRY A TANKFUL __STRAIGHT__!"

The Admiral ordered me to marry you!

1. Dear Janet: You are about to join the Navy! You can't back out, for "Orders is orders"! You see, one night I finished the First Watch on the bridge, (midnight to you, lovely landlubber) and went below for a mug of coffee.

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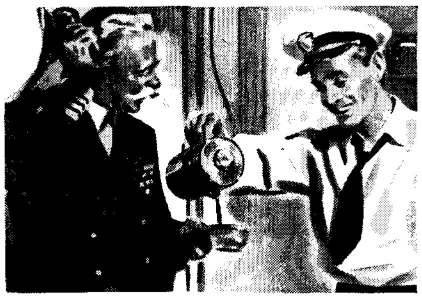
2. "How can I concentrate on battle problems," growled a voice, "with that coffee aroma coming into my cabin?" "Don't try," I laughed. "Let the Admiral make the mistakes! You relax, and have a cup!"

3. I heard a sputtering, and there stood the Admiral himself! "Confound it!" he bellowed. "There's *one* mistake I *never* make . . . and that's drinking coffee at night! Caffein in the stuff keeps me awake!"



4. "I love coffee, too!" he added. "This is Sanka Coffee, sir!" I insisted. "97% caffein-free . . . and can't keep you awake!" He tried a cup. "Delicious! But if I don't sleep . . . it's transport duty for you!"

5. Next day he sent for me. "Slept like a midshipman!" he beamed. "Where did you learn about Sanka Coffee?" "My girl told me, sir," I confessed. "Clever girl!" he nodded. "Marry her, lieutenant . . . at once!"

6. When I told him the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden," he gave me a month's leave. So get ready to obey orders!

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Sanka comes in "regular" as well as the popular, new "drip" grind so you can have just the right grind for your favorite method.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE" . . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—9 o'clock E.S.T. and P.S.T., 8 C.S.T., and 7 M.S.T.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!

prepared ter find whut I found out to Cully McDavitt's farm.

Cully he was a-settin' off by hisself at a corner of the cow barn. Young Rufe Ned McDavitt hurries toward the house ter see if'n the rest of the family is still alive. I walk over to Cully, tryin' not ter notice thet he looks like a old wind-shriveled ghost of his former self.

"Hullo, you old sheep-killin' windbag!" says Cully McDavitt.

Yep, son, his very words.

"Evenin', Cully," I say, not lettin' on thet I hear his irrational remark. "Rufe Ned says you ain't feelin' well."

Cully McDavitt scowls.

"Thet young nitwit!" says Cully. "Him an' his brother ain't right bright. They been a-wastin' my substance simply scandalous. The idee of tryin' ter grow *seedless* watermelons!"

Well, son, I taken another good look at Cully to see if'n he's joking. I still can't believe whut's happened. But Cully jest sets there a-scowling at his farm in the moonlight.

"Cully," I say, "how long has it been since you had a drink of sorghum beer?"

Cully don't answer. He points ter his old Henry a-sittin' in the fence corner.

"Whut shiftless idjit ever tried to drive around this scraggy no-'count country in a thing like thet?" says Cully McDavitt.

Fact, son. His very words. I knowed then it wasn't no use. I knowed thet the wust sitchyation I ever had ter deal with was upon me. But I don't let on ter Cully. I leave him a-settin' there squinting at his old log mule barn.

The hull Cully McDavitt family is a-waitin' fer jedgment day with all the doors an' winders locked. I've seed some tragic scenes in this sad world, son, but Missus Cully McDavitt was the wust.

"Oh, Doc Sam'l," she sobs ter me, "I just can't stand it. Cully come in at suppertime lookin' like a imitation of hisself. You know whut he said ter me, Doc?"

"Don't repeat it, Mom," says Rufe Ned.

"He said my nose was too long!" sobs Missus McDavitt. "My nose—he said it was too long."

Berlita had an even wusser thing to tell. She said Cully called her a spiled child. She said Cully talked mighty mean agin young Vurm Jones, sayin' thet Vurm was a wuthless, tig-talkin' city feller who aimed fer to betray Berlita an' steal everything he could lay his hands on afore he run off.

Jube McDavitt butted in, sayin': "He talks scandalous about you, Doc. He says you ain't nothin' but a—"

WELL, son, I don't let Jube finish. I rear back on my hind legs an' tell Cully McDavitt's family thet this ain't no time ter be repeatin' the insane words of a pore feller who's turned agin sorghum beer. The thing to do is shet Cully up whur he can't harm nobody an' can't go around hurtin' everybody's feelings with his in-sane talk. It brung Missus McDavitt an' childern to their senses.

"Thet's right, Doc," says Missus McDavitt, "pore Cully has plumb lost his right mind."

So I an' Rufe Ned an' Jube we go out ter tackle Cully. We find the pore feller a-sittin' on the running board of his old Henry an' tryin' ter take a few swallers of sorghum beer. But he can't git it down. When a man turns agin sorghum beer it seems like it works in the same way water does on a dog with the hydryphobie. Pore Cully shivers an' shudders an' shakes, then he looks at me with his eyes thet was allus so kind an' so smilin'. It made my scalp crawl, son.

"Oh, Doc," says Cully, "I feel awful. Jest plumb awful. I don't feel able to wait fer daylight to come. I know whut I'm a-goin' ter see when daylight comes. I'm a-goin' ter see old Bushwhacker—"

We don't give him time ter blaspheme. We grab good holt of Cully an' hustle him inter the corncrib. He don't even make a fight. Jest goes along peaceable an' sets down on a nail keg an' holds his head in his hands. The only thing he says is: "Call this corn? T'ain't even pig nubbins!" This remark bruk Jube an' Rufe Ned plumb down.

Whut say, son? Did we keep the truth f'm the rest of the folks about Cully's condition? Yep, son, we did. Fer three days I an' Rufe Ned an' Jube guarded pore Cully in thet corncrib. Missus Cully McDavitt told it around thet I an' Cully had gone off on a trip to Saint Looey. We done our derndest to git Cully ter drink some sorghum beer. We tried trickin' him an' we tried drenchin' him, but he couldn't keep it down. "Phooey," says Cully. "It tastes like sody pop with asafetidy in it." Yep, he said thet. Fact.

ON THE early mornin' of the fourth day, thet fool Rufe Ned dozed off when he was supposed ter be watchin' his daddy, an' Cully escaped. I taken out arter him with some McDavitt dogs ter trail, an' I caught up with Cully jest arter sunup. He had make straight fer old man Cunningham Yackey's place in the heart of Bushwhacker.

All them Yackeys was up early fer to start the fust batch of the new sorghum beer crop to juggin'. Cully, the pore addled feller, marched right in amongst them Yackeys an' spoke up ter old man Cunningham.

"Hullo, you old hillbilly!" says Cully McDavitt. "Why are you a-wastin' yer time making a wishy-washy temperance drink like sorghum beer? I want me some good straight corn licker. Hustle it out afore I break down an' cry at the very sight of yer!"

Well, son, I'll say this fer old man Cunningham Yackey. He don't need to ask any questions consarning pore Cully's condition.

"By Joe!" says old man Cunningham Yackey, "pore Cully has turnt agin sorghum beer! We ain't got no time ter lose, boys!"

So old man Cunningham lays holt of Cully McDavitt an' th'ows Cully smack inter the middle of thet big sorghum beer vat. Thet vat is ten foot deep an' twelve foot acrosst an' full ter the brim.

"He can't swim!" I yell.

"Leave him be!" yells old man Cunningham. "He can't drown, by Joe!"

Cully McDavitt he done a powerful lot of strugglin' an' gurglin' an' thrashin' in thet sorghum beer. He went down under once an' he went down under twice. He come up fer the third time with a big collar of sorghum beer foam around his neck an' his eyes covered with it. He spits an' makes a face an' all them Yackeys let out a turrible groan. But down goes Cully McDavitt fer the third time—

Whut say, son? Did he drown arter all? Now, son, didn't you hear me say an' Cunningham Yackey say no man can ever drown in sorghum beer? Cully McDavitt went down a third time in thet sorghum beer vat. Then, son, he come up. He came up a-floatin' on his back. On his face I see the dernedest, purtiest smile I ever seed on a hooman countenance.

"Th'ow me a paddle, Cunningham!" yells Cully McDavitt, "I'm a-goin' clear acrosst this beautiful world!"

"Saved, by Joe!" says Cunningham Yackey.

Whut say, son? We-ell, I didn't tell yer the hull truth about bein' outer sorghum beer. I got a leetle of last year's crop still put by, an' I guess it'd be fittin' ter celebrate the return ter sanity an' sobriety of Cully McDavitt. Drink up, son!

The Pope's Fight Against Time

Continued from page 11

attending the rise of Eugenio Pacelli. If it can be said there has been any pope elected to the kingship of the Roman Church by the collective expression of the will of the majority of the people of the world—of all races, creeds, nationalities—then it can be said Pacelli was so elected. He rose despite a hitherto unbreakable tradition that a cardinal secretary of state shall not become pope. And he emerged as pontiff despite the expressed and intensive opposition of men and people opposed to that form of internationalism inherent in the Catholic Church—internationalism of religion wherein all men of all colors must be regarded as equals in the eyes of God. Pacelli assumed the white robes and golden pectoral cross of the papacy when already Europe quivered with the distant, muted thunder of disaster to come. None knew better than the astute diplomat cardinal secretary of state, dean of the oldest and ablest school of diplomacy in the world, the character of the men and the nature of the forces which produced this warning thunder.

The Pope of Peace

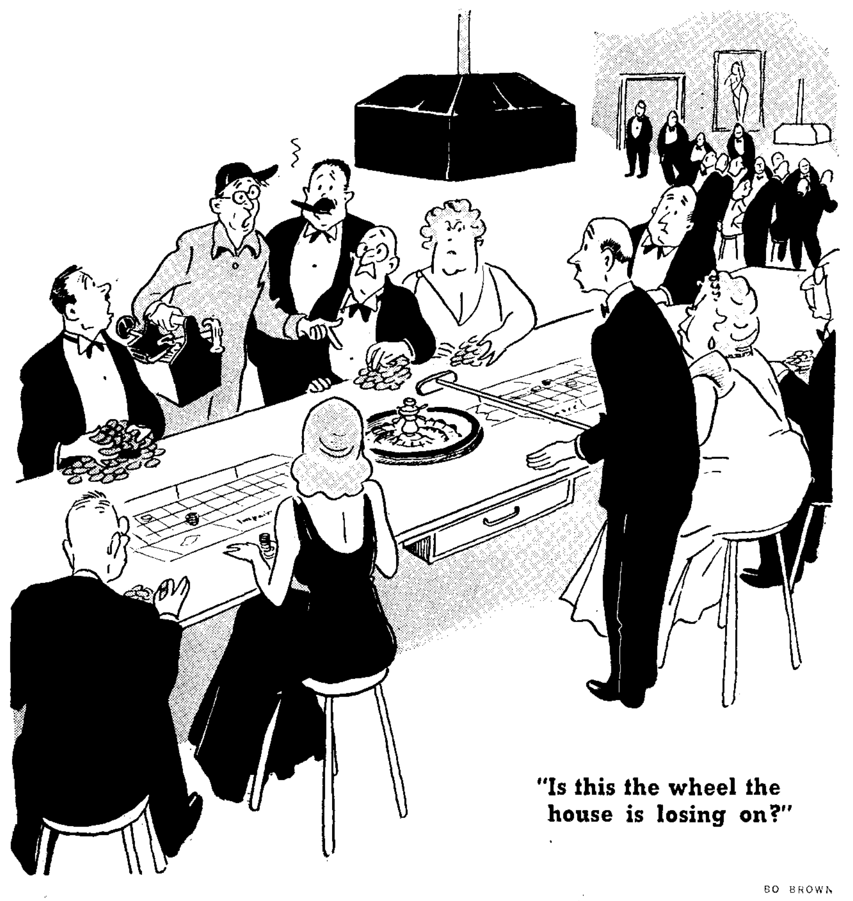
He attained the pontificate when civilization's clock had stopped and men had returned to the barbarism of persecution. To Pacelli, Jews looked for help, and to him those denied religious freedom in Germany, Russia and even in Pacelli's native Italy turned for a champion. The time had arrived when a pope had to be more than a symbol and had to have something of the stamina and courage of a Godefroy of Bouillon or a Richard Coeur de Lion—or an Apostle Peter.

Pacelli knew his enemies before he was enthroned king of 400 million Catholics and so became spiritual ruler of one out of seven men, women and children of the two billions who populate the world. Even in Italy—where Pacelli was born sixty-four years ago, a Roman, and so first Roman to become pope in two centuries—the Fascist press urged the election of one more amenable to the nationalistic ambitions of Rome, and in Berlin as well as Rome those in power looked upon Pacelli as the most undesirable of all popes, although Benito Mussolini was the first to felicitate Pope Pius XII when the decision of the cardinals was telephoned to him on the evening of March 2, 1939—the date incidentally coincides with Pacelli's birthday.

Pacelli synthesized in his choice of a papal name his program as pontiff. Within the purple-draped conclave room of the Sistine Chapel, as soon as the result of the balloting became known, the cardinals in rustling satin and rich ermine gathered around the new pope and the cardinal dean asked Pacelli what name he would take. Pacelli, pale, drawn, his bloodless lips eloquent of his deep emotion and sudden realization of the tremendous responsibility he had had thrust upon him, said: "I take the name of Pius, the Pope of Peace, and I shall be known as Pius XII."

Though none knew better than he the inevitability of war when he assumed office, his first words in the first speech immediately following his election appealed to the war gods to lay aside their arms. Since then he has labored for peace and it is significant that to his side he has drawn one man who, when Pacelli was elected, stood straddle-legged at the crossroads of peace or war—Mussolini. And he has made another powerful friend—Franklin Roosevelt—and this March as the cathedral's bells intone the mellifluous message of Easter these three men stand together, alone of all the heads of nonbelligerent nations, as the last barrier between sanity and that universally anticipated madness known as "the war that is to come in the spring."

The pope's task as peacemaker is more difficult than that of any other world leader. His empire is the largest



"Is this the wheel the house is losing on?"

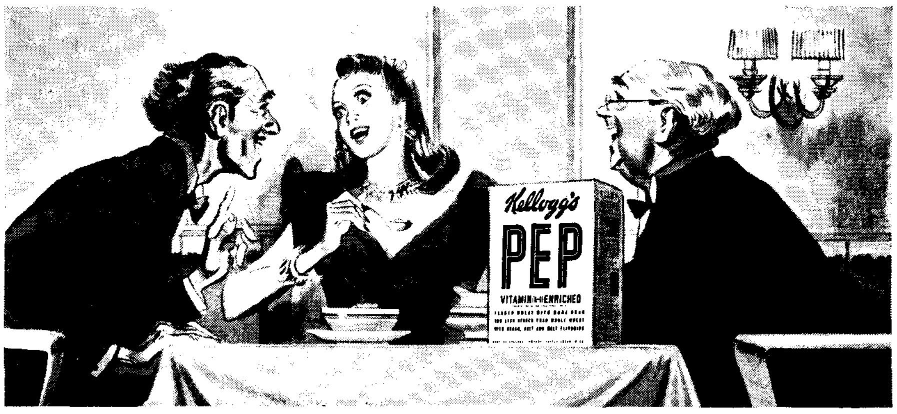
BO BROWN

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

William: Gorgeous voice, Max! But for a night club—no oomph!

The Girl: I heard what you two said! And *I can't help it* if I'm a flat tire!
Max: There, there! We're your friends! Come have a bite with us.

William: You know what you said about the flat tire? It gives me an idea. You say you're not feeling right. I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. Now if just one or two of those important little factors are missing in our diets, our vitality is punctured—goes *psst!* like a tire.



Max: And your first lesson, my dear, is a bowl of crisp delicious KELLOGG'S PEP—the cereal that's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
The Girl: Say! This *is* delicious! If eating PEP will help me get my vitamins, I'm for it every day from now on.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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except England's, but his state is the smallest—one hundred acres. He has no army of bayonets at his back, no army of dollars and their punitive power, and he must appeal to men's reason at a time when reason has given way to passions. Even history is against him. When the Vatican attempted to intercede in the last war, the offer was spurned by all sides.

Undoubtedly the events of the last five years—Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia—hastened the death of the late Pius XI, and equally the cares of office have taken their toll of the stamina of his successor, who has come to be known as "Il Papa che Non Dorme Mai"—the pope who never sleeps.

A year ago Pacelli was a lean, Lincolnesque figure. There was a healthy glow in his pale, long face. Daily he motored to Castel Gandolfo in the Alban hills and walked mornings on the rough hillside with the wind from the sea whipping his long black cassock. But he hasn't time to do anything like that now.

His sparse black hairs have become gray and he has become thinner, paler, emphasizing his ascetic appearance. But he is still vigorous in step and movement, his daily walk keeping him in trim. Professor Galeazzo Lisi pleads with him to "Slow down," but Pacelli replies, "We are very busy. There can be no rest—not now."

The pope has gotten so that he allows Lisi to visit him only once weekly, saying, "There will be time enough to see you when I am really ill." The pope's day begins at 6:15 when he rises, bathes, shaves with an American electric razor and by 7:00 is in his private chapel for half an hour of meditation and prayer before celebrating mass. His day ends at one o'clock in the morning, or later if there's work to do.

A New Humility

He sleeps on a pallet on the floor of his private apartment on the third floor of the Vatican, one of the numerous indices of his almost fanatical asceticism. When he visited Budapest to attend the Eucharistic Congress in the summer of 1938 as cardinal secretary of state, he was the guest of the aristocratic old regent Horthy, who is a Protestant, by the way. Horthy's palace staff had prepared a sumptuous suite for Pacelli. The cardinal refused to sleep on the wide, soft bed and ordered the servants to lay a mattress on the marble floor where he slept covered by a single blanket.

The pope leaves his private chapel daily about 8:20 to eat a frugal breakfast—milk flavored with coffee or tea and two or three small dry biscuits. As he eats he reads the morning newspapers.

Punctually at 8:50 he enters his "Appartmento Nobile" on the second floor, to which he descends by elevator, and by 9:00 he is engaged in what has become the pope's most exacting task—the reception of visitors in papal audiences.

First come consultations with his collaborators, most important of all Cardinal Secretary of State Luigi Maglione—a short, round hearty man who has been Pacelli's lifelong friend and who is said to have more knowledge of European affairs than any other individual in the world. Maglione alone can have the pope's attention at any time, day or night, and only he can telephone the pope directly, for the phone on the pope's desk never rings unless by special appointment and there would have to be a king or premier at the other end. Ordinarily the pope sees Maglione Monday, Tuesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Wednesday morning the pope's first caller is apt to be Monsignor Domenico Tardini, a bushy, black-haired man of fifty-two, who is Secretary of Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical affairs. This Congregation handles important church policy and the pope's conversations with Tardini are devoted to a discussion of the internal affairs of the church. Thursday morning it is Monsignor Giovanni Battista Montini, a substitute in the Vatican secretariat, who has first call on the pope's list. But this meeting too is largely for speeding up the internal government of the church. The pope's conferences with these aides generally last half an hour each so it is obvious the pope devotes most of his time to the world crisis not only from the fact that he sees Maglione officially and unofficially oftener than anyone else but also because most of the remainder of the day and night is spent in reading numberless telegrams, news dispatches and reports from all parts of the world.

Daily at 9:30 in the morning the pope commences his public audiences, which means chatting politely with hundreds of people, administering the pontifical blessing to visiting politicians, diplomats, rich supporters of the church and those seeking favors, amnesties and dispensations. And every Wednesday morning hundreds of newlyweds come to receive the papal blessing in the traditional pilgrimage to the Vatican. Of all public audiences the pope enjoys these most, for he knows that these people, mostly peasants, come not to get their names in the paper but because impelled by a profound faith.

For Pius these audiences afford an opportunity for release from the mental and emotional anguish stirred up by the war with its daily reports of depredations and vandalism against the church, its clergy and its properties. Unlike his predecessor, Pius the Twelfth does not end the reception to the newlyweds with the papal benediction. After the blessing he descends from the throne and walks into the cheering, excited throng of peasants in their Sunday best, the women demure and shy in their unaccustomed black veils and black long-sleeved dresses.

It is on these occasions, his intimates say, that Pius demonstrates a new humility bordering on saintliness, something he appears to have acquired from his experiences of the past year as pontiff. No effort is made to restrain the enthusiasm of the peasants who crowd around him, pushing him, shoving to touch his hand, to touch the hem of his garments.

Once Pius lost his fisherman's ring—symbol of his high office—and it was found after the crowd had gone, battered and trampled. He emerges from these receptions with his cloak torn or a cuff gone, with his hands bruised and often bleeding from scratches. Never does he lose his kindly smile and in his eyes there is an eagerness to content the simple people who know no other or more dignified manner of expressing their love for this mortal symbol of the power and the glory of their church.

Moving with the regularity of a metronome, the pope is finished with the audiences by 1:20, when he retires to his third-floor apartment for lunch. The pope always eats alone as he did when he was papal nuncio and later secretary of state. One servant lays before him the simplest possible repast of thin soup, boiled meat or fish or chicken salad and fruit. Sometimes he eats only a single dish and there is no difference between his diet and that of any monk in quantity or quality. Lunch is a longish affair. As he eats the pope reads foreign newspapers, especially Le Temps of Paris, Volkischer Beobachter of Berlin, the Times of London and Mussolini's Popolo D'Italia. In addition he scans a special digest of the latest world news gathered by the Vatican radio station and typed up for him by his secretaries just before one o'clock daily. After lunch he retires to his bedchamber to rest until 3 P. M., when he goes to his private study on the third floor to work in his library.

There he keeps his choice books and his most private papers, and with these he works until four o'clock when, rain or fair, hot or freezing, he is driven in his American sedan—the same one Pius Eleventh used—into the Vatican gardens. For an hour or more he walks alone, making notes for speeches or reading correspondence or otherwise engaged in work. One secretary and the papal chamberlain walk behind the pope at a respectful distance. By 5 or 5:30 the pope is back in his private study for the really serious work of the day—framing Vatican policy and reshaping it to fit into the shifting international situation. It is usually at this time of day that the pope receives detailed accounts of refugee problems in Germany, Poland and elsewhere. He dines at eight o'clock again frugally, again spending more time with newspapers and reports than with the business of eating, and at 9:15 he retires to his bedchamber, and the last light the stalwart Swiss guards see snap out is the one in the papal apartment where the pope writes, first in longhand, then pecking away with two index fingers on a small portable typewriter.

Of all the popes who have headed the Catholic Church, Pacelli is easily the most modern in outlook and activities and unquestionably has traveled more than any other, knows more world leaders personally in their home bailiwicks than any other. He met and liked Franklin Roosevelt, knows Farley, Kennedy and scores of American and South American statesmen.

There's hardly a leading politician in Europe, with the possible exception of Hitler, whom Pacelli doesn't know personally. Generally he can talk their own languages. He even knows Hungarian, which does not resemble any language in the world except Finnish.

A Direct Link with Washington

He has traveled in the United States, most of South America and most of Europe, and whenever he could he used a vehicle uncommon to popes—the airplane. Once in South America he was taken up for a spin in a commercial plane. He was unsatisfied until he had flown in a fast bomber.

Because it is known that he overworks, rumors circulate constantly in the Vatican that the pope is seriously ill, but these reports hitherto have been without foundation and there is a strong suspicion most of the alarmist whispers that the pope is seriously ill are set into circulation by Vatican journalists who stand to gain large fees for watching, minute by minute, the health of one of the world's most important men.

One of Pacelli's outstanding contributions to date, in fact, has been the smashing of a news service that masqueraded as an official Vatican agency and sold fact and fiction about the inner workings of the church and about the health of the pope at so much per telephone call, with the highest bidder always getting the scoop.

Roosevelt's appointment of Myron Taylor as special representative to the Vatican in order to expedite peace negotiations was an outgrowth of Pacelli's friendship with the American president.

Pius greeted Taylor with all the pomp and ceremony accorded to diplomats formally accredited to the Holy See, despite the fact that Taylor didn't come to the Vatican as a regular ambassador but only in an extraordinary capacity. The Vatican is astonished at the opposition to Roosevelt's move in sending Taylor.

In Rome they cannot understand why the steel man's peace mission—there's no question of formal diplomatic relations between the United States and the Holy See—should arouse Protestant elements. This, however, won't deter the pope from employing Taylor as a direct link with Washington in his attempt to formulate a peace aimed at "first, insuring the right of all nations, big and small, to be independent; second, the restoration of rights already violated; third, world spiritual and material disarmament; fourth, the re-establishment of respect for negotiated agreements; and fifth, a just revision of all treaties."

That is just what the pope has undertaken and, as aides in what appears to be a Herculean task as spring follows winter and bayonets bloom on Europe's frontiers, the pope has two of the shrewdest politicians of this era. Roosevelt and Mussolini.

No other three men in the world could swing a peace. Mussolini has the ear of

"I trust you realize, Mr. Meggs, that you will never achieve a place among the immortals by just sitting there saying, 'Boy, oh boy, oh boy!'"

GARDNER REA

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"Good appearance, ability, and experience okay, but cannot recommend him because of..." SO THAT'S WHY POOR DON LOST OUT... BAD BREATH!
THAT NOON
AND DON, I THINK YOU MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE AT THE JOB IF-- WELL, WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST?
YOU BET I WILL, KAY!
DON SEES HIS DENTIST
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
KAY? LISTEN, HONEY, I GOT THE JOB! AND GUESS WHAT IT PAYS! SA-AY! NOW WE CAN AFFORD TO GET MARRIED!
BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
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Hitler, Roosevelt the attention and the respect of the Allies, and the pope the *allegiance of millions in the camps* of the belligerents. The voices of these millions cannot go unheard, or so it is hoped in the Vatican.

All three did what they could to prevent the outbreak of hostilities and then, particularly Mussolini and the pope, to circumscribe the war and to prevent its spreading into Central Europe and the Balkans. In this Mussolini and Pius seem to have been successful and their concern now is to bring about a peace, and if that is not possible to insure a "peace with justice and a peace without victory" at the end of the war.

One of the reasons for the appointment of Taylor was the realization in Washington that of all the temporal powers the Holy See was the best informed, and Roosevelt and whoever may succeed him will have available through America's representative at the Vatican detailed reports from the most capable staff of diplomats in the world.

Another Peter

Repeatedly Pius has privately sounded out the belligerents on the form an eventual peace should take. He, better than anyone else, knows the desires of the Allies and the Germans, and because he is so well informed he is pessimistic over the possibility of a quick truce. He became aware of the difficulties he must overcome when he failed in achieving a Christmas truce between the combatants. Cessation of hostilities then would have offered an opportunity for launching a peace plan.

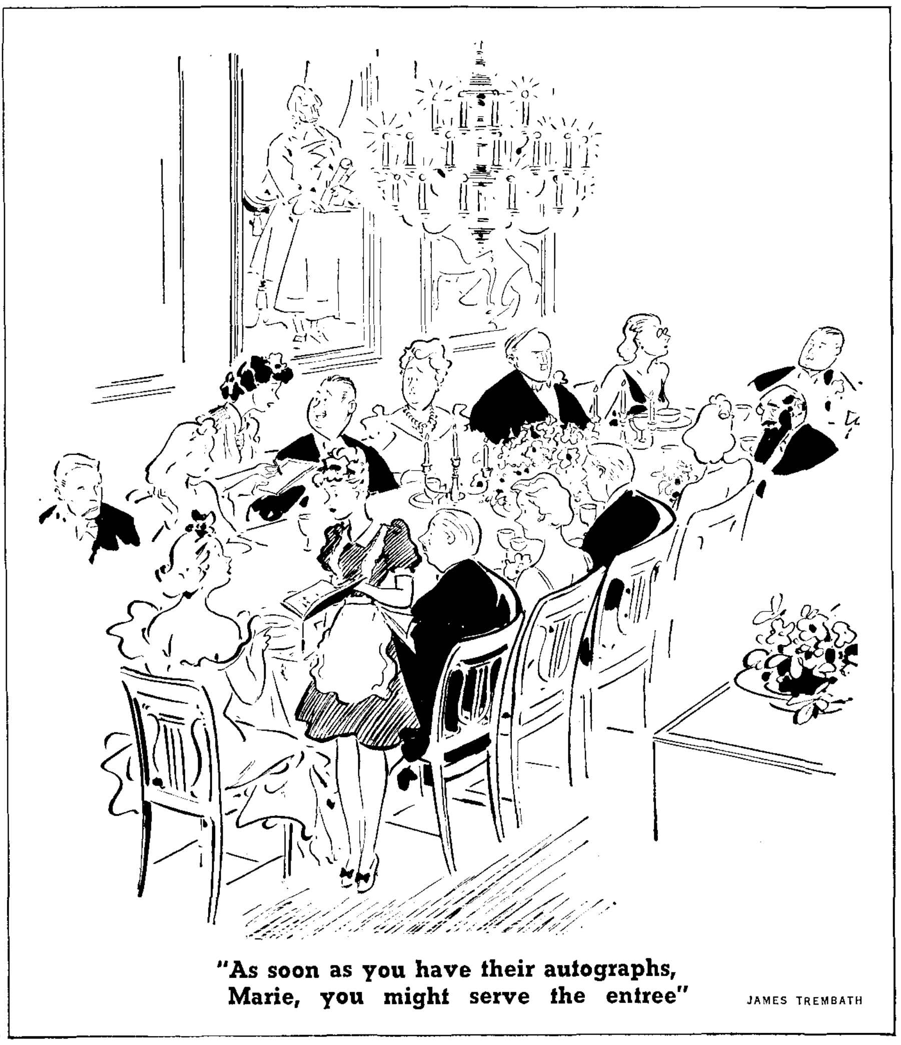
Pius' pessimism, however, will not deter him from continuing his struggle for peace. His peace efforts presently are directed toward keeping the Balkan states and Holland, Belgium and Sweden neutral. He is in constant touch with the papal nuncios in the capitals of these countries and their instructions from the Vatican are to counsel the governments involved to be prudent and to take no steps that might mean entanglement in war. Meanwhile, the pope and his cabinet—composed of men who have devoted lifetimes specializing in the politics and policies of every nation in the world—are drafting a peace that they hope will stand for generations. They may not be able to put it into operation until the belligerents become morally and physically exhausted but nevertheless the Holy See is determined with the aid of the United States and Italy to do its utmost in insuring that once the guns are silent they will not soon regain their voice.

Secrecy is and has been for 2,000 years the motif of Vatican diplomacy and therefore, except in its broad outlines, the pattern of the peace to come—a pattern that must be modified with progress of the war—remains a secret of the Vatican's inner cabinet.

The fact that Roosevelt has summoned all religious leaders to support Washington's peace efforts is regarded in the Vatican as a tremendous stride toward realization that the peace to come must have substantial spiritual as well as material foundation.

Of all the able assistants by whom Pius is surrounded there is one who has seen war and peace and war follow each other in tragic succession. He is the aged and venerable Cardinal Dean Granito di Belmonte, the Vatican's voice of experience. It was Cardinal di Belmonte who was the first to predict the accession of Pacelli to the throne of Peter when he took the then Monsignor Eugenio Pacelli to London in 1911 with the prophetic insistence that "the future leader of the church must be started early on his career."

Among his cardinals and among his collaborators there is the conviction that Pacelli's accession was preordained. They point to the prophecy of the aged Cardinal di Belmonte and to what happened in the Piazza San Pietro that March second a year ago in support of their contention. They see in Pius, flanked by a democratic president and a peasant dictator, another Peter about to ask: *"Quo Vadis?"*


"As soon as you have their autographs, Marie, you might serve the entree"
JAMES TREMBATH

Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 16

"Yes."

"Would you have risked your own safety if it had not been for the danger to the Bailey child?"

"Yes."

"But for the boy's sake, you had to keep silent?"

"Yes. . . ."

There was a long, dramatic pause. Then Jason Marsh said: "You have heard testimony, Miss Harrison—to the effect that this Rick Norton was here in Karnak the day Mrs. Andrews was killed. Did you see him?"

"No."

"What do you think he was doing here?"

Instinctively Lee Winthrop rose to object . . . then changed his mind and dropped back to his seat.

"I was afraid he wanted the Andrewses' jewels, which I still had."

"And so . . . ?"

"I had originally intended to send them to the Andrewses, anonymously, from here. The newspapers had the story, with their name and address. But they came here and that made my problem more difficult because I couldn't hand them over in person without explaining everything."

"And on the night of the twenty-eighth . . . ?"

"I had just learned that Rick was in Karnak. I knew I had to do something. I told Madge Andrews the entire story, and she believed me. We started for my room to get the jewelry. On the way Toby Fuller stopped me. Mrs. Andrews said she'd wait for me—"

"Did she mention where she intended to wait?"

"No."

"So Toby Fuller had no idea that she meant your room?"

"She couldn't have."

"And the next thing you knew was when you walked into your room and found the body of Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yes. . . ."

Jason Marsh smiled and said, "Thank you, Miss Harrison." He nodded to Lee Winthrop. "Your witness," he said.

Lee Winthrop rose. "Your Honor, may I again suggest a recess? Until tomorrow morning?"

Judge Mayberry glanced at his watch and nodded. "Yes. . . . Good idea."

And at the press table, Sue Manning said, "So tomorrow morning will be the big day. With that look in Winthrop's eye, I wouldn't swap places with Lynn Harrison for anything."

"You think he'll smash her?" asked Spike.

"That's anybody's guess." Sue's eyes were shining. "But I do know this much, Mister Warren—he'll try like hell."

WHEN Lynn Harrison took the stand, the courtroom was jammed. Lee Winthrop looked handsomer and more florid than usual.

He said, "How old were you, Miss Harrison, when you first met Rick Norton?"

"Eighteen."

"You fell in love with him?"

"I thought so, at the time."

"You were with him frequently?"

"Yes."

"He was affectionate? Or should I say, 'demonstrative'?"

Her courage was superb. "He often kissed me, if that is what you mean."

"It is *part* of what I mean, Miss Harrison." He scrutinized the jury to see what effect this line of examination was having. And he was pleased by what he saw. They were, he reflected, more than casually interested. "You were in love with this man, you were alone with him frequently, he often kissed and embraced you?"

"Yes . . ." said Lynn Harrison, and Sue Manning at the press table, commented, "That's lousy."

"Miss Harrison"— Lee Winthrop looked as though he were about to deliver an oration—"you have told the jury that you only thought you were in love with Rick Norton—at that time. Yet you later testified that after six years—at a time when you claim not to have been in love with him—you helped and sheltered him in New York City, knowing that he was an escaped convict, a fugitive from justice. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"What were your relations with him during this period?"

"I was sorry for him. I felt responsible."

"Why?"

"Because my testimony at his trial in Ohio had caused his conviction. I felt that he shouldn't have been in prison in the first place, and that he wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for me."

"In other words, you were present at the commission of that original crime; your unwilling testimony convicted him; you now admit that he was guilty and not innocent as you say you then thought . . . and yet you still insist that you believed in his integrity?"

"Yes."

"THEN tell me this, Miss Harrison: Didn't you know that when you sheltered and shielded an escaped convict you were breaking the law? Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"So you did commit what you well knew to be a criminal act. A whole series of them."

"I knew it was illegal to shelter him—and I did it."

"You were with him frequently?"

"Yes."

"And at first—during this New York stay of his—you certainly weren't always out together, were you?"

"Not always."

"Wasn't he frequently at your apartment?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever spend the night there?"

"No."

"Of course not. . . ." Winthrop smirked at the jury as though to say, "She wouldn't admit it, anyway." Then he returned his attention to her: "And, of course, you were entirely ignorant of his true character when you acted as his accomplice in a kidnaping?"

"Yes."

"It sounded quite logical to you that an escaped convict should have dealings with a reputable businessman?"

She hesitated, glanced at Gregg, and then answered with utter honesty: "No, it didn't. I tried to question him about it, and all he said was that he couldn't explain."

"So, knowing that something was fishy—you still went to Mr. Bailey's office and collected the ransom money?"

"I didn't know it was ransom money."

"And now, Miss Harrison, we approach something else. The night of the Andrews holdup. We heard your testimony about your innocence in that affair also. Will you tell us just what happened after you returned to New York City that night, Miss Harrison?"

And now, for the first time, Lynn seemed frightened. This, more than anything else, was what she had dreaded. Up to now she had been splendid: calm, poised, impressively honest despite

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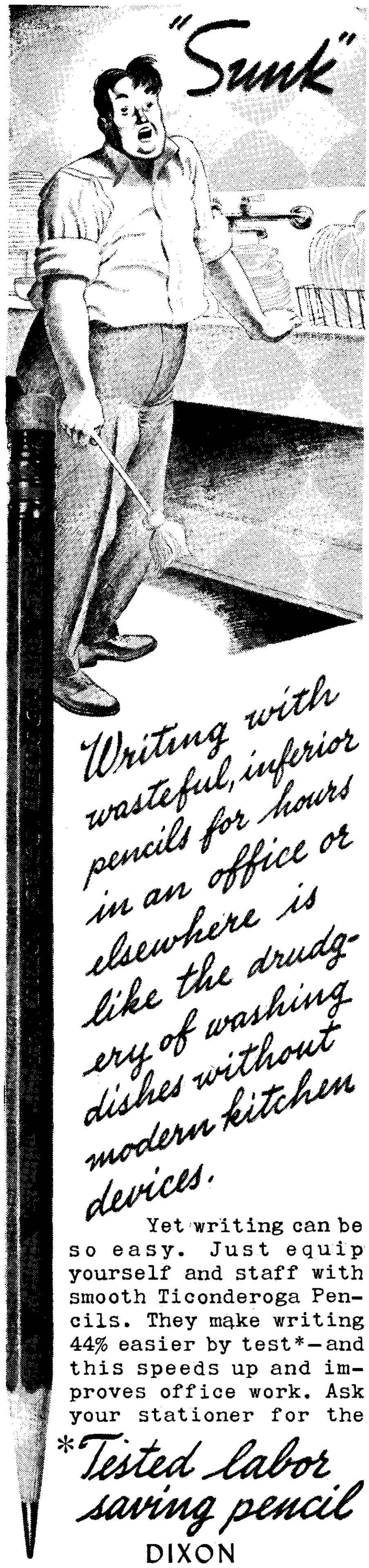

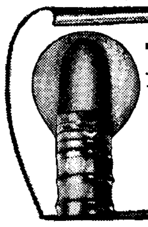

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Lee Winthrop's attack on her character.

But what she had testified up to this point had concerned herself and Rick. She wasn't prepared for this. This involved Gregg Stuart. She glanced appealingly at Jason Marsh, mutely begging him for protection, but the thin face of the famous little attorney was masklike. She looked at Gregg and he nodded and smiled. "Don't worry, Lynn," he was saying with his eyes. "Tell the truth." But she didn't want to tell the truth. She didn't want the truth written for all to read . . . because the truth was always susceptible of distortion.

Winthrop was relentless: "After you returned to New York City that night, Miss Harrison . . . ?"

"I left Rick."

"With the jewels still in your evening bag?"

"Yes."

"And he let you go?"

She hesitated. "Tell the truth," Jason Marsh had ordered. "That's your only hope—to tell the truth and make the jury believe you. If they catch you in one lie you're ruined."

The color was high in her cheeks. She said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper: "I got out of the car. I wanted to get away. He got out, too, and came after me."

"I see. . . . But you still kept the jewels. How was that?"

She said quietly, "He tried to kill me."

"Tried to kill you. Mmmmmm! Just how did he try?"

"He had a revolver; the same one he used in the holdup. We had stopped in a deserted street. It was quite late."

"So he had a revolver and you had the jewels and he tried to kill you . . . and yet nothing happened. Just how do you explain that, Miss Harrison?"

ONCE again her eyes caught Gregg's, and once again he nodded encouragement. She said, "A man came along and grabbed him. Rick got away from him, jumped into the car and disappeared."

"So-o-o. The damsel was rescued from distress. Your benefactor was a stranger?"

"Yes. I had never seen him before."

"Amazing. And what happened then, Miss Harrison?"

"We . . . well, I thanked him. I was all unnerved. He suggested that we go somewhere for a drink."

"So, with this knight in armor who had saved you—you went out on a drinking party?"

Jason Marsh was on his feet. "Your Honor," he said crisply, "the state's attorney seems to be taking gross advantage of my willingness to have all the facts in this case brought to light. May I ask that he curb his theatrical tendencies and permit the witness to do the testifying?"

"You may," said Judge Mayberry. "Mr. Winthrop, will you kindly frame your questions more properly?"

"I apologize, Your Honor. . . ." The solicitor made his tone casual. "Who was this strange man who saved your life, Miss Harrison?"

The spectators were tensely silent, and Lynn's voice was clear:

"Gregg Stuart."

Sue Manning said, "Wow! Right on the button."

"Didn't you see it coming?" inquired Spike.

"Neither did you," she retorted, "and you probably don't understand it even yet."

Winthrop repeated: "So it was Gregg Stuart who saved your life that night?"

"Yes."

"And you went with him to get a drink. What happened after that?"

"He drove me in a taxi to my apartment."

"You went in?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because Rick Norton was waiting outside."

"Go on, please."

She said simply, "Mr. Stuart took me to his apartment."

"Did you tell him the story you have told here on the stand?"

"No. I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because I had just learned about the kidnaping, and Rick had threatened that if I told anybody the Bailey child would be killed."

"So all that Mr. Stuart knew was that a man had tried to kill you, and was lurking outside of your apartment house?"

"That's all he knew."

"I see. Where did you spend the night, Miss Harrison?"

"In Mr. Stuart's apartment."

"Just the two of you?"

"Yes."

Winthrop smirked. "Again platonically, I presume?"

"Yes. . . ."

"You seem to be chronically platonic, Miss Harrison—"

"Object!" barked Jason Marsh.

"Sustained," said Judge Mayberry. He rebuked Winthrop sharply, but the solicitor was unperturbed. The jury had gotten his point well enough, and he knew Karnak juries. They'd have their own ideas about this girl's moral character; just the ideas he wanted them to have.

Winthrop spoke suavely: "When did you and Mr. Stuart leave for Karnak, Miss Harrison?"

"The next evening."

"Alone?"

"Frenzy Gillings drove the car. Miss Toby Fuller came with us."

"As chaperone?"

"No."

"May I ask why she was included in the party?"

"Because she was my closest friend, and I wanted to get her away from New York."

"Why?"

"Because I had introduced her to Rick Norton. She knew him only as a friend of mine. She didn't know any of the things I had found out the night before. I was afraid she was getting too fond of him, and now that I knew the truth about him . . ."

"Very commendable. What is Miss Toby Fuller's profession, may I ask?"

"She's a model."

"An artist's model?"

"Yes."

WINTHROP looked at the jury significantly. "Artist's model," he repeated, as though it were something sinister. It was quite effective. Then: "On the night that Madge Andrews was killed, I believe you claimed that Toby Fuller stopped you to talk while you were walking toward the Stuart house?"

"Yes."

"And that was about the time that the killing occurred?"

"It could have been."

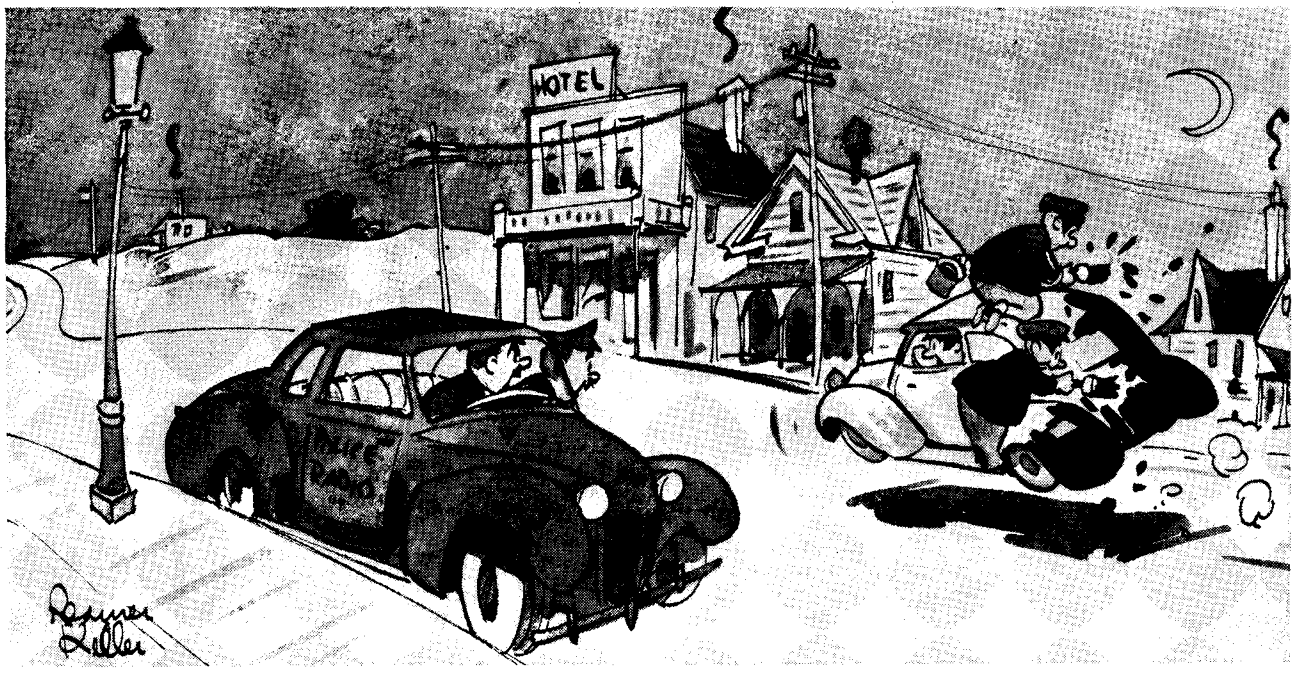
"But Toby Fuller has disappeared." He paused dramatically. "Isn't it possible that Miss Fuller disappeared because she *was* a friend of yours—and because she knew too much?"

"No."

"Did you know, Miss Harrison, that Rick Norton was in Karnak?"

"Yes. That's why I told Mrs. Andrews the whole story that night. It's why she was going back to the house with me . . . so that I could return her jewels."

"In other words, Toby Fuller—the witness who might prove an alibi . . . or something . . isn't here. And Rick Norton, the person you are trying to make us believe did the actual shooting, has



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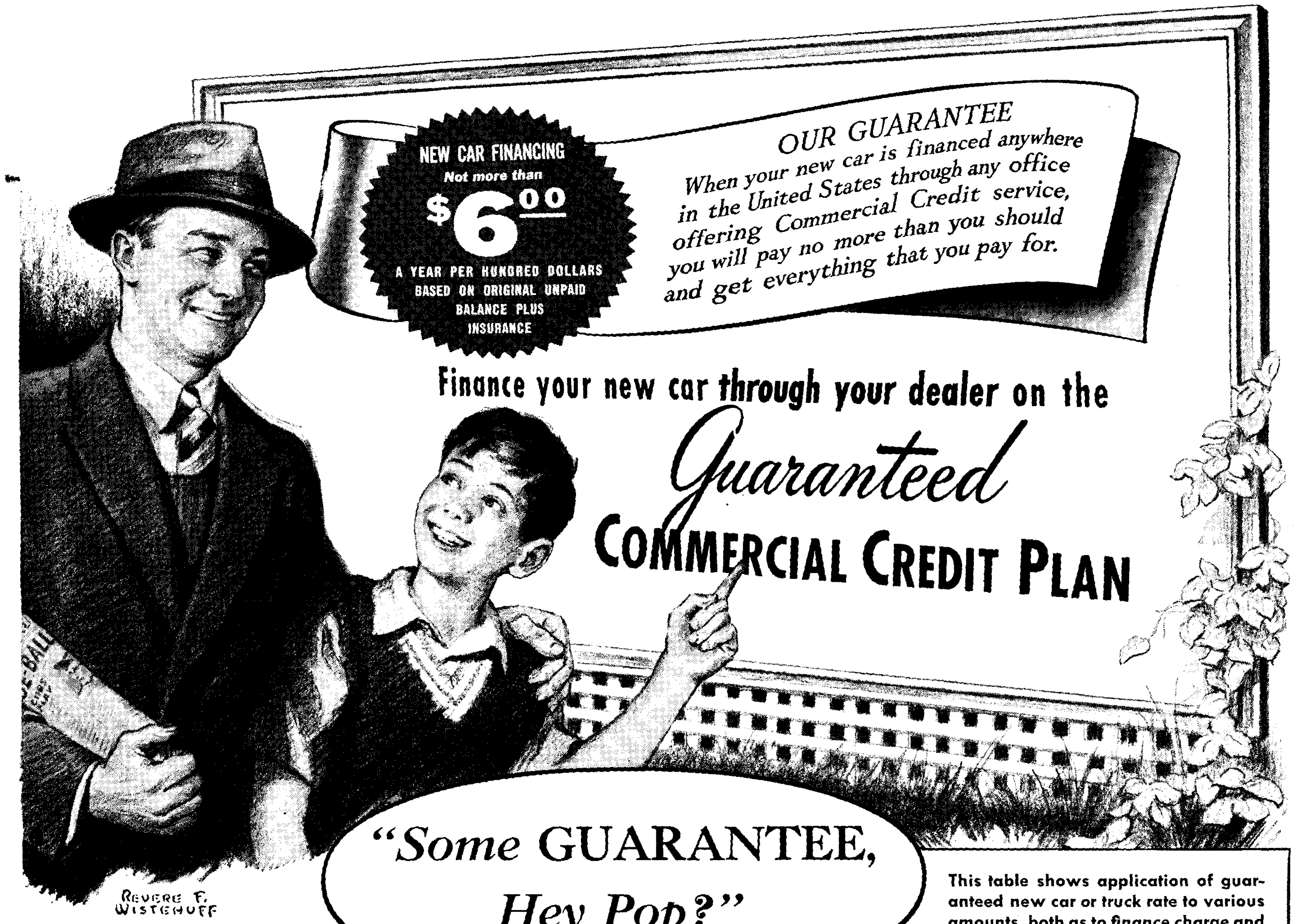
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500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
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also disappeared. Have you the slightest idea where they are?"

"No."

"Now let's see: By your own testimony, you were Rick Norton's sweetheart many years ago; you were present at the commission of the crime for which he was convicted in Ohio; six years later you illegally sheltered and helped him in New York knowing that he was an escaped convict; you gave him money; you frequently had him at your apartment; you acted as go-between in a kidnaping and as decoy in a holdup." He stepped close to the witness box and pointed his finger at her accusingly: "Isn't it true that the reason he tried to kill you that night after the holdup was because you decided to keep the loot for yourself?"

"No!" Her voice was sharp and frightened. "That isn't true. . . ."

Lee Winthrop shrugged as much as to say to the jury: "Draw your own conclusions, gentlemen."

Then, suddenly, there was a commotion in the rear of the four-square courtroom: a man's voice saying, "Hey—you can't get in here," and a woman's voice, high and frightened, "I've got to get in. I've got to. I must see Lynn Harrison's lawyer—right away."

A deputy forced an opening and someone came forward: a girl who was tall and vividly blond and incredibly beautiful.

Lynn Harrison's eyes widened. Half aloud, half to herself, she said:

"It's Toby. Toby Fuller!"

THROUGHOUT the courtroom there was a twisting of necks, a scraping of feet. Some spectators stood up to get a better view, and although the judge rapped with his gavel and a leather-lunged bailiff bellowed for quiet, the excited curiosity could not be denied.

Toby Fuller came down the aisle, and Lynn—watching her—sensed and saw the change which had come over her. She was still statuesque, still beautiful, still vivid; but there were faint rings under the blue eyes, and deep shadows in them. Toby looked at Lynn—once, briefly—and flashed a message of encouragement, but this wasn't the same Toby; this wasn't the gay girl who had looked on life with a laugh. Lynn heard somebody say, "That's him. That's Miss Harrison's lawyer," and she saw Jason Marsh rise and speak to Toby, and then —after a few moments—turn to the judge:

"This, Your Honor, is the Toby Fuller you have heard mentioned so frequently during the course of the trial. She is vitally important to the defense as a witness. As the week-end recess is so close at hand anyway, may I ask permission of the court to recess until Monday, and then to put her on the stand?"

Lee Winthrop, magnificently an opportunist, put in his word. "If this *is* Miss Fuller," he said unctuously, "the state is pleased to endorse the request of the defense attorney."

Once again the court released Lynn in the custody of Carey Marshal, and court was adjourned. Headed by Sue Manning and Spike Warren, the reporters surged forward, barking questions, and for just an instant Toby was her old self. She said, "Don't crowd me, folks. I'll talk."

Jason Marsh grabbed her arm. "Not yet," he ordered. "Talk to me first."

"No soap." Toby was peculiarly insistent on that point. "Right now I'm asking to be interviewed."

A salvo of questions poured in on her as they hemmed her in: "Where's Rick Norton?" . . . "Do you know who did it?" . . . "Was it Rick?" . . . "Can you clear Lynn Harrison?" . . . "When did you get here?" . . . Toby backed against the clerk's desk and said, "Hey, wait a minute. Take it easy."

Spike Warren took charge. "Quiet, you mugs. Listen first and ask questions later." He said gently, "All right, Miss Fuller. Let's have it."

Jason's final protest fell on deaf ears. Toby spoke firmly. "I've been reading about this case in the papers," she said clearly. "I came back because I knew I could prove Lynn Harrison innocent."

"You can prove it?"

"Yeh. And how I can!" Her voice took on a note of desperate eagerness: "Get this straight—all of you—please! I'm going on the stand Monday and tell everything I know. I want to be sure you print that, just like I'm saying it. I'm going to tell everything I know—the whole works. I'll clear up everything they've been saying about Lynn. I'm going to tell who killed Mrs. Andrews and just how it was done." The haunted blue eyes searched the faces of the reporters: "Promise me you'll print that, just like I said it, will you?"

DOWN
27 FLOOR

"Wanna see my power dive?"

IRV BREGER

They looked at one another, knowing that there was something behind this eagerness; that there was a pleading that portended something else. Sue Manning said, "Sure, we'll print it. You're going to shoot the works Monday. You've got the complete low-down and you intend to spill it. Right?"

Toby nodded gratefully. "That's it. I just want to be sure you print that statement in tomorrow's papers. I'm not going to hold anything back."

"You're sure you can clear Lynn Harrison?"

"Positive. She didn't have anything to do with Mrs. Andrews' death," Toby said.

GREGG STUART and Lynn Harrison pressed through the crowd, and the two girls looked at each other. They were silent for a moment, and then they were in each other's arms, crying. A photographer's bulb flashed, but neither objected. Gregg said, "Let's be traveling," but on the steps of the courthouse they had to move slowly and newsreel cameramen had the crowd stand back while they reeled in footage of the gorgeous blond girl.

Lynn and Toby held hands on the drive to Gregg's home. There was so much to say, so many questions to ask. And each was thinking about the other: "How she has changed!"

Gregg said nothing, either. He looked straight ahead and felt happy and relieved and grateful. He parked in front of the Stuart cottage and held the door open for them. Mrs. Stuart was there. Someone had telephoned her from downtown and she was waiting. She looked at Toby, then took the girl in her arms and said, "My poor dear. . . ." And Toby broke down again.

AND finally the three were sitting side by side on the couch looking into the crackling fire, and Mrs. Stuart had gone outside to supervise the making of tea, and Toby brought up the subject of which all were thinking. She said, "I'd have come sooner, but I couldn't."

Lynn pressed the cold fingers of the tall blond girl.

"Pretty bad?" she asked.

"Worse than that." Toby went on quietly: "I married Rick."

Lynn's eyes caught Gregg's. They were thinking the same thing, and they were frightened and sorry. Lynn asked, "When?"

"The morning after we left here."

"You left with him?"

"Yes." Toby stared at the flames. "I thought it was just an elopement. I didn't know anything had happened until two days later when I saw it in the newspapers."

"Yes. . . ."

"I didn't believe things, at first. It seemed too lousy to be true. And then . . . well, it wasn't easy to get away. And I wanted to find out all there was to learn."

"Did you succeed?"

"Yeh. I think so."

Mrs. Stuart appeared, followed by the wide-eyed Fauna. They poured the tea and insisted that Mrs. Stuart remain. Gregg told her briefly what Toby had said. Then when Fauna had gone, Toby spoke again:

"The little guy—that lawyer of yours, Lynn—didn't like my shooting off my mouth to the newspaper guys, did he?"

Gregg answered dryly, "Jason doesn't like anybody to talk—except on the witness stand."

Toby said, "I had a reason."

They nodded and made no comment. They knew she'd explain when she got ready. When she did speak, it was without looking at them.

"Rick is an awful louse," she said quietly. "He's about as bad as they make 'em. But there're two things I want you to know: He's my husband and I love him." Her voice trailed off and there was nothing to be heard but the crackling of the logs in the fireplace. "This love thing is nuts, any way you look at it. I feel that way about Rick, and I most likely always will. I'm telling you straight—so you'll know."

Toby was silent again. Her expression was that of a child who has been hurt, and who is bewildered. Then she went on: "I had to come; no matter what. I'll never see Rick again. But the reason I talked to the reporters—I don't want them to catch Rick."

Lynn nodded. "That's why you begged them to print everything you said?"

"That's it, Lynn. I haven't accused anybody yet. Rick will read the papers. He'll read about me being here. He knows what I know. He'll understand what I'm going to say Monday."

"And so . . . ?" prompted Gregg.

"He'll make his getaway." She pleaded for understanding. "Get me straight, you folks. I couldn't see Lynn take it, no matter who else got hurt. But I want to give Rick his chance. He'll have plenty of time now."

Lynn said, "I never was much good at speeches, Toby. But you know how I feel about this."

"Yeh—sure. I know how I feel, too."

Mrs. Stuart nodded. "I can guess, Toby. And, of course, you'll stay here."

"I couldn't. . . ." She laughed tearfully. "You folks are so damned good."

GREGG caught a frightened look in Toby's eyes and said quickly, "I'm sleeping in the room you had. You'll bunk in my diggings."

Toby was grateful. She'd been afraid of that room: the room where Madge Andrews had been killed. She smiled gratefully.

"We can't stay this way until Monday," she said. "Somebody's got to snap me out of it."

"We all could stand a bit of that," said Lynn. "We'll make an agreement. . . ."

They did better at lunch, scrupulously avoiding any mention of the trial. After lunch Mrs. Stuart said, "You're played out, Toby. If you'd take a nap . . ."

"It's an idea. . . ." The blond girl looked at Lynn, and Gregg answered the unspoken question:

"Lynn's staying at Carey Marshal's house in Pineville. I'll drive her over."

"There's nothing you want, Toby?" asked Lynn.

"Just a little shut-eye, if I'm lucky."

Gregg looked straight at Lynn Harrison.

"There's something *I* want," he said flatly. "I'll tell you about it while we're driving."

The road was straight and broad and smooth. It cut between gray cotton fields and acres of gaunt cornstalks, through long lines of stalwart pine and clumps of oak. Lynn Harrison relaxed against the upholstery of the front seat and half closed her eyes. Once or twice

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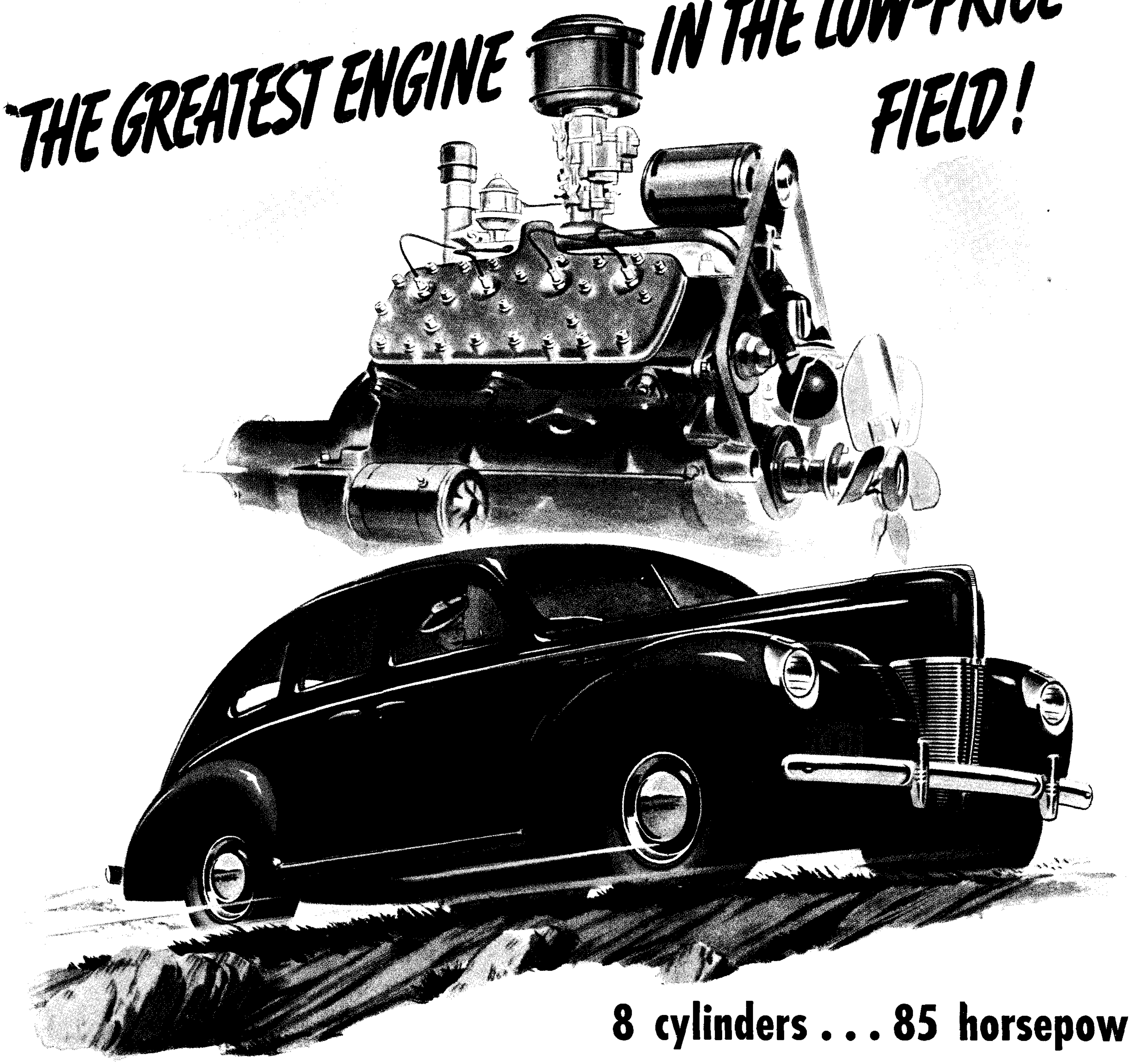

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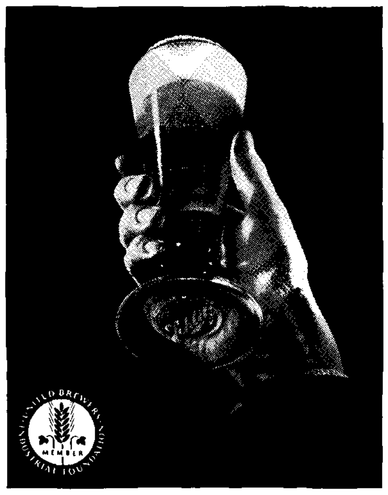

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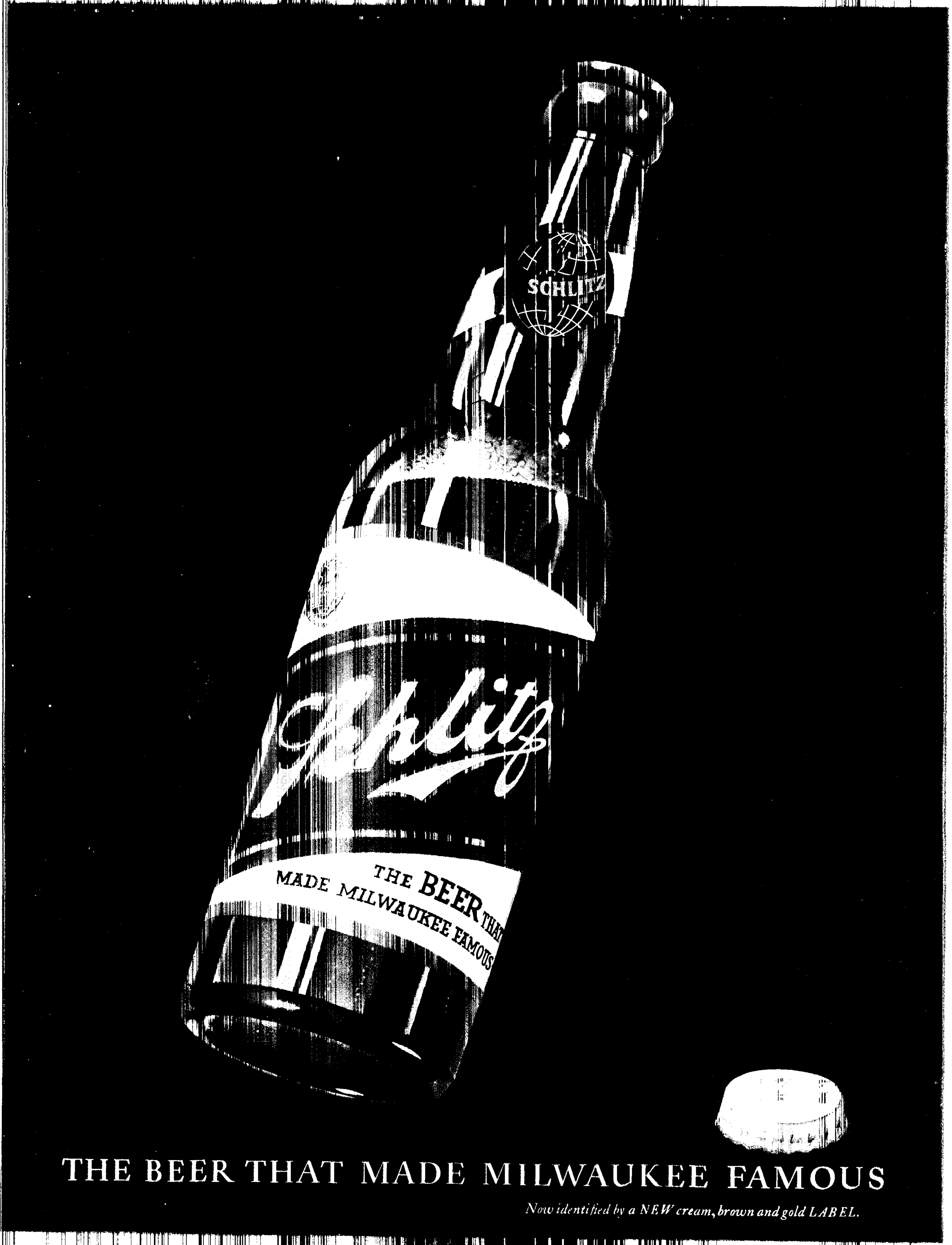
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Gregg looked at her, sensing her relief. Finally he spoke lightly, casually. He said, "Make the most of this, Lynn."

"I'm doing better than that. But why?"

"This is your last journey from my house to the Marshals'. Oh, tomorrow night, perhaps—" he amended. "But after Monday morning . . ."

She said, "I'm luxuriating in the sensation of not being frightened."

"A negative virtue."

"But lovely." Her deep brown eyes rested speculatively on him. "You've been a peach, Gregg."

"The pleasure was all mine, Miss Harrison. I had this suit of armor all my life, but this is the first chance I've ever had to strut it."

She laughed in spite of herself. "Is it so wrong to feel happy, Gregg?"

"I'd pin your ears back if you didn't."

"I mean—about Toby. . . ."

He instantly became serious: "There's a splendid gal."

Lynn said, "She's in love with Rick."

"And married to him. Not what I'd call a good break."

"It's the fact that she's in love with him that worries me. Toby doesn't fall easily. So far as I know, this is the first time . . . and yet she's come back here to clear me. . . ."

"She'll do a pretty thorough job, too." He stared off down the road. "I hope she gets what she wants."

"Which is?"

"That Rick will read her interview. It'll be plastered across the first page of every newspaper in the country. For her sake, I hope he gets away."

He swung the car off the road and parked it in the sunshine of the pine barrens. He cut off the ignition and turned his long, lean body in the seat so that he was facing her. He said, "You know, Miss Harrison—we've got an awful lot of unfinished business to attend to."

"A preposition—" she started, but he interrupted.

"—is a lousy word to end a sentence with. I know that one, too. But this isn't a preposition. It's a proposition."

"I'm a nice girl."

"You're an adorable girl, and I'm crazy about you. You've given me an unholy ambition to become your husband."

"You wouldn't fool me, would you, Mister Stuart? I'm just a poor, innocent maiden from the city . . . and oh, Gregg, I do love you so much."

He put his arms around her and tilted her chin back so that she was looking into his eyes. "Say it again," he commanded, "and put a little mmmmph into it."

"I love you—"

"Forever and ever, Amen."

"And aeons beyond that."

"And you'll cook breakfast for me every day, and pretend you're interested in architecture—"

"That isn't fair. I love architecture."

"And you won't nag at me if I prefer battered old slippers?"

"I promise."

"And you won't get weary of continued affection?"

"You make it sound better and better."

"That being the case"—his voice was not quite steady—"have you any objection to watching me go slightly sappy?"

"The novelty intrigues me."

THEY were smiling, and then they were not smiling. The strain of the past two weeks had vanished into the clear, crisp December air. There was no traffic on the road, but it would have made little difference anyway, because for that moment the world was theirs and no one else counted.

It was a long, long time before she drew away, breathless and radiant.

They didn't talk much on the way to Pineville. There was too much to say and they were both remembering that they had so much time in which to say it.

Lynn was remembering other things, too: the possibility that perhaps she had counted too much on what Toby would testify; on the acceptance of her words by the jury as truth. After all, she still was on trial for murder, her name and her life had been blazoned to the world; people would point her out and talk about her—for a while, anyway. But somehow, at this moment, none of that seemed important. She heard Gregg putting some of her thoughts into words:

"Keep on being happy, sweetheart. Even Toby is better off than she was—a few days ago. And as for Rick—I've got a strong hunch we've seen the last of him."

(To be concluded next week)

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PATENTED ELECTRO-COLORED MOUNTINGS ON ALLIGATOR-GRIP BRACES BY

HICKOK

Blue Cupid

Continued from page 14

"You certainly live a hell of a ways out south. Almost to Hegewisch. I just been out there, only to have the old lady you room with tell me you were here under my nose all the time. I took a look into your pigeon loft while I was out there—that hen looked lonely in there all alone."

"I lost my cockbird, Mr. Chisholm."

The old man harrumped importantly and picked up a sheet of paper.

"Oh, no you haven't, boy. I'm secretary of the local concourse of the North American Pigeon Racing Association—have been for twenty years—and we've found your bird. I just got this letter from the farmer in Alma, Maine, who got him."

"*Maine!*" Bill was on his feet, his black pompadour quilling.

"Yes, Maine. Two hundred dollars, Brown—I offer you two hundred for that cock, sight unseen."

"Please, Mr. Chisholm! Can I read the letter—he can't be in Maine."

"He is in Maine. Listen: 'Mr. P. F. Chisholm, Secretary, N.A.P.R.A.—A blue-colored pigeon lit in my pigpen about seven o'clock last night. I picked him up and he had an aluminum band on his leg with CHI 673 on it. I went down with him to Arthur Timson and Arthur says he's a blue-checker and he looked up in a book and said I should write to you about him. So I hope to hear from you about him.' Signed—Frank Harwich, Alma, Maine, and dated May sixth—"

"The sixth! Why—why, he was put in the air at 6 A. M. the fifth—that means—"

"I'll give you three hundred, Brown."

"Why, Mr. Chisholm, it must be five hundred miles from White Springs to—"

"Wait, wait." P. F. was bustling and imperious. He pulled a map and ruler from a drawer, spread the map, set the ruler, calculated. He said: "Six hundred and twenty-odd miles, in thirteen hours, even if it was in exactly the wrong direction. Four hundred dollars, Brown—how about it?"

"I can't sell him, Mr. Chisholm."

"All right—all right." The old man picked up the farmer's letter again. "Will you write to this fellow, or do you want me to?"

"I'll write."

"Want one of my own special wicker boxes to send for him?"

"I'm not figuring on sending for him, sir."

P. F. CHISHOLM stood up, towering and bulldozing. "What you mean—you're throwing him out?"

"Yes, sir—I figured to, yes."

"He'll fly clear to Asia, boy—he'll never get home!"

"Mr. Chisholm, that cock bird's different from any I ever trained. He never went into a strange loft or off his course before. He'll come home, sir."

"Want to bet on it?"

"Yes, I'll bet on it," Bill said. He was angry and ashamed—angry at the scoffing P. F., ashamed of the tears he knew were showing in his eyes.

"All right," P. F. gloated. "I'll give you any pair of birds in my loft, if your bird gets home inside of two weeks. If he doesn't, he belongs to me, if I can find him. Is it a bet?"

"It's a bet, Mr. Chisholm."

TELEGRAM

MR. FRANK HARWICH MAY 8, 19—
ALMA, MAINE

THANKS FOR NOTIFICATION. OWNER IS WILLIAM BROWN, A YOUNG COLLEGE MAN IN OUR PORK DEPT. HE WILL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU. P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRESIDENT
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TELEGRAM

MR. FRANK HARWICH MAY 8, 19—
ALMA, MAINE

I OWN THE PIGEON. THROW HIM OUT. THANKS. WILLIAM BROWN
182 EAST 189TH ST.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TELEGRAM

MR. JOHN JAYNE MAY, 8, 19—
MANAGER
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

GO OUT TO ALMA AND FIND OUT IF A FARMER NAMED FRANK HARWICH IS A SQUARE SHOOTER. P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRESIDENT
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TELEGRAM

MAY 8, 19—
P. F. CHISHOLM, VICE-PRES.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT. FRANK HARWICH IS THE BIGGEST DAIRYMAN IN THESE PARTS, AND PAST STATE COMMANDER OF THE LEGION. JOHN JAYNE, MGR.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

Mr. William Brown Alma, Maine
182 East 189th St. May 9, 19—
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. Brown:

When I got home from school today I happened to read two telegrams lying opened on Father's desk. Please don't get the idea that a pupil is writing this letter, for I am the teacher, though it is my first year at it and I don't expect to be a teacher all my life. One telegram was from a Mr. Chisholm and the other was from you. Fortunately I have good legs, and by hurrying I got to the barn just in time to stop your cruel instructions to throw out that beautiful blue pigeon. I made Father put him back into the box, and I drove down to Timson's store and got some peanuts, and when I left the barn just now I had the satisfaction of seeing that poor half-starved dove enjoying a meal of peanuts mixed with some horse corn Father threw in to him.

There will be no "throwing out" on this farm, Mr. Brown. Certainly not of God's own symbol of love and peace.

Yours very truly,
ALMA HARWICH.

P. S. I'm only twenty, so you see I was named after the town, not the town after me. A. H.

182 East 189th St.
Chicago, Illinois
May 11, 19—

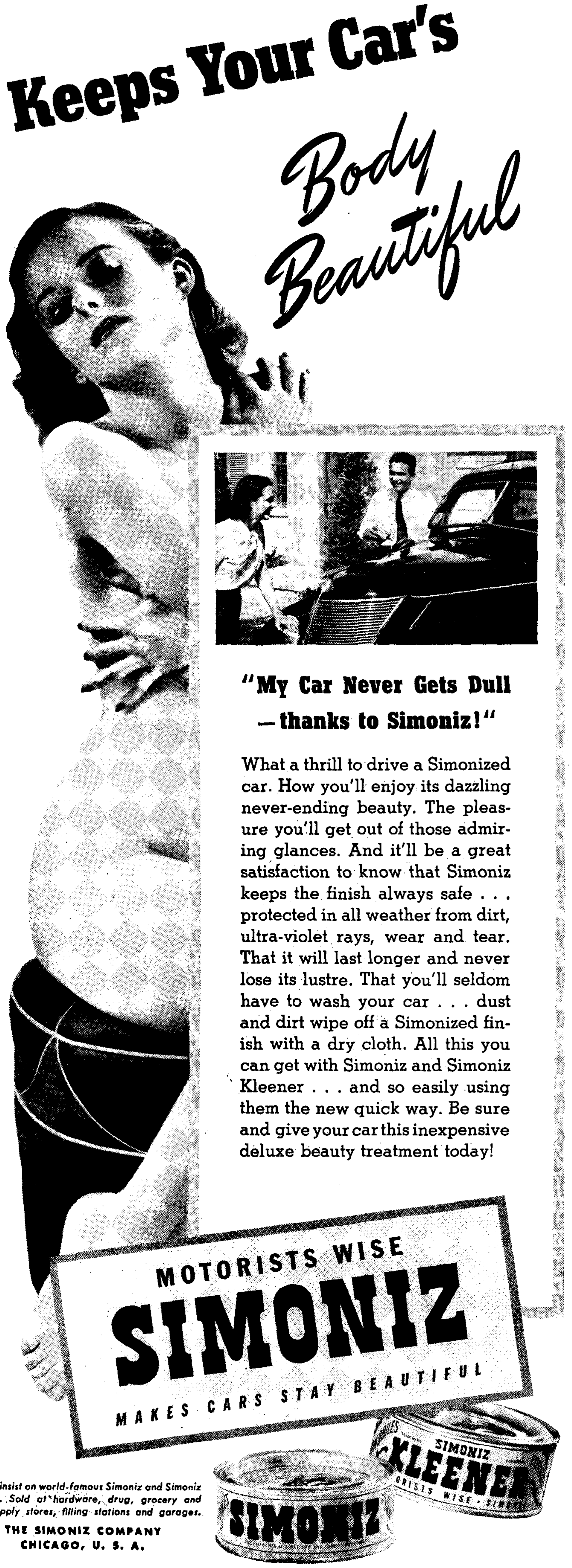
Dear Miss Harwich:

Listen—I got a bet on. If that pigeon isn't home here by May 22d, I lose him to that P. F. Chisholm who sent the other telegram and happens to be my big boss. If he gets back, I get two of his birds, and I'll bet he has some real swell stock.

What's wrong with throwing him out? That's just an expression we use for putthing birds out of places where they don't belong. Please let him go right away.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM T. BROWN.

P. S. I'm only twenty-three, so you



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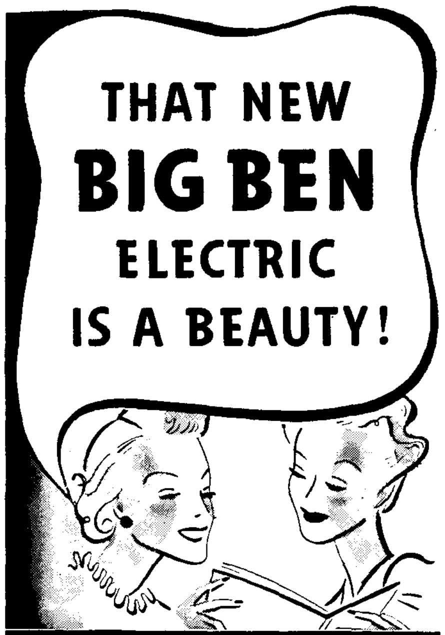

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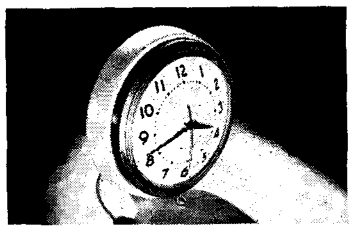
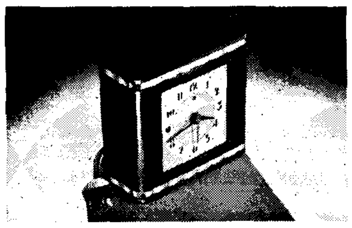
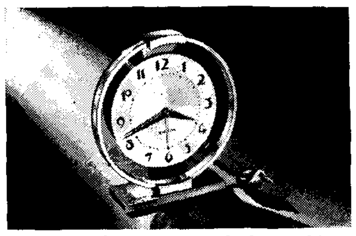


You'll find self-starting Manor electric wall clock a handy addition to your kitchen. Four color combinations, $3.95.



Bachelor electric clock adds beauty to any room. Self-starting. Has alarm attachment. Blue or black finish, plain dial, $3.95; ivory finish, luminous dial, $4.95.



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These are only a few of the many smart Westclox electrics—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models, priced from $2.50 to $6.95. Some have plain dials, some luminous. See them all today. Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

WESTCLOX
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

see I was named William Tecumseh after my old man, not him after me.
W. T. B.

Alma, Maine
May 14, 19—

Dear Mr. Brown:

First of all, understand once and for all there'll be no throwing out of Azure. Who is Azure? Azure is your dove. I have named him Azure because he is the most beautiful shade of blue I ever saw, and azure is the most beautiful name for blue that I know of.

We normal-school girls may not be so educated and sophisticated as you college men, but at least we've been trained in geography. You don't realize just what climate is. It consists of three factors: temperature, wind and rainfall. Between here and Chicago is one thousand miles of highly variable climate, and if you think I am submitting frail, gentle Azure to it, you're mistaken.

Enclosed photo speaks for itself.

Sincerely yours,
Alma Harwich.

P. S. If you are twenty-three, as you claim, why not act your age, and know enough to call your father "Father" or "Dad" and not "old man"? I haven't any middle name. Is yours because you have Indian blood in you, or are you named after the Civil War William Tecumseh Sherman? A. H.

Chicago, Ill.
May 16, 19—

Dear Alma:

Have a heart!

Bill Brown.

Alma, Maine
May 18, 19—

Dear Bill:

I have my heart all right. How about you?

Alma Harwich.

P. F. CHISHOLM eased his big body out of his car. Then he hurried up the walk to the little house where Bill Brown roomed, and rang the bell. The door opened, and a tiny old lady peered up at him.

"I'm the same fellow who was here a week or so back," P. F. said. "It's going on two weeks, in fact."

"Oh, you're the pigeon man."

"Listen, ma'am, here's what I came for. Did the boy's pigeon come home yet?"

The lady flared. "Of course he didn't—would William have been mooching and watching and rigging up what he calls floodlights out there if he had? His eyes are out of his head from worrying and lack of sleep. Oh, I heard about you and your bet, Mr. P. F. Chisholm—a man your age and money plotting to steal that poor boy's pigeon from him!"

P. F. turned away. In transit he defended: "I'll give him all the pigeons he wants—I'll give him a hundred of them. But I got to have that cockbird, ma'am. He flew six hundred and twenty-four miles in a day—never heard the beat of it. Mind if I look in on the hen out back?"

She came at him determinedly. "I do mind. Don't you dare!"

P. F. entered his car, and drove erratically back to the stockyards.

They had the scrapers going in the cooler, changing the sawdust. P. F. almost bumped into old Jimmie Ahearn, who'd started with the company the same year he had.

Jimmie braced the handle of his scraper against his shoulder, took a sniff of snuff, and looked at him.

"Hullo, Snoozer," he said, and held out the tin of snuff. P. F. Chisholm ignored it, and went on up the cooler to young Brown.

"Mr. Chisholm!" the boy said.

"I been out to your place, Brown," he said, "but he hasn't come home yet."

"He hasn't, hah?" The boy was faking a little surprise. "I suppose he hasn't. I guess he won't be coming home at all, now she has him."

P. F. stiffened. "Who has him?"

"Alma Harwich, the farmer's daughter."

P. F. relaxed and chortled. "Then the bird'll be there safe and sound for me to take him over in four days."

"I suppose so, sir, if you can get him away from her."

P. F. was panicky. "You don't suppose she's stalling because she's done something to him—lost him or—"

"No, she's got him, all right." The boy dropped his scraper and reached inside his frock. "Here's a picture of the pigeon she sent me."

P. F. took the picture and stared at it. He saw a pretty girl who certainly caught the eye.

"Where's the pigeon?" he asked.

"He's there," Brown said. "She's holding him up close to her chest."

"My eyes must be getting worse," P. F. said. He whipped a huge black-handled magnifying glass out of a side pocket and centered it on the picture. "I see it now," he said. He had the picture two inches away from his eyes. "You'd think she was cuddling a baby—by gad, it's a beauty!"

"Yes, sir—a blue-checker." The boy picked up his scraper and resumed work. P. F. could see he was brokenhearted. P. F. softened.

He said: "Brown, I'll tell you what I'll do. My car's out there at the dock. You go on home in it and pack a bag. I'm sending you east to let the bird loose yourself."

"Gee, sir, you don't really mean—"

"That'll give him three days. If he makes it, he's yours along with two of mine. If he doesn't, he belongs to me, and don't think I won't find him."

"Gee, Mr. Chisholm—"

TELEGRAM

MAY 21, 19—

P. F. CHISHOLM, VICE-PRES.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WILLIAM BROWN ARRIVED SAFE—TOOK COMPANY CAR TO ALMA, AS YOU INSTRUCTED. BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK WITH IT. ANY ORDERS?

JOHN JAYNE, MGR.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

May 22d, the time limit of the bet, came and went, and on the morning of May 23d, P. F. Chisholm greeted his ever-smiling assistant impatiently.

"It took you long enough—did you look in there?"

"Yes, P. F., I stopped by; the old lady held me up." The smile broadened. "You know, sir, she has the most marvelous collection of miniature shoes—"

"Never mind the shoes—how many pigeons in the loft?"

"Just one."

"Then, by gad, the cockbird's mine!"

TELEGRAM

MR. JOHN JAYNE MAY 23, 19—
MANAGER
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

NEVER MIND YOUNG BROWN. GO OUT TO HARWICH FARM IN ALMA. IF THERE'S A BLUE-CHECKER PIGEON THERE GET HIM. HE BELONGS TO ME. SHIP HIM IN BOX COMING TO YOU BY AIR. I DESIGNED THE BOX. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRES.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

May 24, 19—

P. F. Chisholm, Vice-Pres.
Occidental Packing Co.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I went out to the farm. The pigeon was there, and he's still there.

I didn't see young Brown, but I saw Alma Harwich, who is Frank Harwich's daughter. I introduced myself, and she told me right off that it was no use looking for Bill Brown, for he was not going back to any Chicago stockyards. I told her I wasn't interested in Brown. I said all I wanted was your pigeon.

Then she let me have it. Not the pigeon—geography! She told me there's a thousand miles of climate between Alma and Chicago, and that climate consists of three factors: wind, temperature and rain. I told her the pigeon would be inside a box, and the box inside an express car. She said climate was climate, car or no car, and Azure was going to stay on the farm.

Any orders?

Yours truly,
John Jayne, Mgr.
Occidental Packing Co.
Portland, Maine

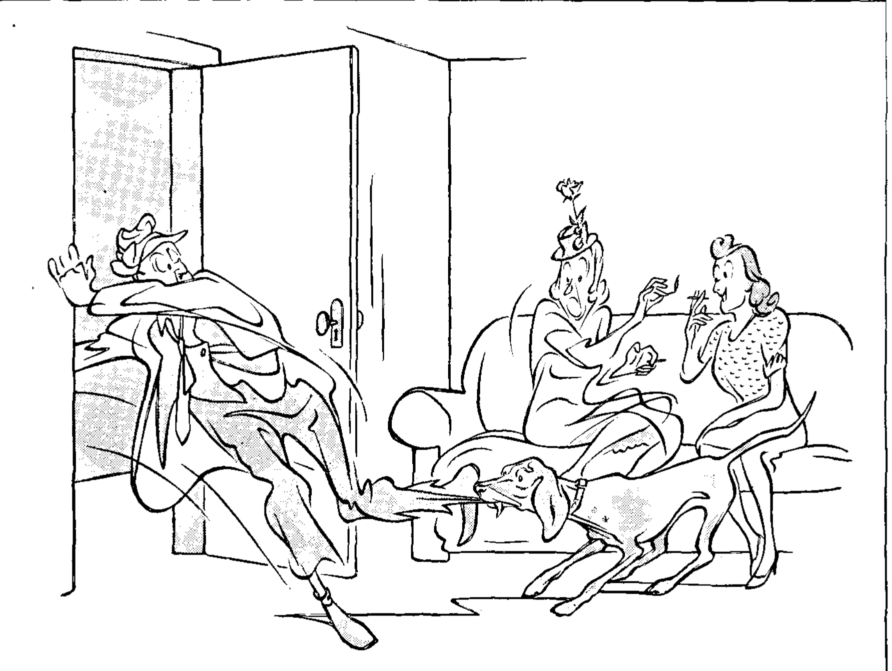
P. S. I almost forgot about your box. It looks okay. J. J.

May 26, 19—

John Jayne, Manager
Occidental Packing Co.
Portland, Maine

Dear John:

You went out there and pressed too



"I divorced him years ago, but our retriever keeps bringing him back"

GEORGE PRICE

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Guaranteed to Keep Both Oil and Motor Clean

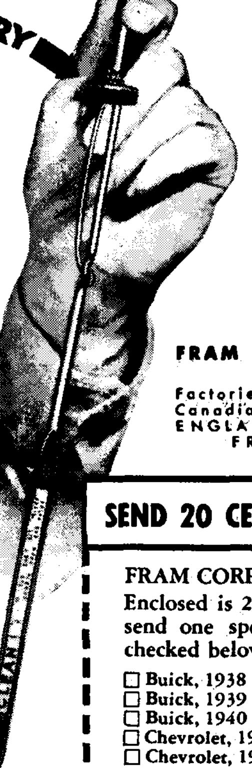
HERE'S the most important kind of Preventive Service. The FRAM Oil & Motor Cleaner prevents motor wear due to faulty lubrication—and saves you many times its small cost in repair and oil bills—by *keeping both* oil and motor clean.

The amazing fact about the FRAM is that, because of the patented chemical treatment of its filtering element, it keeps your oil not only *chemically* clean, but *physically* clean and *visibly* clean as well. In addition to removing dirt, abrasives, sludge and carbon, it also removes chemical impurities, keeping the oil clean and good as new, making the need for frequent oil changes a thing of the past.

Read Fram's Money Back Guarantee. Then go to a dealer who displays the FRAM sign and Spring check-up chart pictured below, and let him install a FRAM on your car now.

THE DIP STICK TELLS THE STORY

The patented FRAM Dip Stick (oil condition gauge), now available for most popular cars, tells the condition of your oil at a glance. When you can't read the word "CLEAN" through the film of oil on the dip stick, you know one of two things: It's time to change your oil, install a FRAM, and escape the need for frequent oil changes from then on; or, if your car is FRAM equipped, it's time to change your cartridge. Don't guess about your oil. Get this patented dip stick from your dealer—or send 20c with the coupon on this page and we'll send one to you postpaid.



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1. Keeps water out of the oil.
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4. Makes winter starting easier.
5. Keeps engine (not exhaust) fumes out of the car.

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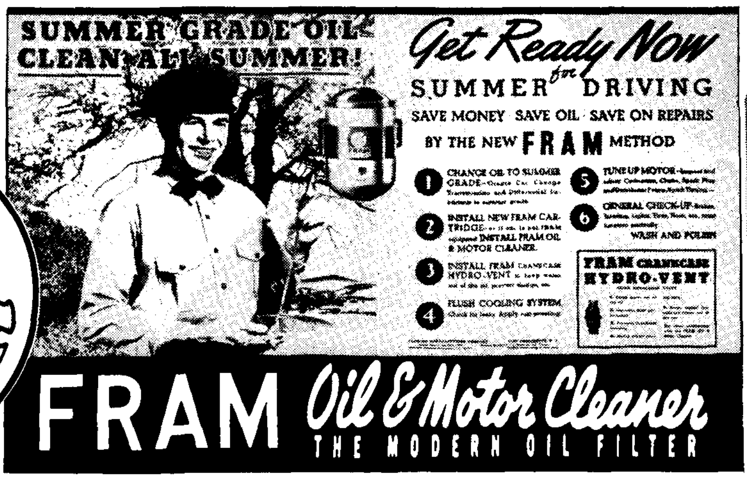

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☐ Nash, 1936-1940
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AND HOW DOES IT SAVE ON HAULING COSTS?

The answer is as simple as ABC and savings for owners are certain!

❶ This is a truck chassis. It can be used either to *carry* or *pull* loads.

❷ Here is a modern Fruehauf Trailer. Fruehaufs are in use in more than one hundred lines of business.

❸ Couple the truck to the Fruehauf Trailer and you have a Truck-Trailer with which you can haul 3 or 4 times as much because the truck can *pull* far more than it can *carry*.

You save on first cost since you can use a smaller truck to *pull* a given load. The cost of the small truck and Fruehauf Trailer is usually one-third less than a big truck which *carries* the entire load.

The smaller truck costs less to operate than a large one—as much as 30% less. Your upkeep will be less for the smaller truck—savings may be as high as 35%.

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You can save still more by a "shuttle" operation. Leave only the Trailers to be loaded or unloaded. Use the truck continuously to *pull* first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

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Thanks to motor trucks, fresh fruits, vegetables, seafoods and other perishable foods are now available to communities of every size the year 'round. Living standards have been raised and costs of living have been reduced.

AT FOUNTAINS
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MAKE IT AT HOME
Hires R-J ROOT BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES
IT TASTES SO GOOD

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

hard on this pigeon business—I can see that right away. You get the wrong slant on this whole affair.

The big idea throughout is that we have to salvage what's left of young Brown. The Occidental Packing Co. has spent three years of time and money teaching him the pork end of the game, so we must not lose him now. Therefore, go out to Alma right now and offer him a job in your provision department. Then when you've got him sweetened up with the job, get my pigeon from the girl.

Steer clear of the geography expert if you can. Between you and me, how is she anyway?

Yours truly,
P. F. CHISHOLM,
Vice-Pres.

Occidental Packing Co.
Chicago, Illinois

P. S. You say the pigeon box I designed is okay. Just where did you ever see a better one? P. F. C.

May 28, 19—

P. F. Chisholm, Vice-Pres.
Occidental Packing Co.
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I went out to Alma this A. M. and Frank Harwich told me young Brown was down at his daughter's school. Incidentally, he told me the girl and Brown are planning to be married shortly—in fact, as soon as Brown lands a job. So that means very soon.

I drove down to the school, and found young Brown sunning himself on the front steps. I had your pigeon box in my hand, knowing how you'd feel if someone lifted it from my car, and when Brown saw it he begged me to let him have it. He said it was the best damned pigeon crate he ever saw, which, now that I think of it, are my sentiments, too.

I offered Brown the provision job, and was he tickled! Then I asked him for your pigeon. He said he was sorry, but the pigeon was entirely up to Alma. So I went into the school and saw Alma.

I told her what I wanted. She wouldn't listen to me.

I came away. She has young Brown lock, stock and barrel. She even has him pronouncing the pigeon Ah-sure instead of Azure. Any orders?

Yours truly,
JOHN JAYNE, MGR.

Occidental Packing Co.
Portland, Maine

P. S. As per your request as to how about Alma—between you and me, Brown's done all right by himself. J. J.

TELEGRAM

WILLIAM BROWN JUNE 1, 19—
PROVISION DEPT.
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

HOW ABOUT AZURE? P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRES.

OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Alma, Maine
June 1, 19—

Dear Mr. P. F. Chisholm:

I couldn't make head nor tail out of your telegram, but now I think I have it. I remember your saying in your office that day that Azure would probably end up in Asia if I had him thrown out, so I take it that you want him put in the air to try to fly back to Chicago. That's all right by me, for, of course, he's your bird now, but to tell you the truth, Mr. Chisholm, I haven't anything to say about Azure any more. Alma is in full charge of him, but I'll take it up with her as soon as she gets back from her aunt's, where she went for Memorial Day, and let you know.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM T. BROWN.

TELEGRAM

MR. JOHN JAYNE, MGR. June 3, 19—
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

GET OUT THERE. TAKE THE BOX WITH YOU. STOP THEM. THEY ARE FIXING TO PUT MY BIRD IN THE AIR. P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRES.

OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TELEGRAM

P. F. CHISHOLM JUNE 3, 19—
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OH, NO, THEY'RE NOT. AND SHE KEPT THE BOX BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT IT WOULD COME IN FINE ON PICNICS, AND SHE DEMANDS A BEEF JOB FOR BILL, WHO IS WORKING OUT FINE IN PROVISIONS. SHE SAYS ALL THE HARWICHES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CATTLE MEN, AND BESIDES SHE NOTICES BRANCH-HOUSE MANAGERS ARE ALL BEEF MEN LIKE ME. ANY ORDERS?
JOHN JAYNE, MGR.

OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

Alma, Maine
June 2, 19—

Dear Mr. Chisholm:

As I promised in yesterday's letter, I took up the matter of throwing out Azure with Alma as soon as she got back and she had had her supper.

She immediately made me sit down beside her and she spread a big map out on the table and proceeded to show me just what one thousand miles of highly variable climate looks like on the map. As her finger wandered over the map, I noticed the half-dozen towns I've lived in and I mentioned them to her.

"You mean you've lived in all those towns, Bill?" she demanded.

"Yes, Alma," I said. "I've been an orphan all my life, and I put in a few years each in four different towns with four different aunts. Then I worked through college in another, and I roomed in Chicago the three years I was in the pork cooler."

She stared at me. Then she crumpled up the map and threw it into the wastebasket.

"Thank goodness," she said, "we won't have to be proving things with that anymore."

"Why?" I said.

"This is your first real home, isn't it?"

"You bet it is," I agreed. We had just got up from fried chicken and pumpkin pie.

"Then you won your bet—Azure flew home. He flew into the future, and found a true home for him and you. He was home when you made the bet, he's home now, and he stays home. Tell that to your P. F. Chisholm."

So I am telling you, Mr. Chisholm, and when you send me the pair of birds you owe me now, would you mind going out to Hegewisch and getting my hen and sending her along with them? And please tell Mrs. Hager, the old lady I roomed with, that we are getting married next week and Alma is going to send her a piece of the wedding cake, and that Alma wants her to try a spoonful of lemon juice every hour for her eyes.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM T. BROWN.

TELEGRAM

MR. JOHN JAYNE, MGR. June 4, 19—
OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE

LET THEM HAVE THE BIRD, THE BOX AND THE BEEF JOB. ALL I ASK IS AN INVITATION TO THE WEDDING AND A CHANCE TO SEE THAT ALMA. P. F. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRES.

OCCIDENTAL PACKING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hell on Wheels

Continued from page 23

men each. And instead of five guns per thousand infantrymen, there will be seven, all of which will be carefully trained on the enemy and not on our own men.

Of course the quartermaster battalion, being completely motorized, will conform to the reorganization plans and everybody—infantry, artillery, signal and supply troops and on down to the military police of whom there will be considerably fewer (hip, hip!) will ride. The new motorized army will get you into trouble faster, but it's going to be easier on the dogs. You may get shot but your feet won't hurt.

Now, although these new divisions will be smaller by perhaps half than the old, their staying power should be as great if not greater. That's because you'll move faster, being on wheels, and because the weapons you'll have will be much more murderous. To be sure, the enemy will be on wheels too and be equipped with equally destructive instruments.

New Arms for a New Army

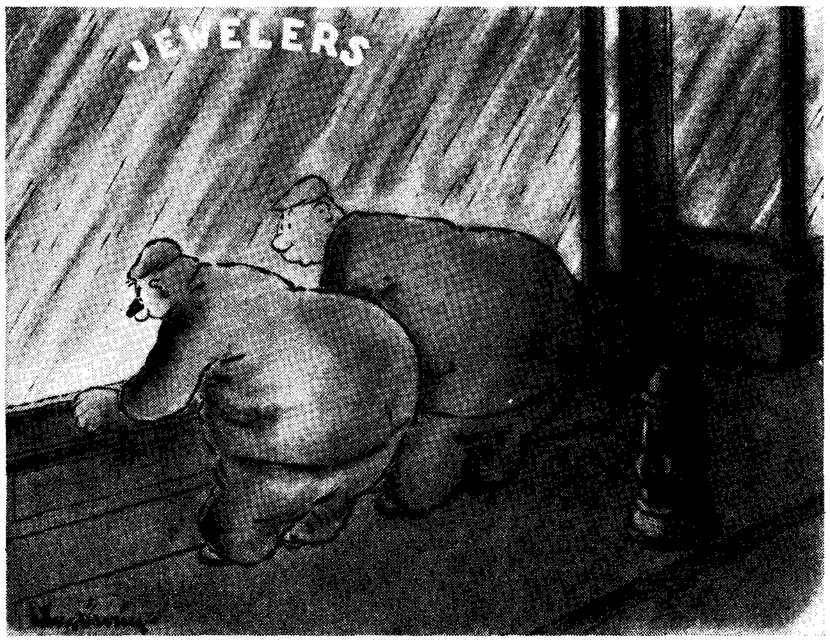
But you can't have everything. How fast you'll be up and at 'em will depend of course on the terrain you'll be asked to roll over. In one of the field service tests of the new setup one division broke camp, ate a hearty breakfast, clambered into trucks, moved three hundred and forty-five miles and had the tail of its column in the new area in sixteen hours.

The new division's weapons will make the old machine guns and trench mortars, to say nothing of your rifle, seem no more than mildly injurious. To begin with the least noisy, there'll be the new .30-caliber, semiautomatic Garand, known to the Army as the M1 rifle. We shall speak of the Garand a bit later. But the new division will have 4,773 of them and the old division had none. The old division had no sixty-millimeter mortars but the new will have eighty-one—all of them poisonous. The old division had no .30-caliber light machine guns. The new will have a hundred and eight—and any able-bodied guy will be able to pick up this light piece, hop into a truck and be off in a jiffy. You'll still have a hundred and sixty-two .30-caliber heavy machine guns but the new ones fire much more, much faster and won't jam—they hope. The new division will have eighteen 81-mm. mortars instead of twelve and they'll be just that much more explosive. And to make things worse for the foe each division will have eighteen .50-caliber machine guns. These babies, if angered, will stop a tank, so you get some idea of what they'll do to truckloads of soldiers coming our way. The old division got along somehow without anything as lethal. And then there'll be eighteen 37-mm. antitank guns. Our ordnance officers insist that it's the best antitank weapon in the world although even the General Staff wonders what we're going to do with it. They all seem to agree that the likelihood of anybody landing on these sacred shores of ours with tanks is as remote as permanent world peace. And when our staff begins talking like that some heel in the audience always brings up the question of what we're going to do anyway with all this new and highly slaughterous make-up. Whom are we going to fight and where?

Well you've got to remember that we've merely adopted a new system, haven't abandoned the game. Of course it is somewhat unlikely that Canada will come rolling down upon us with tanks and tractored Berthas. And the chances that Mexico will come across the Rio Grande looking for anything but relief are acutely minute. Furthermore, even the most furious of our clipped and barbered Bayards, Neys, de Saxes and Moltkes will admit when cornered that if we stay at home and mind our own business while the neighbors are fighting, we'll have little if any use for the best antitank gun in the world. But we've got to be prepared. If we knew what we've got to be prepared for it probably wouldn't happen. Therefore, they argue, we've got to be prepared for the unexpected no matter how unlikely it may be. Sounds very tacky but, then, who isn't?

The artillery regiments of the new division will bristle with only thirty-six 75-mm. guns whereas the old had forty-eight. There will be sixteen 155-mm. howitzers as against the old division's twenty-four. But they'll hurl much louder and more shattering shells, and, as we've told you, the ratio of cannon to infantry will be greater, the division being numerically smaller.

And, of course, there will be tanks—



"Well, wotta yuh think, Ed?" JAY IRVING

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DU PONT
SPEEDY WAX (LIQUID)
IT CLEANS as it waxes
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VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA

not attached to the divisions but in a corps by themselves, assigned to assaults as required. We shall have small ones, whippets, and wallowers weighing thirteen tons. But our Army hasn't gone mad about them, the general impression being that armies putting great confidence in these steel turtles are what the boys in Madison Square Garden call tank fighters. While no census has been taken, it appears to be the Army's majority feeling that while a few tanks discreetly used in favorable circumstances may be desirable these unwieldy brutes do their best work in the movies.

The stories we've heard of their speed are dramatically exaggerated. Their destructiveness is all out of proportion to their vulnerability. Our antitank guns, easily shifted, would ruin whole fleets of them before the tanks got close enough to be honest menaces. And they move too slowly to be of much service to troops that will move as fast as we shall, now that we haven't got Old Fritz hanging to our coattails. Their average speed is about five miles an hour and we're learning from Europe what antitank guns, ground mines, thermite shells or a dollar's worth of gasoline can do to them. Like Primo Carnera, they look awful but they have very feeble chins. France and England are talking about building tanks weighing 150 and 200 tons and clad in four-inch armor. Our Army is prepared to wait and watch.

However, we've given you some small idea what sort of deadly weapons we shall entertain our next foe with. And yet we should warn you against premature satisfaction and overconfidence.

Men but No Rifles

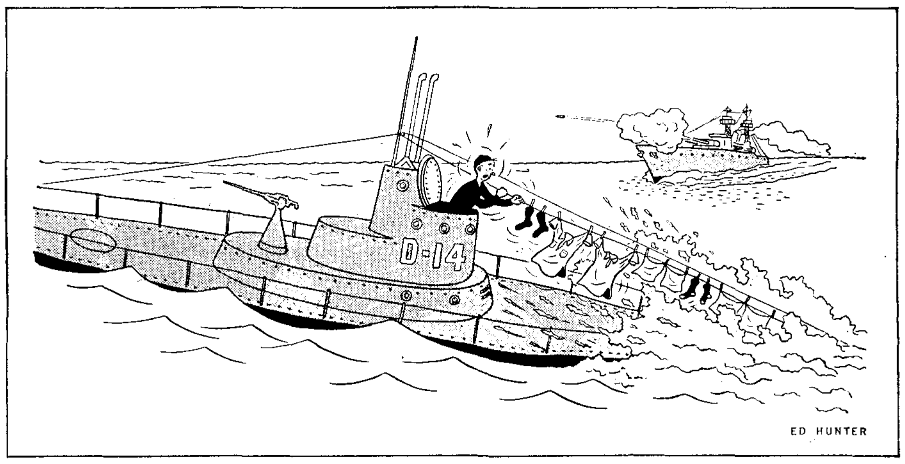
We haven't enough of these new annihilators to equip even the Regular Army in its current numbers. We may quickly increase the size of the regular military establishment to its new authorization—280,000 enlisted men and officers—but considerable time and larger appropriations will be needed to supply them with the new weapons. That's the result, laments the Army, of having a sailor president. And if you add to the Regulars the 235,000 National Guardsmen, the arms situation will be just that much worse. Maybe we'd better not go to war.

The most publicized new weapon is, perhaps, the Garand rifle. It is being manufactured at only one place—the Springfield arsenal. As manufactured today they cost more than eighty dollars apiece. If given over to mass production this cost might be reduced to sixty dollars. The general opinion in the War Department is that they will have to be made for not more than fifty dollars to be available to any army of AEF proportions. The five-shot rifles we used in 1918 cost about seventeen dollars to produce. To supply riflemen in the old numbers with Garands would be prohibitive. But in the new Army there will be considerably fewer riflemen per regiment and division, and the generals can demonstrate with paper and pencil that the amount of rifle fire the new units can produce will be equal to the old because of the greater fire-producing qualities of the Garand. Yet the opinion is by no means unanimous.

Equipped with a Garand a soldier can fire a hundred and thirty-six rounds in five minutes—about twenty-seven shots a minute. When he has pumped a hundred and thirty-six shots in the enemy's direction he is out of ammunition, that being about all the cartridges a single rifleman can tote, considering the weight of the rest of his equipment—rifle, pack and so on. Of course, being a soldier, he will have got rid of his pack and so on by the time he has arrived at the line—and there's nothing that regulations can do about that. We don't know what happened in other armies, but the doughboy going into action beat Miss Sally Rand to it by years. He did not go quite as far as Miss Rand nor so prettily, but by the time he was letting fly in the enemy's direction he had thrown away everything but his shoes, pants, shirt, gas mask, rifle and ammunition. When it was over, if he survived, God or a dead man would provide.

Anyway, say those Army men who do not hail the Garand as an inestimable boon, a hundred and thirty-six rounds of ammunition is as much as a soldier can lug and keep up with the rest of his army. And if he isn't resupplied with cartridges, after he has expended his hundred and thirty-six rounds, he'll be about as useful to the Army as a congressman. Any enemy worth fighting is going to devote a lot of time to making it most difficult for supplies to reach the opposition. Defending troops with accumulated ammunition within reach would have no trouble, but when you're attacking you move fast. Or else.

Let's pause before we become hysterical. Whatever the shortcomings of our new setup, it will have the prime virtue of making it far easier to convert the raw conscript into cannon fodder. The M-day plan that the General Staff has written against the day when America may be called to arms purposes consuming no more than ninety to 120 days to make the drafted man a front-line warrior. This is fast work, impossible under the Old Prussian system. Speedy training as well as speedy fighting is one of the reasons why we've bounced Frederick the Great.



Furthermore, smaller units will be easier for officers to shepherd and control. One of the weaknesses of Frederick's large-massed routine was the desertion possibility. The old martinet tried to cope with that by commanding that no camps be pitched near a woods, that there be no night marches and that plenty of military police ride on the flanks of his columns of heroes. And nobody knows how many of our own lads went AWOL as we stumbled into action. Some of them haven't been rounded up yet.

Under the early system, with little variety, we moved into battle in huddles. Frederick the Great called them fortresses of flesh. Ranks were massed, one behind the other, men standing shoulder to shoulder. Now and then the rear ranks, supposedly firing over the heads of those in front, killed more front-rankers than the enemy did. Thus we fought the last months of the Revolution. That's the way Zachary Taylor fought the Mexicans at Buena Vista and Monterrey. Except when Grant and Lee took to trenches, both the Union and the Confederate armies remained true to mass tactics. We fought like that in Cuba too.

Something resembling a break occurred in France in 1918. It was all very well to move 1918's amateurs into the line in solid columns of squads. The lads did just that, and stoically, too, in spite of artillery fire and airplane machine gunning. But once they moved to the attack, the masses dissolved, scattered, forsook the proud alignment the brass hats back yonder loved and advanced Indian-fashion. It was surprising, even deplorable, how frequently the lads reached their objective and the hell with Old Fritz. Even the French and English officers felt a little ashamed of us, explaining to captured Prussians that allowances should be made for the backwoods tendencies of the American troops. And a number of equally chagrined German officers agreed wholeheartedly.

Hope for the Die-Hards

The General Staff of the United States Army is not, in spite of the horrid rumors you may have heard, pawing the ground in its eagerness to get into Europe's war. But it is yearning to be equipped if Congress sends it. The paramount worry it will have then is where in Europe it can do its fighting. It can't punch through the German Westwall and there'd be no room for it in the Maginot Line. Even the wildest firebreather rejects the idea that we'd send the second AEF to Eastern Europe, and if you want to make the Army sore just suggest that our lads be carried to Turkey, Egypt or India to protect Britan's life line.

The Army will confess, if you insist, that theirs is less than a microscopic chance of going abroad to fight. Yet not all of the top-flight generals have abandoned hope that the European riot will afford some chance of showing what we can do.

"If this war lasts long enough," said one of them, "England and France will be in an awful mess even if they do lick Germany. Maybe," he added hopefully, "we'll then be called in to do a police job until they can get on their feet. You know, like we did in Cuba."

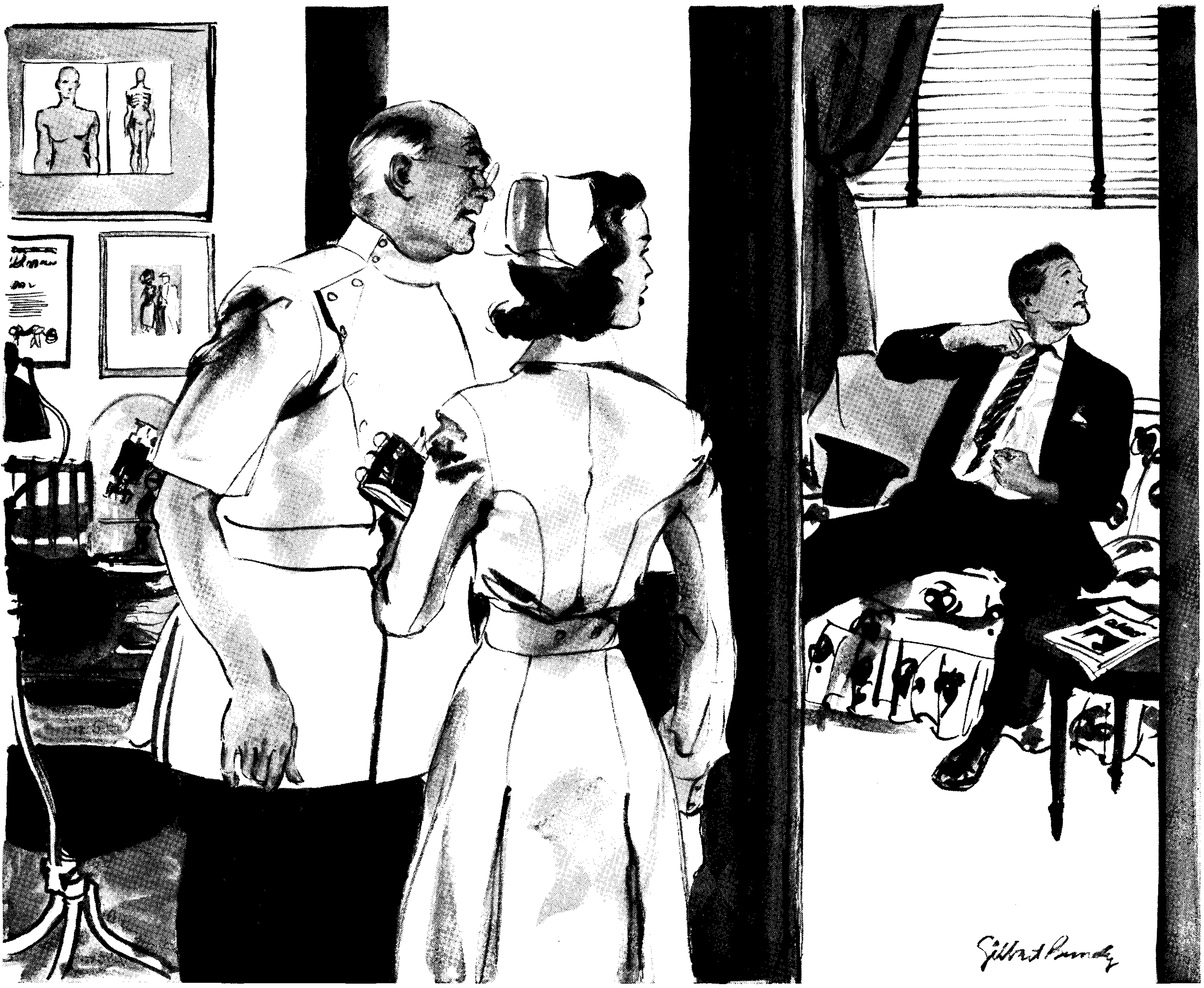
"Who'd pay for it?" we asked.

"England," he replied. "Give us the Bahamas and Bermuda. With bases in Bermuda and the Bahamas in the Atlantic and with Hawaii in the Pacific we'd be as safe from attack as the South Pole."

Which is another symptom of the Army's new deal. Frederick the Great would have had the fellow shot. In the vast amount of lore the Army has collected about Frederick is the story of his rage when he found one of his captains engaged in some unscheduled maneuvering at Prague where he defeated the Austrians. "I was thinking only," ventured the officer, "of the safety of my few remaining troops."

"You are under arrest, sir," roared Old Fritz. "The next man I catch thinking of that damned word will die. A soldier is never safe until he is dead."

But that was in 1757. There weren't any machine guns then.



"There's that young man again, Miss Albers..."

DOCTOR: He's been hanging around here for hours. Why doesn't he come in? What's he got?

NURSE: *St. Vitus's Dance, I'm beginning to think.*

DOCTOR: Shrink-itis, I'd call it. Looks to me like it's his shirt that's biting him, not a germ.

NURSE: *My goodness, is* that *it?*

DOCTOR: Sure! If the poor chump would go out and get some Sanforized-Shrunk shirts, he might look and act normal.

NURSE: *For heaven's sake! SAN—what was that, doctor?*

DOCTOR: Sanforized-Shrunk. You know — the process that takes all the shrinkage out of fabrics within 1%, by standard tests. Ends shrinking troubles like *phut!*

NURSE: *Well, whaddya know! And here I thought—,*

DOCTOR: He's been fooled by those "pre-shrunk" shirts, the way I used to be. The only *sure* way is to look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on everything — shirts, underwear, pajamas, even uniforms like yours and mine. Then you *know* they won't shrink out of fit.

NURSE: *But suppose he—I mean, don't they cost extra?*

DOCTOR: Not a penny. Almost all stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts now—in dozens of makes at all kinds of prices. Here—where are you going? Who *is* that young man?

NURSE: *Oh doctor, he's my fiancé—or he's going to be—as soon as I tell him about Sanforized-Shrunk shirts!*

And don't forget this—other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon—

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

Work Clothes, Overalls

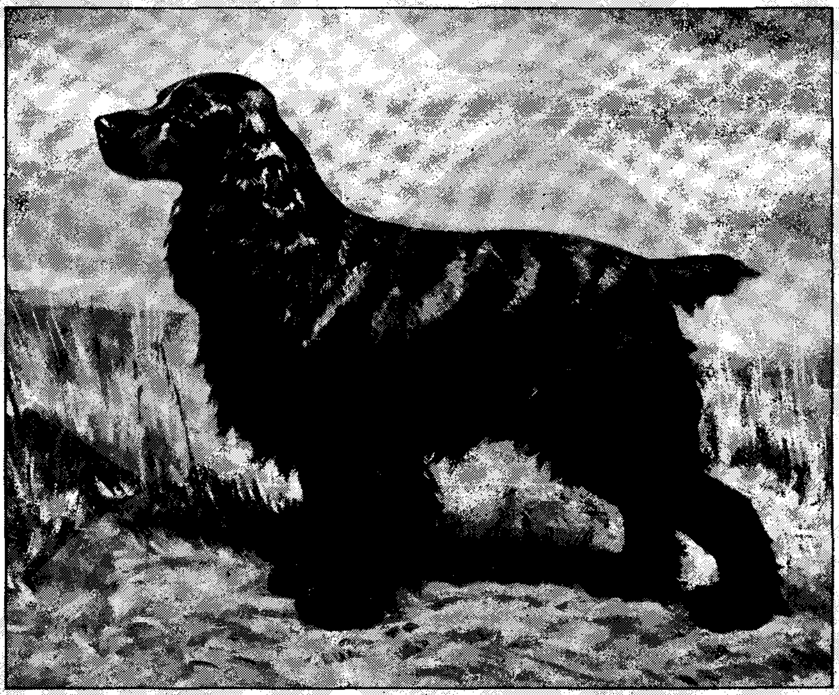
Slip Covers, Draperies

Utility Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

For permanent fit... look for the words... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

A COCKER AND A COCKTAIL
. . . HAVE A LOT IN COMMON



A cocker comes naturally by his well-padded paws. Spaniels have been *bred* that way . . . to hunt on marshy ground. Since 1870, Fleischmann has been perfecting gin to mix smoothly in cocktails. That's why Fleischmann's . . . the first American gin . . . is called a *pedigreed* gin. Every kernel of grain chosen for its distilling is *specially selected.* If you'd like *your* mixing to wind up with prize-winning drinks, *begin* with a *pedigreed* gin—*start with Fleischmann's!*

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Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
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Let Otto Do It

Continued from page 19

Otto is a descendant of Adriaen Brouwer, a celebrated Flemish painter of the seventeenth century, was born in Grand Rapids hard by a chair factory, went on the stage, went right off the stage and wound up raising cattle at Miles City, Montana. He is small of stature, a rotund, jolly man with a touch of the cherubic.

At Miles City, where he rapidly married and more rapidly went broke, he attempted to raise cattle and, that failing, he left Montana to its localized depression and fared him forth to Hollywood, having in mind to ask for work as an extra man. His new wife came along with him.

Obtaining extra work almost immediately in the cinema capital, he fell in with a picture known then, but not now, as The Jucklins. It was not a propitious start, for when The Jucklins came out, it was said to be the worst picture since Edison invented electric bulbs. I am personally involved in Otto's career, since I wrote The Jucklins for the screen. Opie Read wrote the book, but I wrote the drama, adding, as I recall, two murders to Mr. Read's original murder and if they paid off here as they do in Russia I wouldn't be present.

The Man for Tough Jobs

Mr. Brower's early cinema days were as a dress extra, meaning he had one good suit. He was in The Round-Up with Fatty Arbuckle and Excuse My Dust and Behold My Wife and again I cross Otto's path, for I did the My Wife picture—I and a British novelist who used to sit on the set, look florid and grunt. Otto and I were often together on location trips and I remember him even then as a genial, quiet-spoken lad, addicted to raising jet-black whiskers without warning and pathetically anxious to tackle hard jobs around the camp.

Irvin Willat suddenly became a director and proceeded to make All The Brothers Were Valiant. He gave Otto a job as second mate on the ship and, as an afterthought, elected him assistant director. That was really a turning point. An assistant director must be kind to everybody, do all the hard work, get the drunks to bed in good time, stop the crap games and ship the film. Otto fitted.

Rewarding him for his arduous labors, the studio shipped him back to Hollywood to be assistant to Frank Lloyd, who was warming up The Children of Divorce.

Young Mr. Brower up to this time had labored almost exclusively on outdoor jobs, dealing with the great open spaces, cattle rustlers, bandits and sheriff's posses, so the studio naturally ordered him to New York to direct and take charge of Champagne, with Lya De Putti.

There ensued the era when he was either director or assistant and could never say which until midafternoon. Sometimes they put his name on the picture. Sometimes he had his name on a studio door. Other directors became brilliant and mounted to sudden fame, rolled around in Rolls-Royces, took in five thousand a week and after a while slid down the hill and out of the business, but Otto went right along. He made Westerns with Jack Holt, Ken Maynard and other old-timers. There came a startling day for the movies. It found Otto about to direct Wally Beery in Stairs of Sand, shooting schedule twenty-four days, and a hurricane was blowing the silent films to kingdom come. Voices were being heard. Talkies. Otto was ordered to cut his twenty-four days to nine, rush the thing through and wind up the career of Wally Beery, who was to be killed stone-dead by the talkies, as his voice was awful, even in a barroom. That is what they knew then about who could and who couldn't.

Otto stepped into the onrush of the talkies without excitement and went to New York to help Mamoulian with Applause and Helen Morgan. His next shift was back to Hollywood to be a director again, working with Dick Arlen, Mary Brian and Fay Wray, the picture being Fighting Caravans.

This is where stormy weather opened up on the Brower family in good earnest. Everything went wrong with the battling caravans. The script came along a page at a time and then dwindled to half a page, all dialogue. No fighting, just gab. Otto used to sit there, reading what they said to one another and wondering if they were going to do anything. Costs rose and finally approached nine hundred thousand dollars; original intent, six hundred thousand. Officials looked askance and, as somebody obviously had to be fired, Otto was fired. His health remained good, his wife cheerful and the new baby prospered daily.

This is where some young men might have curled up, opened a small steam laundry on a side street or moved back to Miles City, but not O. Brower. He began working for the independents, which is socially a step due south, as the independents of the time hived around in old back yards and were not spoken to by nice people.

He made anything asked or suggested, shot serials and shorts, trailers, one-reelers, two-reelers, horse dramas, comedies not to be laughed at and would cheerfully have taken the Santa Fe western division timetable and whipped it into a brisk short.

International Commuter

He knocked out pictures with Tim McCoy and Hoot Gibson and never lost his philosophy, which is that if you are willing to work hard, keep cheerful and undismayed, maintain friendly relations with those about you and use your brains, then some day you will come out the right end of the horn. And by gosh, that's what happened.

Mr. Zanuck, who was fooling around with the Twentieth Century Corporation, came upon Otto and perceived his rare capacity for second-unit work, and Otto has been with him ever since.

In the last ten months he has traveled one hundred thousand miles, generally accompanied by travel-stained actors. He averages sixty thousand miles a year and is forever engaged in some strange activity, such as hunting sharks off the Florida coast, following rabbit chases or taking dog-and-wolf love scenes. He was shark hunting for Slave Ship when he received orders to rush over to London and make Lawrence of Arabia for Bob Kane, but after a month the plans were changed. Otto received three scripts from the Hollywood studio, air mail, and orders to read them carefully and then start the second-unit work for each, which sent him scurrying off to France, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. For actors, he used the local citizens in their quaint costumes, slogged around in the snow and took process shots.

Process shots are where you shoot a London street scene with no pedestrians or people in sight, just vacant street, and bring the empty thoroughfare back to Hollywood and then walk your studio actors into the London street, which saves sending your actors to London and if that doesn't make it clear, you can wire Brower for added details. He has shot about nine million feet of process shots and dislikes talking about the matter. He says the movies ought to retain some little bit of their original mystery for the man in the pew.

On the Trail of the Joads

Otto was over there in Switzerland, gliding around on skis, when he had a cable directing him to fly home and prepare for an African job of work. So he did. He popped into Hollywood, had a typhoid inoculation, looked over the script of Stanley and Livingstone, collected a dozen actors and flew back to London and thence to Southampton, Rome, Alexandria and Nairobi in East Africa. . . . There he stuck for three months, shipping film home by air mail, tent-bound by bad weather, bitten by tsetse flies and busily uncomfortable.

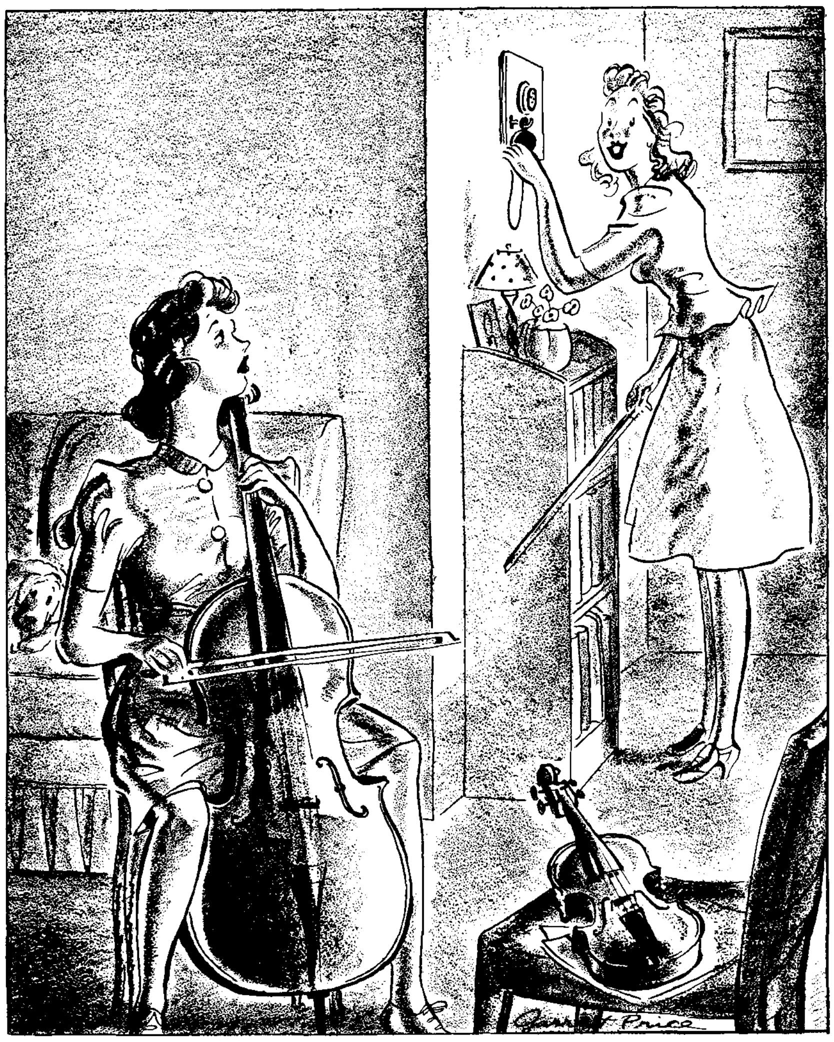
Lately, he knocked off a jag of film on the Grapes of Wrath. John Ford was the director, from a script by Nunnally Johnson, from the book by John Steinbeck, from the economic condition born in the Dust Bowl. If I had to vote for best director, I would vote for John Ford, but just the same, don't forget that Otto was out there seven and a half weeks, riding around in a feeble jalopy and going over Highway 66 with a fine comb. . . . In the book, it was a diseased and venerable Hudson, made over into a truck, and Otto took along half a dozen Hudsons in the last stages.

He shipped his second unit by train to Oklahoma, with orders to wait till he got there and then he started at the western end of 66 and wormed his way east, looking for locations, noting picturesque road scenes and plotting out the various jobs called for in the script. Altogether, he did 9,500 miles and shot 25,000 feet of film in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. It was over Highway 66 that the Joad family moved to California and Otto has it all, down to the last rest room. Each day, the jallopies were sent on ahead, as they had trouble doing 25 m.p.h. and were subject to sudden ills.

His second-unit work the studio really liked best of all was when he made the battle scenes for Under Two Flags. . . . He had fifteen hundred actors with him and spent forty days on the grim desert somewhere south of Yuma. This was such a neat job that the studio decided to try an experiment, so Otto and Gregory Ratoff were teamed up. Both of them were ordered to direct the same picture, Sins of Man, starring Jean Hersholt. They did it and are still warm friends, although nothing is more trying than two men directing one motion picture, which is something like two men eating one egg or two Whistlers painting one mother. Mr. Ratoff was at the same time acting an important role in another picture two stages away and removed seven pounds galloping between jobs.

Otto's daughter Barbara attends the University of California at Los Angeles, and as a delicate gesture Otto painted U.C.L.A. in red letters on a Masai chieftain Goody-goody. Next day, two thousand Masais joined U.C.L.A.

He is now back in Hollywood and is directing his own comedies, but that doesn't fool him for a second. He knows that in maybe a week, or two weeks, or a month, he will be heading for some distant clime with a dozen traveling actors, some technical men and a few pages from the middle of a script. He and a bank still own the cattle ranch in Montana.



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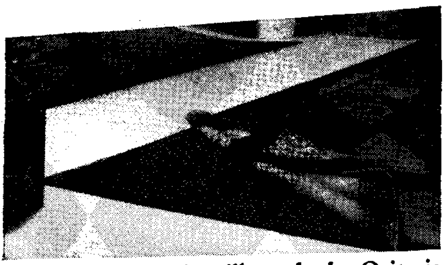

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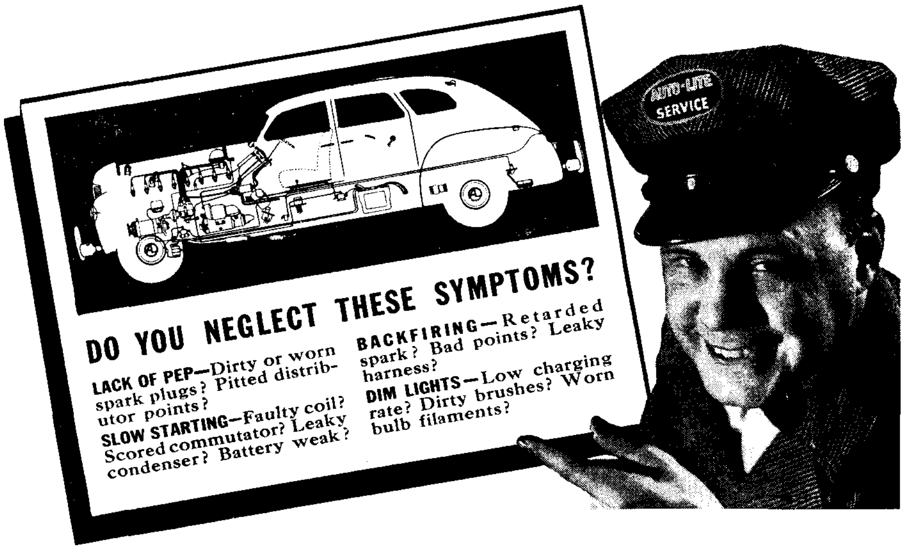

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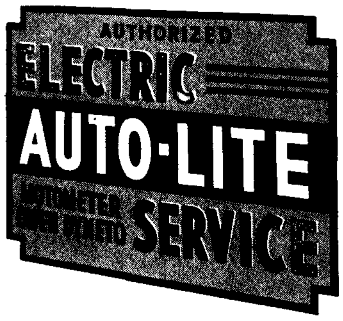

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ORIGINAL PARTS ASSURE "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE

Appointment in India

Continued from page 24

clean wound on entering the body, could destroy half a dozen vital organs in the abdominal cavity and leave scarcely a drop of blood on the skin. Just enough to make that trickle on the sheet, perhaps. I once saw a man shot in the abdomen. In the excitement of the gun fight, he didn't even know he was hit, although his intestines were perforated in nineteen places. He walked two hundred yards before he dropped dead."

"You think, then, Doctor," Gabriel said, "that Miss Steel may have walked into this room after having been shot somewhere else . . . and not knowing that she was mortally hurt?"

"I don't know, young man," Dr. Forsythe replied. "I'm not a detective. I'm just an old missionary doctor, a relic of the previtamin era."

"I think I'll go for the district officer," said Gabriel suddenly. He started for the door immediately.

"I've already sent word to Mr. Hatton," Dr. Forsythe called after him.

But Gabriel was already in the corridor, closing the door after him.

GABRIEL had no intention of going for the district officer. He walked down the hall to Lucy's room, went in.

Once inside, he realized for the first time that he had not seen Lucy's bearer since his return to the hotel. Ordinarily the bearded little hunchback would be squatting idly on his haunches outside the door—unless he was busy inside. He was not inside, but there was evidence that he had been. The ancient zinc tub on the bathroom floor was half filled. Gabriel tried the bath with one finger; it was lukewarm.

He returned to the bedroom. He made a hurried search for the white silk dress that Lucy had worn on her arrival. The red hat was on the dresser, and the red patent-leather belt hung from the back of a chair, but the dress was not to be found. The sight of the red belt recalled something Lucy had said early in the evening: "I've got your ticket home and the rest of your money right here in my bag. . . ." But where was Lucy's red patent-leather bag?

Gabriel made another hasty but systematic search of the room.

In one of the valises he came across a small letter case of embossed morocco. On the entire journey from San Francisco, Lucy had taken particular care of that case. She had avoided questions about it, and all of Gabriel's efforts to have a private look at its contents had been unsuccessful.

Gabriel heard voices in the hall. He quickly thrust the letter case under his belt, buttoned his coat, waited. The voices passed, one of them—that of Reginald Hatton—rasping with annoyance. Gabriel heard them go into Fred Oaks' room. Then he slipped out, walked in the opposite direction. He wanted to talk to the proprietress of Seaside House before the district officer did.

There was no one in the office of the hotel; there never was. But a door at the back led directly to Gwendolyn Small's apartments. Gabriel hesitated with his hand on the knob. He knew the legend of Gwendolyn Small, of course. A rising young star of the London stage just after the turn of the century, she had abandoned the theater to follow the man she loved, traveled in India with him. At this point her lover was removed from the scene and the legend reached a crossroad. One fork said he had been removed by death; the other, by a case of acute fickleness. Whichever it was, his disappearance left Gwendolyn Small with a fashionable seashore hotel and intermittent attacks of mild dementia. As the vogue of the hotel decreased, the dementia increased, although it was always harmless.

Gabriel, in his brief acquaintanceship with Miss Small, was not even convinced it was always genuine. He had to admit, of course, that anyone who constantly wore black in southern India, or who dressed in Edwardian style in the Age of Munich, was, to say the least, eccentric. There were times, however, when he had the impression that he was watching a performance of Ophelia by a chronic actress on a still hunt for an audience. He opened the door.

Gwendolyn Small was sitting at a tall teakwood secretary, laying out dog-eared playing cards. She was a perfect match for the Victorian furnishings of the room. There was witchery in the faint, fixed smile, which showed the ruins of her dimples, and charm in the imperious gestures with which she dealt the cards.

"Sit down, Gabriel," she said, without looking up, "I'm just telling your fortune. You'll want to know how it comes out."

Bill Gabriel gaped in silent astonishment. He found himself staring at the cards, vaguely noting that they were foreign to any cards he had ever seen, with strangely shaped pips and unfamiliar figures as kings and queens. At last he managed to say:

"Listen, Miss Small. There's no time to talk nonsense about fortunes. I—"

"Is she dead?" There was a fine carelessness in her rising inflection.

"She's dead," Gabriel blurted, before he fully realized the import of the question.

"Good," said Gwendolyn Small.

Gabriel finally got a grip on himself.

"I guess you saw it happen, then," he said.

"No, of course not."

"But you sent for Dr. Forsythe?"

"Naturally. I sent for the doctor as soon as I heard the shot."

"You must have taken a peek later then, Miss Small."

"I haven't budged, Gabriel."

"Then how did you know where to send the doctor?"

"The cards," said Miss Small. "The nine came out right after the shot. I knew it was Room 9."

"That's Fred Oaks' room," Gabriel protested, "and you said—"

"I knew it couldn't be Mr. Oaks because the red queen came up right after the nine. There's only one blond woman in my hotel, Gabriel."

AT LAST Gwendolyn Small looked up, a mad gleam in her eyes. Or was it mad? Again Gabriel had the feeling that he was watching a performance.

"Why are you glad she's dead, Miss Small?" Gabriel asked.

"I didn't like her looks. I disliked her the moment she came in here. She stood between me and the light. She didn't have any petticoats on. Besides, she called me 'Miss Little.'"

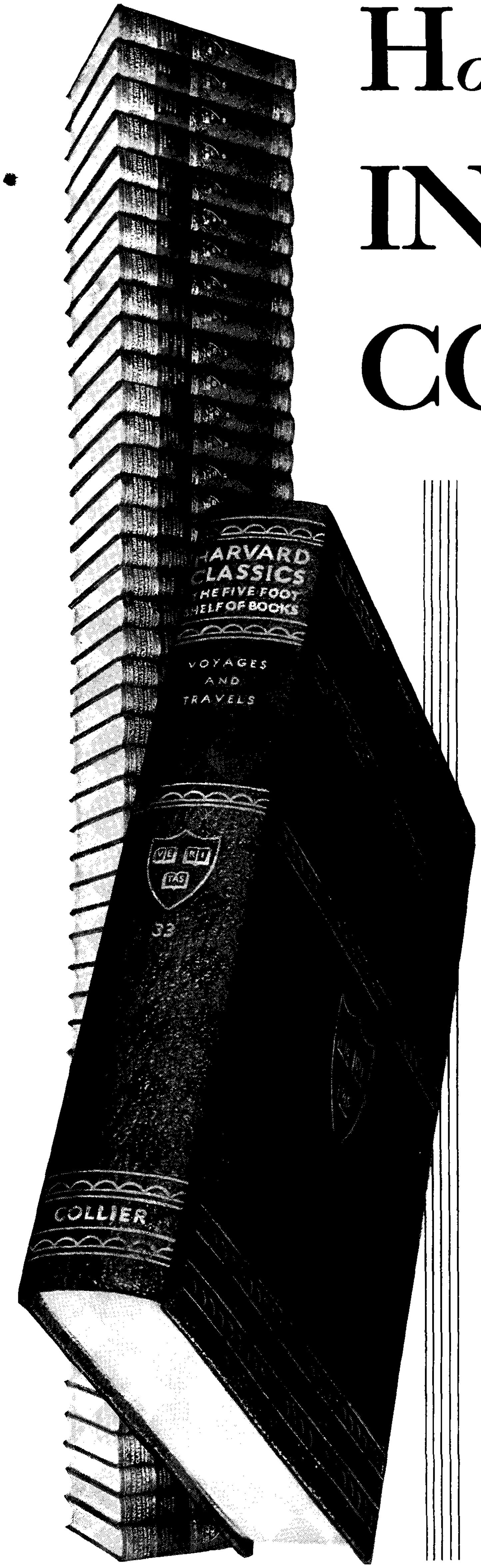
"Now that's different," said Gabriel, in his best humor-the-child manner. "That's serious, Miss Small. 'Miss Little.' I don't blame you for shooting her."

"I didn't shoot her," Miss Small protested. "But I might have. She came here to make trouble for Mr. Oaks."

"Fancy that," said Gabriel, his eyes widening. "How do you know that, Miss Small?"

"I like Fred Oaks," said Miss Small in a childish voice.

"Well, well!" said Gabriel. Well,



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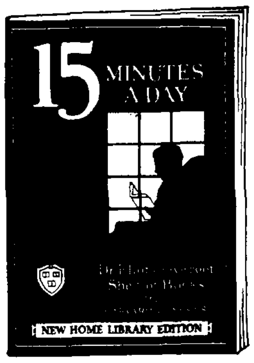

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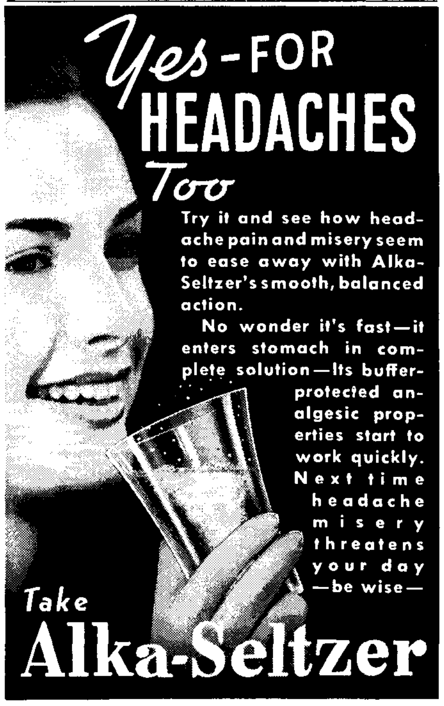
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well, my eye, he said to himself. Lucy Steel is in Shakkarpur a little over two hours, and people know as much about her as I do. More, probably, since somebody knew enough about her to want to kill her. "And who told you Miss Steel came here to make trouble for Fred Oaks? The cards?"

"No, not the cards," Gwendolyn Small said.

"Fred Oaks himself, maybe."

"No, not Mr. Oaks. It was Mr. Curring. Or Mrs. Curring. I don't recall which."

"You must remember whether it was Mr. or Mrs. Curring," Gabriel insisted. "Which one was here tonight, Miss Small?"

"I can't recall," said the ex-actress. "They both come here frequently to have their fortunes told."

"And you can't remember which it was tonight? You can't remember whether it was a man or a woman?"

"I was very busy at the time," said Gwendolyn Small. Her voice trailed away, as though pursuing her mind into happier and more ethereal worlds.

"What kind of trouble did they say Miss Steel came to cause Mr. Oaks?" Gabriel prompted.

MISS SMALL'S eyes seemed to focus again.

"What kind of trouble *can* a woman cause a man?" Her voice came back in all its clarion overtones. She was declaiming. Probably a speech from an old play, Gabriel thought. "What kind of troubles can there be between man and woman? Woman . . . some women . . . are millstones around the neck . . . around the neck of the gods . . ." The voice was fading again. The faraway look came back into her eyes. "Grindstones . . . they grind exceeding fine . . . small . . . but slowly . . . so slowly . . ."

Gabriel stared at her. If he could only be sure that she was really screwy, or just putting on a show. . . .

"There!" announced Gwendolyn Small, as she laid down the last three cards in the deck. "That's done it! There's your fortune, Gabriel. Blood! Or redheaded women! Or both. The cards aren't quite clear. But there's a letter in the night. . . . A letter or a telegram. And trouble. There's trouble, Gabriel. Stay away from women . . . !"

"Now, Gwendolyn," said Gabriel, coming around the desk to put a paternal arm around the white-haired woman. "You know I don't even look at any *other* woman but you."

"I'll thank you not to call me Gwendolyn," said Miss Small.

"Anything you say, Miss Small. But there's one more thing I'd like to know. Did Lucy Steel leave anything with you for safekeeping?"

"She did not."

"She didn't put any valuables in the hotel safe? Not even a handbag—a red, patent-leather handbag?"

"Nothing."

WHEN Bill Gabriel left Room 9, closing the door upon the mild objections of Dr. Forsythe, the old missionary doctor unhooked the stethoscope from his ears and said:

"I wonder if I should have let him run off like that."

"I'll go after him," Fred Oaks said.

"Hold on now, young man," said Dr. Forsythe. "You'll do nothing of the kind. How do I know you two aren't confederates? After all, I know nothing about either of you, practically, except that I found you both in here with a dead woman. You'll wait for Mr. Hatton."

The doctor maneuvered himself between Fred and the door. Fred smiled. Then he turned his head at a slight sound behind him.

One of the window shutters, unfastened, was swinging in the wind. It banged shut, swung open again to reveal the leaden gleam of the sea, obscured at rhythmic intervals by a moving shadow—probably the shadow of a palm frond bending to the wind. The muscles along Fred's jaw tightened.

Dr. Forsythe saw the slight change in his expression. He said: "You keep away from that window, too."

Fred turned back, smiled again. Then the light went out.

The darkness that leaped into the room was accompanied by the tinkle of breaking glass and the crash of the lamp.

"Stay where you are, Mr. Oaks!" Dr. Forsythe called. "Don't move. I warn you."

There was no answer. The shutter slammed shut. Dr. Forsythe groped his way across the room, fumbled in his bag for a flashlight.

"Mr. Oaks!" he called again. His old fingers sought the button.

A feeble beam of light sprang into being, darted ineffectually about the room. It did not find Fred Oaks.

The shutter creaked open again. Dr. Forsythe went to the window, looked out. He could see the phosphorescent line of the surf, the stiff silhouettes of the tall palms against the whiteness of the beach. He saw no human figures. He reached out, was about to close the shutter, then reconsidered. He came back, picked up the kerosene lamp from the floor, struck a match, touched it to the wick. The chimney and shade were smashed beyond repair, but the wick flared with a yellow, smoky, odorous flame.

Dr. Forsythe returned to the bed, made another searching examination of the body of Lucy Steel. His thick, black eyebrows simulated most of the curves in Euclid before he finally snapped out his flashlight and replaced it in his bag. He got down on his hands and knees, looked under the bed, then rose stiffly, walked to the walnut clothespress. He pulled at the mirrored door, made several clucking sounds when it swung open. He spent ten minutes looking at the suits hanging there, going through the pockets. When he heard footsteps in the corridor, he quickly closed the door to the clothespress, buttoned his alpaca jacket, combed out his beard with his fingers.

"Thank God you've come, Mr. Hatton," he exclaimed as the district officer opened the door.

Reginald Hatton surveyed the dim-lit room, an annoyed expression on his ruddy, equine face.

"What's going on here, Forsythe?" he demanded. "Something important, I hope. You've taken me away from—"

"A deceased female, Mr. Hatton," said Dr. Forsythe, nodding toward the bed.

"I say!" The district officer came into the room, followed by Alvin Brinker, an Indian police officer, and two native constables.

"Why, that's Lucy Steel!" Brinker exclaimed.

HATTON looked at the bank manager curiously, then asked, "Friend of yours, Brinker?"

"Hardly." The banker's buck teeth shone in a sickly grin. "That's the American woman who came in on the Mail tonight. This chap Gabriel said her name was Lucy Steel."

"Yes, of course. I recall it now," said the district officer. "What happened, Forsythe?"

"I'm sure I can't say, Mr. Hatton. Miss Small sent for me, and I found two men in here with the corpse. . . ."

"Two men—in her room?"

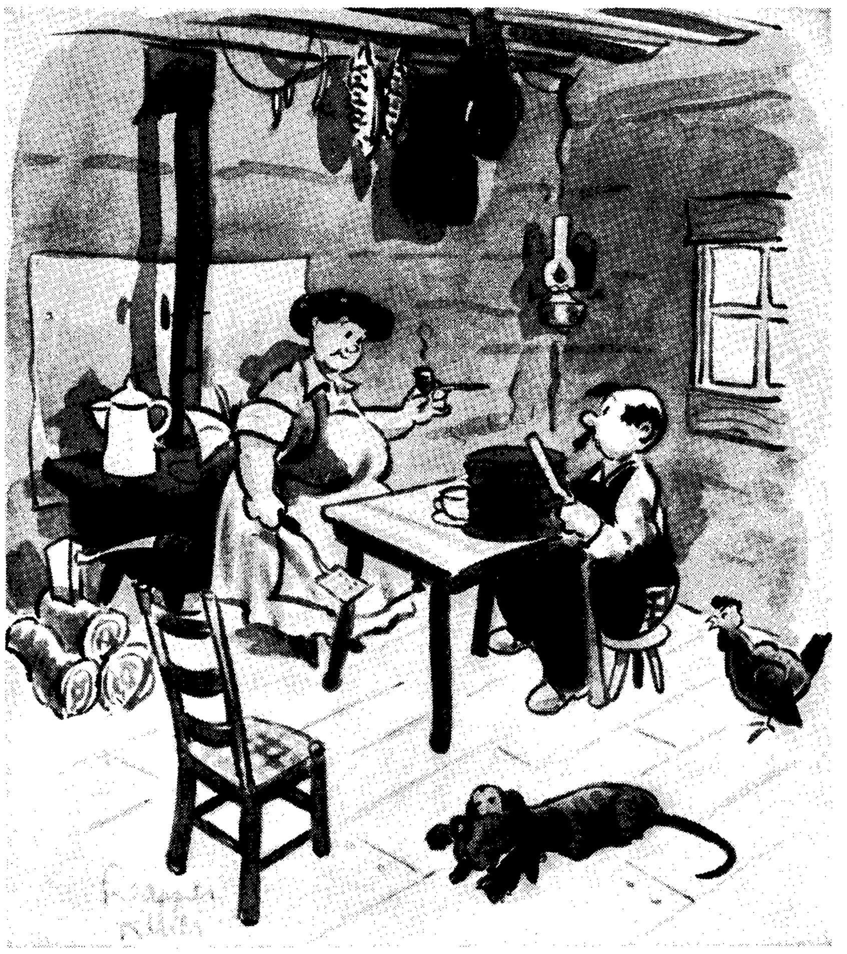
"This isn't her room, Mr. Hatton. It's—"

"Yes, of course. This is Oaks' room, isn't it? Where's Oaks?"

"He's gone, Mr. Hatton."

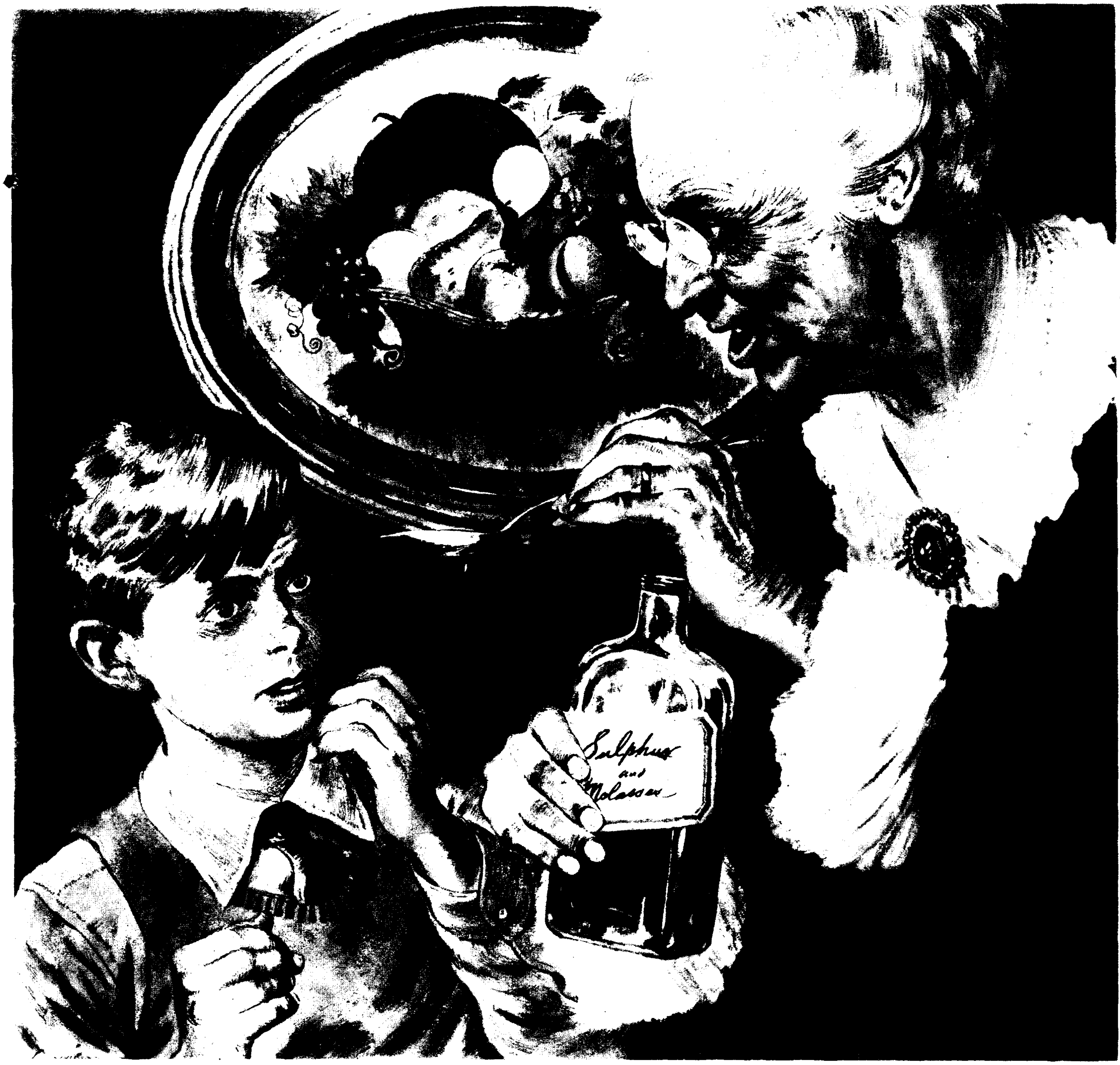
"Gone? How—?"

"I'm sure I don't know how he did it. Someone smashed the lamp. It couldn't have been Oaks. At least I don't believe it was Oaks. He was standing on the opposite side of the room. But the lamp did go out. I think someone outside hit



"Take your honey-and-maple mixture with your buckwheat cakes, Kennesaw. I'm all out of syrup"

REAMER KELLER



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it with something. The shutters weren't fastened. . . .

"Why weren't the shutters fastened?" demanded Hatton. He strode across the room, his face growing even redder with the rage of thwarted authority.

"It's none of my affair, Mr. Hatton. I was merely called as a physician—"

"Where's Miss Small?"

"I haven't seen her."

"Damned irregular. And a damned nuisance, just at this time. Who was the other man? Gabriel, I suppose."

"Yes," said Dr. Forsythe. "He says he's some sort of a detective, and—"

"Detective!" Merely pronouncing the word had a strange effect on Reginald Hatton. His British reserve, the dignity of his office, and the usual cold arrogance of his official voice vanished in a sudden sulphurous outburst of expletive. He touched briefly on the subject of Americans in general, detectives in general and American detectives in general. His remarks became more extended and more vehement when they concerned William Shakespeare Gabriel in particular. The violence and apparent lack of reason for the outburst left Brinker, the doctor and the police official gaping in astonishment. They were still gaping when Bill Gabriel made his personal appearance.

"Pardon me for eavesdropping," said Gabriel, when Hatton's roar had subsided, "but didn't I overhear my name mentioned in muted whispers?"

HE HELD the door open with one hand, and with the other kept a firm, possessive grasp on the arm of Gwendolyn Small. Miss Small surveyed the scene with complete detachment.

"Hello there, Gabriel," said the district officer, reassuming his normal voice. "As a matter of fact, I was asking about you. You helped Fred Oaks escape, didn't you?"

"I didn't notice he was gone," Gabriel said. "Anyhow, he can't get out of Shakkarpur any more tonight, unless he sprouts wings." He grinned maliciously at the district officer. "Which we all doubt very much. Don't we, Gwendolyn?"

This time Miss Small did not object to Gabriel's familiarity. She said quietly, as she stared at the red question mark on the bed sheet:

"I'm sure all this could be explained quite simply. Let me lay out the cards for you, Mr. Hatton. The cards will tell us. The cards will show us the knave . . . the black knave. . . ."

"Will you stop this nonsense!" the district officer bellowed. "You brought her in here just to confuse matters, Gabriel. But I warn you that any attempt to obstruct justice—"

"Why, I wouldn't do a thing like that to you, Mr. Hatton." The upper areas of Bill Gabriel's plump cheeks began to crinkle under the eyes. "Fact is, I just noticed that justice seems to be obstructing itself."

"I don't intend listening to your ill-mannered levity, Gabriel."

"Suit yourself." Gabriel shrugged. "Only I should think an investigating officer might be sort of curious about whatever it was that smashed that lamp." He gestured with his thumb.

The district officer walked slowly in the indicated direction, stooped over to examine the dark patch of spilled kerosene. There, in a glitter of broken glass, lay a small .32-caliber automatic pistol.

FRED OAKS had seen the automatic a few seconds before it came hurtling between the open shutters to extinguish the lamp. It had startled him at first; unable to identify the hand that held it, he could not know what function it was about to perform. He did know, however, that whatever happened, the moment had come for him to take abrupt leave of Seaside House. The corpse of Lucy Steel had set his plans somewhat awry.

Fred had made all arrangements to forestall arrest on any vague political complaint the district officer might devise, but he was not prepared to meet a charge of murder. It was inevitable that he would be saddled with the death of Lucy Steel as soon as they found out why Lucy had come to Shakkarpur, and they were certain to find out. In the long run he would clear himself, but legal chicanery was slow when the charge was murder, and Fred Oaks was in a hurry.

HE NEEDED another twenty-four hours at least to finish sowing his crop of dragon's teeth, and it might be forty-eight before he could shake the powdery dust of Shakkarpur from his heels, jump to Pondicherry to collect his money for a bad job well done, and get out of India. When the lamp smashed to the floor, Fred leaped through the open window.

USEFUL EUSTACE

BAKERY
ME
RUBBISH
KAY KARAFFA

KAY KARAFFA

Cactus spines jabbed at his underquarters as his heels sank into the sandy soil. He stumbled forward, plunged into the arms of the man standing in the darkness. His body stiffened, his hands moved upward seeking the man's throat. Then a voice murmured in his ear, "Easy, Fred. Let's go."

Fred relaxed, caught his balance. The man was Ganeshi Lal, lawyer son of the Brahman.

"This way," Ganeshi said. "The D. O. and his minions are galloping down the other road."

They hugged the wall of the hotel—as closely as Gwendolyn Small's cactus borders permitted—then cut back through the unkempt, neglected garden. Fred Oaks led the way, heading for the anonymous crowds of the bazaar. He could hear Ganeshi's breathing close behind him, for Ganeshi suffered from asthma. He could almost hear Ganeshi's silk shirt as well, for one of the effects of American higher education upon the Hindu lawyer was a predilection for loud shirts with violent stripes, an addiction to pinch-backed pongee suits and a talent for expressing displeasure by expelling air sharply between the tip of the tongue and the upper lip.

All these foreign affectations were symbolic of Ganeshi's revolt against orthodoxy. They stood between him and his own people almost as much as his refusal to go through a Brahmanic purification ceremony on his return from abroad, and his marriage with a girl of another caste. And, since they nevertheless brought him no closer socially to the West whose ideas he had adopted, they were also his badge of contempt for the Occident. Ganeshi Lal was a complete individualist, a one-man insurrection, the living voice of articulate protest. He was a rabid Swarajist and therefore a perfect setup for Fred Oaks.

"Thanks for the hand, Ganny," Fred said, when they had cleared the gardens of Seaside House. "That was nice timing—and nice aim. Whose gun was that you tossed at the lamp?"

"I don't know," said Ganeshi Lal.

"Where did you get it?"

"Right underneath your window. I peeked in, and saw you were in a jam, so I started looking around for a rock or something to throw at the lamp. I found that gun down on the ground among the cacti."

"How'd you happen to be outside the window in the first place, Ganny?"

"I heard you were due for trouble with the D. O.," said the Hindu attorney. "So I hurried over. And I took a dekko through the window first to see how deep you were in."

"Did you break the catch on the shutters?"

"No, the shutters were unfastened."

"How did you know I was in trouble with the D. O.?"

"The elderly parent told me. I didn't ask the old man how *he* knew, because he'd just have quoted from the Bhagavad-Gita or something, to make me think he got an exclusive tip from Hindu heaven. Anyhow, I rushed right over with a pocketful of writs. Then I looked in the window and saw that the writs didn't quite meet the current situation. Why did you kill that blonde, Fred?"

"I didn't kill her. I found her in my bed."

"Well," said the Hindu, "if you didn't kill the blonde, Fred, why did you jump out the window when I smashed the lamp?"

"Because Hatton would just as soon jug me for murder as on any other pretext. And I'm just as determined not to go to jail as Hatton is to send me there—at least until after Shivarat."

"What are you going to do? Leave town?"

"That's the simplest way of getting caught."

"WHO told you it was any simpler than a European trying to hide in a small Indian town? The D. O.'s men will ferret out your hiding place inside of two hours."

"The D. O. won't think of looking in the place I've picked," said Fred Oaks. "Not for a while, at least."

"Why won't he look there?"

"Because I'm going to hide in his own house," Oaks said.

"You're a genius," the Hindu said, "if you can get away with it. How will you get around the servants?"

"I think I can get around the servants. I'll have to, that's all. I've got to be there tomorrow morning, anyhow—to give instructions for the delivery of the rifles."

"You're crazy, Fred. You haven't had the rifles sent to the district officer's bungalow!"

"Sure I have," was the reply. "They're arriving from Madras addressed to the D. O.'s sister. She thinks they're wheel chairs for Doc Forsythe's Pariah Clinic."

"You are a genius!" Ganeshi Lal stopped to whistle in admiration. "Not to say a louse, and a fox of the first degree. As one angle-worker to another, I salute you."

"That's fine," Oaks said. "Now suppose you salute yourself off into some side street and let me continue my solitary way to the D. O.'s."

"Don't you want me to come with you?"

"No."

"What about the rifles? The men will be here at dawn tomorrow."

"I'll let you know as soon as I've decided what to do about them."

"No stalling now, Fred. I warn you, you can't let me down. My men have to have the rifles tomorrow."

"Why this sudden and un-Oriental show of speed, Ganny?"

"You know why. You've been following the news from Europe. England's going to war."

"That's what they said just before Munich," Fred declared.

"I know, but it's real this time. Even a Halifax will turn in the end. This is our big chance, Fred—the chance we should have grabbed when England was in a spot twenty-five years ago. We've got to strike now—while Britain is in no position to deny us. How are you going to let me know about the rifles, Fred?"

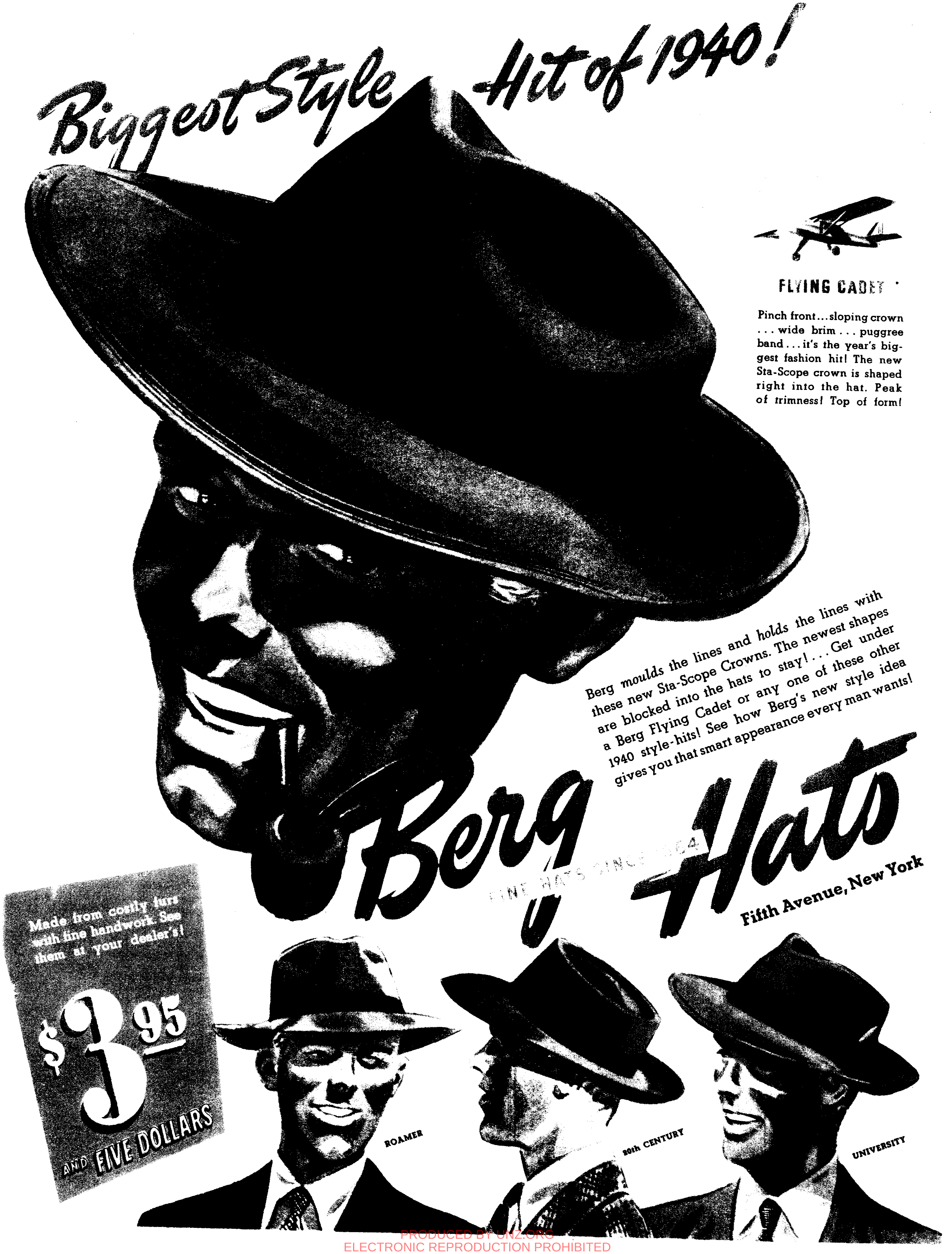
"By heliograph, pony express or mental telepathy. Trust to my ingenuity, Ganny."

"I do, Fred. But—"

"Then scram."

VIRGINIA HATTON waited for fifteen minutes after Fred Oaks left the domicile of Shivaji Lal. When the Brahman did not put in an appearance, she went next door to the unhallowed house of his son. She entered the drawing room. The Lals were a strange family—neither cod nor Bombay duck nor good red marinated herring—and fitted appropriately into the heterogeneous house of Lal the Younger.

The elder Lal was there, as Fred Oaks had predicted. He was squatting on the



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floor, balanced precariously but without effort upon his bare toes. His hands held his congress gaiters, one of which he used to make an occasional gesture of emphasis beneath the nose of his son. Virginia could not hear the subject of his argument for he spoke in his usual low, calm tone. She could only remark that Son Ganeshi seemed self-consciously bored as he leaned back in his imported leather chair, smoking his very English brier pipe with very un-English sucking sounds, and that the fingers of his right hand were rhythmically busy buttoning and unbuttoning the six buttons at the front of his dazzling silk shirt.

Ahalya Bai, Ganeshi's wife, sat in an imported rocking chair, gently rocking herself as she played the Internationale on her flute. Despite her surface unconventionality, she was less Westernized than her husband. She still wore a sari—a yellow one—wrapped around her small, lithe body and brought up, cowl-like, across the back of her glossy black hair. She wore the traditional red mark of the married woman on her forehead, but Virginia suspected that this was only because it was becoming to her deep olive complexion—for the same reason that she used kohl to make her eyes brighter.

Ahalya Bai seemed quite as oblivious of the men's argument as they were unaware of her persistent tootling. For them she was as much a part of the scenery as the pictures on the walls: Karl Marx, Stalin, Rosa Luxemburg, Gandhi, Rousseau, Susan B. Anthony, Lloyd George, Tagore, Amelia Earhart and Mr. Justice Frankfurter in academic cap and gown. All except Marx, Rousseau and Rosa Luxemburg, which were cheap prints, the portraits had been cut out of the rotogravure sections of Sunday newspapers and framed with window glass and passe partout.

Virginia waited near the door for a moment, gently clearing her throat at intervals. Then she ventured a few steps into the room and said:

"I'm afraid I'm intruding."

Shivaji Lal suddenly stopped waving his congress gaiters, stood upright and slipped his feet into them.

"Please come in," he said.

Ahalya Bai Lal put down her flute, picked up a small box of Jaipur enamel beside her rocking chair, and came forward, her silver bangles jingling about her bare ankles. "Won't you have some pan?" she offered. "I've just rolled it myself. The betel leaves are freshly picked."

"Thank you," said Virginia.

"What's on your mind, Miss H.?" Ganeshi Lal demanded. He continued to loll with important nonchalance in his leather chair, talking around his pipe.

VIRGINIA wanted to say, "You know what's on my mind, because it's on your mind and everybody's mind. You were talking of it as I came in, I'm certain." She didn't, however. Only yesterday these people had been her friends—queer friends, perhaps, but sincere, charming, who spoke her language and seemed to make sport of the old Kipling gap between East and West. Tonight they were strangers.

Something had happened that made her an alien in a hostile household. Little things that yesterday had been amusing peculiarities tonight assumed large and symbolic importance. The caste marks blazing on Shivaji Lal's intelligent forehead, the red-rimmed teeth of the pan-chewer, which showed when Ganeshi smiled—they were big with outlandish meaning tonight. They were foreign, yet they were at the same time familiar, so that it was Virginia who was foreign, insignificant, the object of condescension. So she said meekly, foolishly, "It's such a hot night, I've been out for a walk. I happened to be passing by. . . . Please don't let me interrupt. . . ."

The Brahman looked at her curiously.

"We were engaged in a somewhat academic discussion," he said, "of the deplorable decline of Shakkarpur since Kitchener removed the garrison in 1906."

"Since the collapse of the sugar market," Ganeshi Lal corrected.

"Since chemical dyes have ruined our indigo plantations," Ahalya Bai amended. "Industrial capitalism has killed Shakkarpur."

"IT'S too bad, really," said Virginia in a monotone. And she was thinking, "You're lying, all of you. That's not at all what you were talking about. How can any sensitive and intelligent person talk of anything else, when the sultry air is so full of impending trouble that you can already hear the mutter of the storm and smell the ozone of the approaching lightning! How can you talk of the Shakkarpur of 1906 when the Shakkarpur of 1939 is atremble with the fanatical shouts of thousands of Moslem pilgrims, parading the image of Burak, the vehicle that carried Mohammed to heaven, spoiling for a fight with the thousands of Hindu pilgrims, come to do homage to Shiva! The slow progression of the calendars has brought Muharram and Shivarat together and there is hate in men's hearts, instead of awe and reverence in their souls. . . !"

"You are not chewing your pan," said the young Mrs. Lal. "You need not be afraid. I made it especially for you. It will not make your teeth red."

Virginia looked down at her hand, which still held the pan—a small green cornucopia of a betel leaf neatly pinned with a clove. She had often indulged in this social digestive rite with her Hindu friends, and it had seemed as natural as an after-dinner cigarette. Now, however, she felt as though she could not possibly bear the taste of the areca nut inside the rolled leaf. She glanced at the Brahman again. His pale brown eyes were fixed upon her with a cold, piercing intensity she had never noticed before. She thought of hypnotists . . . Yoga . . . all the strange occult powers in which India was said to be steeped. . . .

"Is he still there?" the Brahman asked.

"Who?" Virginia countered—although she knew very well without asking.

"The sahib with the eyes of a rogue and the smile of a boy. Fred Oaks, of course."

"No. He's gone back to Seaside House."

"Your brother is going to arrest him," said the Brahman. "When? Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," Virginia blurted, before she had recovered from her surprise at the Brahman's knowledge of what she had supposed was a secret.

"Tonight, eh?" Ganeshi Lal at last took the pipe from between his teeth, rose from his chair. "Then I'd better drop over and see him. He'll be needing me. Pardon me while I get some papers together."

The Brahman's son slipped on his pongee jacket, buttoned it carefully, sauntered into the next room.

"I must be going, too," Virginia said.

"Good night," said Mrs. Lal.

"Salaam, Missy Sahib," said the Brahman. Virginia thought she detected a trace of ironic condescension in his voice as he employed the respectful form of address used by Hindu servants in speaking to their European betters. He pressed the palms of his hands together in front of his face, in Indian-style greeting.

"Good night," said Virginia.

When she reached the street outside the house, she realized she was still holding the tiny cornucopia of pan in her hand. She flung it away, started walking.

(To be continued next week)

A Gift to the Nation

Continued from page 20

He grasped the ropes of the Jacob's ladder and looked down at Mr. Rieser. "Only I got an idea we ain't goin' to get there," he added, with gloomy prescience.

TREDEEN, the chief engineer, arising from a cloud of steam, admitted to the inquiring Mr. Hall that he could use three more days to repair the sins of the Greek ex-chief and the ravages the sea had wrought while the St. Nicholas lay on her bilge on the reef. He'd been able to kick her from Caribbean port to port as she was. But to make the long voyage from Barbados to Plymouth—Mr. Tredeen shrugged his singlet-clad shoulders.

Mr. Hall, who had been observing that the northeast trade had backed to north and was blowing with increasing enthusiasm, lured the chief up out of his misty cavern into the presence of the Old Man.

But Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, overruled the idea of delay between wheezes. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hall called him a little guy he was quite as tall as the mate and now he seemed taller.

"This is war, gentlemen," he said in his uncertain voice. "We must ignore such normal hazards as engine breakdowns and gales to accomplish our mission."

"Our mission bein' to sink in a gallant manner," Mr. Hall growled in Fred Rieser's ear, not taking too much trouble to keep his voice down.

Captain Billingsby looked at his mate. A tall gray man, slightly bent, ravaged by asthma, Billingsby now gave the impression of being hollow, like the shell discarded by some insect long since gone off on other business of its own. But his eyes had left in them the direct, positive regard of one sure that he will be obeyed.

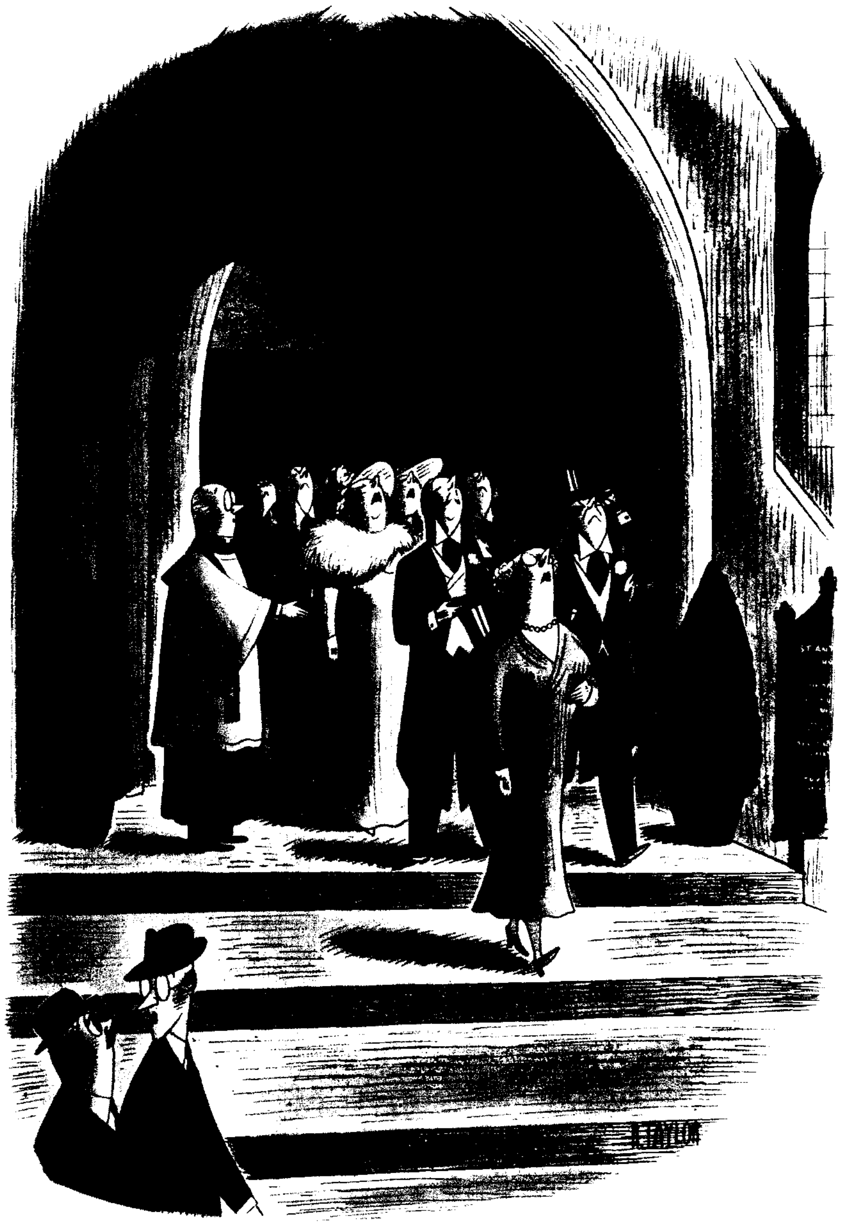
"Every day lost is an advantage lost," the Old Man said. He turned to Tredeen: "It is impossible to get away—or merely hazardous?"

The squat Cornishman snorted. He tapped the engine-room telegraph significantly and swiveled a glance of supreme contempt at all deck officers within range, including Captain Billingsby.

"Give me a jingle," he challenged, and went below.

Mr. Hall aired his views to Mr. Rieser in the port cab of the bridge.

"I'm alone on the ship," he said. "That engineer's a guy I counted on to have some sense but he turns out to be as British as that wheezin' old R.N. An' the rest of 'em are all lim—" He caught sight of two coal-black 'Badian seamen on the wall deck—"or claim to be," he added. "We even got 'em from British



"I guess Dr. Woodruff gave 'em another one of his 'straight-from-the-shoulder' sermons" RICHARD TAYLOR

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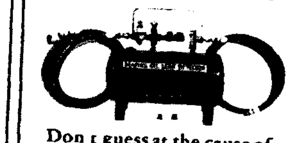

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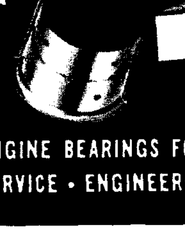
WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING



REPLACE WITH FEDERAL Mogul

ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL

Honduras an' British Guiana but to listen to 'em they was all born in Trafalgar Square under a stone lion. I got the whole job o' dunkin' the glory an' gettin' her into port."

"I'll give you a hand," said Mr. Rieser, grinning. "After all, I was born within sight of the United States."

"But you wasn't lookin' our way at the time," said Mr. Hall. "You're all lousy with luck that a practical man like me is aboard. I'll get her across." He meditated, sourly measuring the breadth of the second mate's grin. "I hope," he added.

IT WAS not long after leaving Carlisle Bay and rounding South Point that Mr. Hall's apprehensions regarding that northerly wind came to be felt. Once out from under the lee of the island the St. Nicholas began taking sizable seas on the port bow.

She slogged into these after the manner of a man walking into a steel bulkhead on a dark night. The seas stone-walled her. But she staggered on between blows into the northeast all that long afternoon.

The wind didn't ease up and fall light at night, after the custom of the trade wind. It kept on blowing, increasing slowly, while the seas built up. The St. Nicholas butted on. She slowed up without any jingle from the bridge. It became apparent to Mr. Hall, gloomily triumphant, that Tredeen would now begrudge the deck enough steam to blow the whistle. He was pinching steam from the main engine to run his pumps and he made use of his sanitary pumps to reinforce his bilge pumps to throw the water out of her.

"We're on our way," said Mr. Hall when he came up at 4 A. M. to take over the bridge from the second mate.

Mr. Rieser, after a grisly gravy-eye watch, shook his head doubtfully as he glanced at the white crest of a sea that went charging past. "On our way, but not making much," he said.

Vengefully Mr. Hall stabbed downward at the floor of the Atlantic. "On our way down an' doin' pretty well, mister. I'd say we were a foot nearer bottom already."

Not long after that Mr. Tredeen stuck his head up to glare defiantly—too defiantly—at the seas breaking over her forecastle head. The carpenter, a taciturn New Zealander, sounded the wells and made his unpleasant report. The tops of the seas, with a good few tons of water in them, came aft and tried out the strength of the wooden hatch covers of Number One and Number Two holds.

Wearily Captain Billingsby came out of his immobility in the weather cab of the bridge.

"You were right in your estimate of the situation, Mr. Hall," he said, and his asthmatic wheezing seemed worse than usual. "Nevertheless I conceived it my duty—to proceed at the earliest opportunity. . . . I would be compelled to act in the same manner—if I had the decision to make again—on the chance that we might have met better weather."

Mr. Hall grunted. "Swank—that's their word for it an' it goes with me," he told himself. "I know these cargo scows, sir," he said aloud. "She's practically hove to now, an' wastin' coal an' riskin' stove-in hatch covers. How about puttin' her stern onto this an' breakin' out a sea anchor, sir? I figure she'd ride easier an' shake fewer rivets out o' her plates."

Captain Billingsby considered the matter. It wasn't the way you handled a naval craft bound on a service mission.

Mr. Hall walked over to glare at the spot where Tredeen had emerged from his steam bath and then came back.

"I could tell by the slant o' that chief engineer's jaw that he's runnin' too much sea water through his boilers, sir," he said to the Old Man. "Lyin' to a sea anchor will give him a chance to repair some o' his condenser tubes if she don't sink while he's at it. Nice weather for a job like that."

Captain Billingsby walked into the wheelhouse and whistled down the engine-room speaking tube. Mr. Hall sent a man of the watch forward to get out the watches below. Handling a sea anchor is not a job for one man. He had his men ready when the Old Man gave the order.

That was the start of it. The gale got no worse but neither did it blow itself out.

In the next score of days Mr. Hall got an idea that maybe some of the guff broken old men had poured into his ears about hardships under sail was perhaps true. Mercilessly he drove his willing crew on that long battle to get to windward against persistent gales. She was making the fight on what steam Tredeen could spare from the pumps. She never hung up a run of more than one hundred and twenty-six miles in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Hall himself learned a lot he had forgotten about sewing heavy canvas as he led the crew on the job of keeping her in sea anchors. The sea anchors ripped to pieces like wet paper as she reared and plunged under the impact of the seas.

It was like that. And the thing that made Mr. Hall sorest was that this bunch of limeys—black, white and tan—were all glorying in taking it.

"I'll bet every last one of you lousy empire builders would welcome bucking a hurricane!" he snarled at Mr. Rieser. "Well, mister, you can't show your patriotic guts in a hurricane because if I get warning o' one I'm goin' to high-tail out of it if I have t' duck round Cape Stiff. I'm goin' to get you to England, scrap iron, sugar, patriotics an' all, intact."

He stopped talking, with a pained expression as the ship took one and failed to rise to the next grayback. She floundered through, with water roaring aft and off her, and waddled on.

Captain Billingsby came strolling out of the cab of the bridge. "It's moderating fast, Mr. Hall," he said pleasantly.

Mr. Hall grunted. "I'm in no need o' bein' cheered up, sir," he bawled and stood up very straight.

A FAINT tinge of pink showed on Captain Billingsby's gray face. For a long moment, while the wind thundered at the dodger, he stood silent. Then he spoke:

"I should have known that, Mr. Hall."

He walked back to his shelter.

Mr. Hall growled in his throat. "That's the old croaker all the way through," he said somewhat incoherently. "Insults a guy and then makes him sorry he stood up f'r himself. I'm goin' to make him heave her to again."

Captain Billingsby rejected the suggestion. They caught more of a lacing than usual that night.

Mr. Hall put the bowl back on the saloon table and scraped the stew off his pants with a knife. That had been quite a cross sea and the ship had stayed under quite a while when her bow had been knocked off.

"It's gettin' so I'm prayin' for a submarine to shell hell out of us so I can get into a nice safe lifeboat an' bail for my life," the mate said through his teeth to Mr. Tredeen. "I've more steam in my left arm than there is in your boilers."

"Let us know when it gets up to your ankles," said the chief engineer and departed rapidly for his swashing inferno.

Wearily Captain Billingsby gave the word to heave her to. As they had laboriously climbed the latitudes his breath had grown shorter and the bones of his face were nearly through his skin.

Next morning it did moderate. The wind left a soaring swell that picked up the ship in easy mockery and then dropped her casually, without weight or malice. She made headway, for the anger was out of the sea. The skies were gray; there was a hint of drizzle but no indications of more wind.

It occurred to Mr. Hall that this thing couldn't last forever; that the position marked on the chart was where she was and not just where they wished she were. Turtlelike, she had crawled within a day or two of landfall. This was English weather. They were that close. Mr. Hall swung out the lifeboats on the davits and ordered lifebelts kept handy.

A plane, a British seaplane on patrol, came through the low clouds, banked sharply around, had a long look at them and departed.

"Maybe the gag is to get her to within sight of the granite cliffs o' Cornwall or the red cliffs o' Devon or the white cliffs o' Dover and then let her dive," the mate said to Mr. Rieser. "That way it would be a lot gallanter. Swankier, huh?"

Mr. Rieser started to pat his arm and then changed his mind. "The Old Man wants to bring her into Plymouth Sound, within sight of Devonport dockyard, where the navy turned him down," he said cheerily. "I know a pub on Bedford Street where—"

"I know more pubs in Plymouth than you do and I won't buy any o' you limeys a drink in any of 'em," Mr. Hall snapped. "I'm an American, I am, and I don't belong around here in the war zone and I'll feel damn' silly sinkin' in the Channel an' probably gettin' pinched for it. Furthermore—"

He stopped as his roving eye encountered smoke in the grayness a couple of points on the port quarter. There was quite a bit of smoke in sight when the bridge was lifted high on a swell.

It was a convoy. There was soon no doubt of that. And the merchant ships in it were making speed—about twice that of the St. Nicholas.

"Maybe from Halifax," Mr. Rieser said proudly.

A destroyer came knifing and soaring up over the swells for a look at them. She seemed to bring thicker weather along with her, for the convoy vanished. The drizzle started in earnest, a speckle of tiny, clinging globules that drifted carelessly through misty air.

Captain Billingsby, letting go his hold on the rail, stared over the dodger at the destroyer with longing eyes and an expressionless face.

THEY managed to convince the destroyer commander by megaphone of their good faith. The Old Man's breath wasn't equal to megaphoning. But seemingly the destroyer commander had heard of the St. Nicholas. The lean, fierce little ship spun around and left them. No chance of a crippled ship like the St. Nicholas joining the convoy.

But, on converging courses, in the mist, the convoy joined the St. Nicholas. One ship, a big imposing cargo liner whose long bridge structure gave intimation of sizable passenger capacity, came within the veil of fog around the stern of the laboring little tramper.

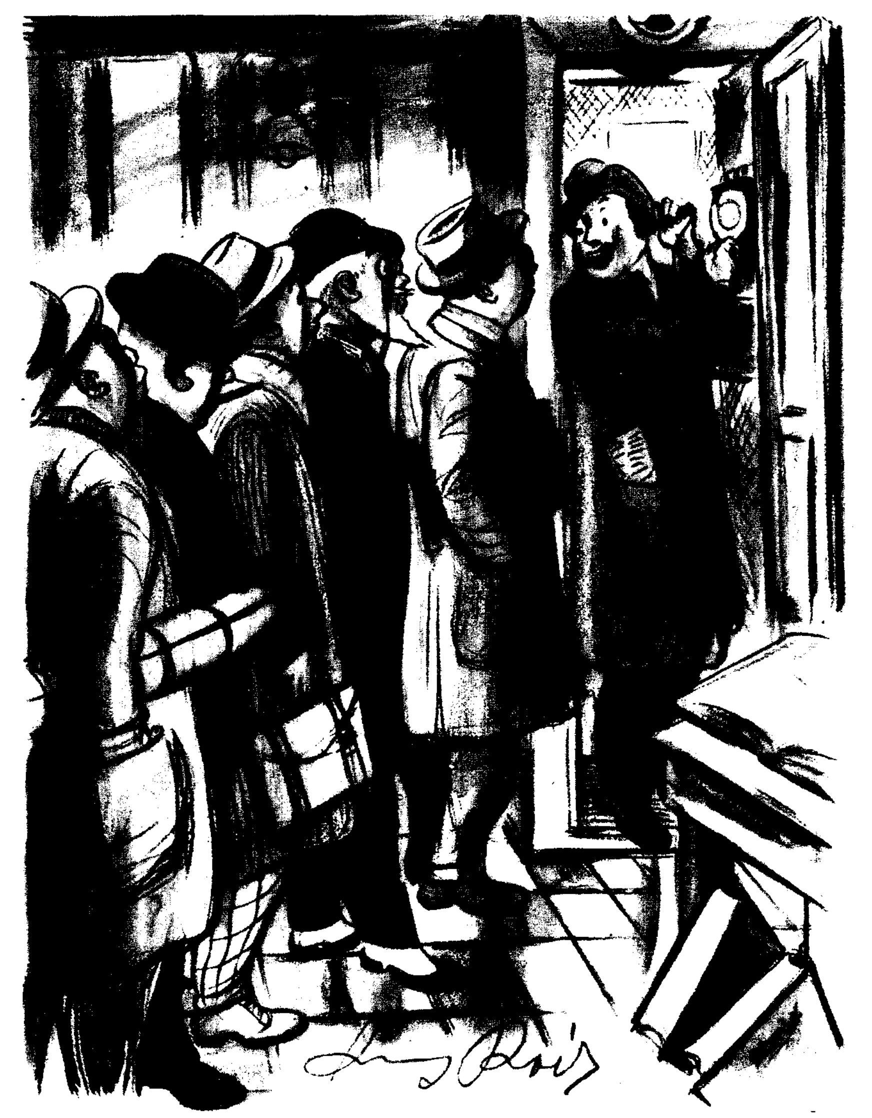
"Zigzagging," said young Mr. Rieser wisely.

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Hall. "I—"

Gunfire cut off his voice. Gunfire ahead, somewhere in the mist.

Gunfire!

"They don't shoot guns for fun in this



"Here's a cute wrong number if anyone is interested. I must be going now"

I. ROIR

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Some are LONG
Some are MEDIUM

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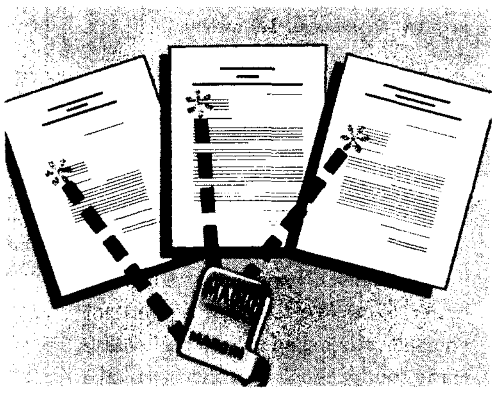

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Important Help for You

This book—which is yours for the asking—makes it easy and simple for you to keep a *daily* record of all family expenditures—so that you can learn how much should be set aside for various living expenses. Experience shows it is better to answer these questions for yourself rather than to rely on "ready-made" budget books—which never take personal differences into consideration.

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kind o' weather, with a convoy on their necks," Mr. Hall said. "Not even navy swabs would do that."

Like Captain Billingsby and Mr. Rieser, his eyes were swiveling from the unrevealing mist ahead to the little circle of visible gray water around the ship. The long swells seemed crawling with menace. Guns!

In the wheelhouse a Cockney quartermaster was gripping the wheel as if it were fighting him and breathing hard through his mouth. Adenoids, thought Mr. Hall, and peered past the wheelhouse at the big ship astern.

She had been headed to pass to starboard under their stern, but now, with gunfire in her ears, she was swinging quickly to port, to get back into the company of other ships.

Suddenly Mr. Hall let his breath go out of him in a sudden cry. One arm jumped up to point; the other grabbed at Captain Billingsby's pipestem arm and jerked him around.

"Submarine!" the mate snapped out. "Broad on the starboard bow! Periscope! Her deck's awash!"

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the St. Nicholas. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand toward the sub and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The Old Man spoke. His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly turning bow.

"But—"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonized protest: "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But—"

THE Old Man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the Old Man said, and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and a small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened: "Get the men out of the engine room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned toward the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section of the forward wheelhouse wall. He crawled through a shattered frame of glass.

The bridge was a grotesque curve. Staring past it, Mr. Hall saw her bow was gone—chewed off. He was numbly glad that her hands didn't bunk forward. He looked around. He saw Mr. Rieser bending over something beside the port side of what had been the wheelhouse. It was the Old Man he was fussing with and the Old Man's gray head was bloody.

MR. HALL looked aft, at the tilting deck, with men moving fast, though none too purposefully, in a fog-framed disaster.

"Abandon ship!" he bawled through cupped hands. He grabbed Mr. Rieser's shoulder. "Get the port lifeboat afloat—le' go the falls or cut her loose—so she'll drift clear. A swell mess—"

He and Mr. Rieser and the Old Man's body went sliding all together. It looked as if an enormous sea had risen up ahead and was preparing to come down on her. But it wasn't that. It was the ship lifting her stern high and sliding bow first down into the sea.

Green water overwhelmed them as Mr. Hall made a grab at the Old Man's body. He hung on, kicking with both feet and thrashing with one hand, fighting too hard to wonder how much drag a sinking ship really exerted.

His breath went fast. His struggling and even his grip on the Old Man were failing when his mouth came through into air. He breathed and then he tried to lift old Billingsby's head.

The swirling seas had cleaned off the Old Man's head wound with merciless thoroughness. Mr. Hall saw at a glance that Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, was dead. It looked as if he had barely had time to get his hands down to his side, before something heavy from that disintegrating bow had finished him.

Gasping hard, Mr. Rieser emerged from a wave. A good few men, most of them floundering toward an overturned lifeboat, were visible amid the debris of the St. Nicholas. Close past them, with guns hammering, knifed the nearest destroyer. The submarine had disappeared.

Just visible, the huge bulk of the freighter ploughed on steadily. A big, modern ship, that.

Rieser swam toward Mr. Hall. The Canadian's smile was gone. He stared with blinking, salty eyes at the mate.

"Wha' did I tell you?" gasped the mate. "He got us torped—"

"You don't need to hold him up now," Rieser panted, and scowled at him. "The Old Man's dead."

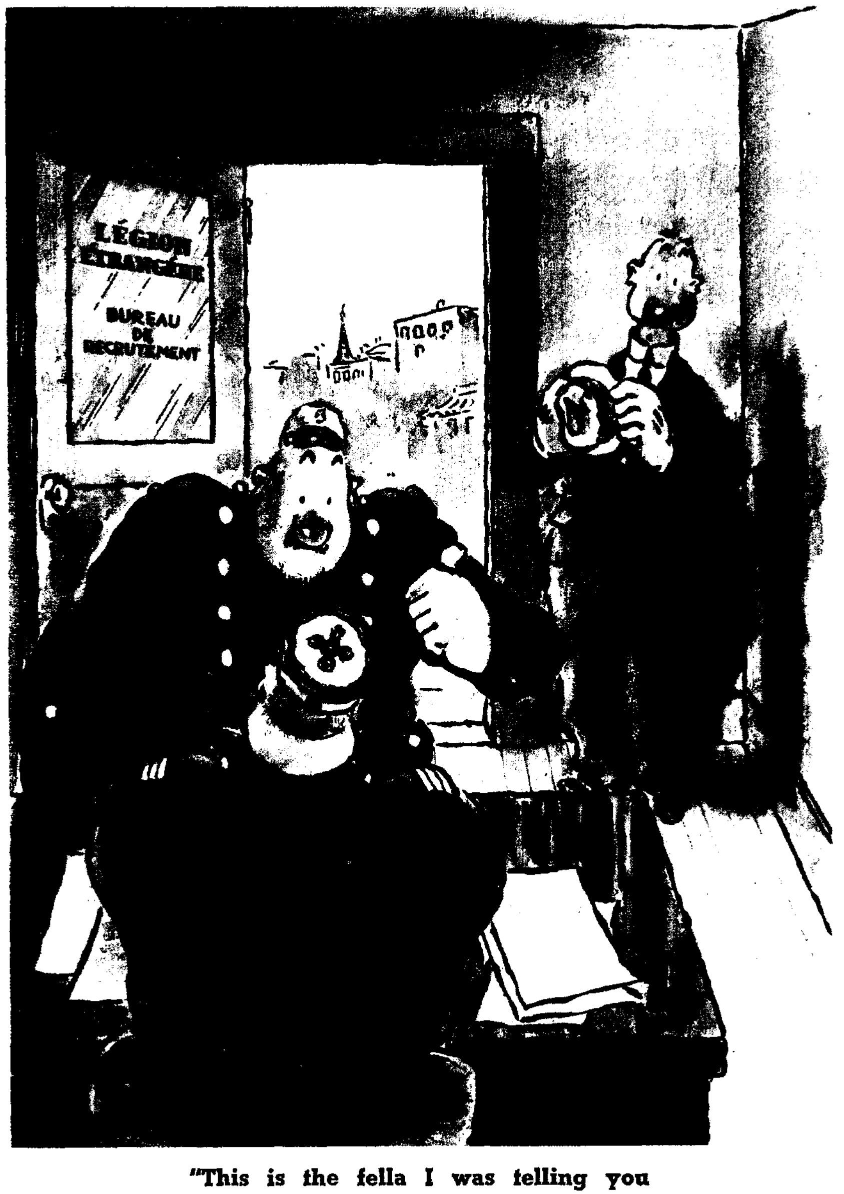
"Sure!" Mr. Hall said, kicking vigorously. "He should ha' tried to ram. Hell, he might ha' made it."

He breathed at the wrong moment, expelled a mouthful of water, coughed and pointed.

"Shove that hatch board over," he choked. "Maybe these limeys will want t'—make a fuss over the little guy—just f'r gettin' his ship sunk. An' if that's so I want t' see all the doin's. It's so damn'—ridiculous! Heave him up on it!"

Mr. Rieser helped drag the Old Man up onto the hatch cover. Then he looked across at Mr. Hall and a faint shadow of his old grin crossed his face.

"What a lousy hypocrite you turned out to be, Mister," he said.



"This is the fella I was telling you about, Captain. He married my ex-wife"

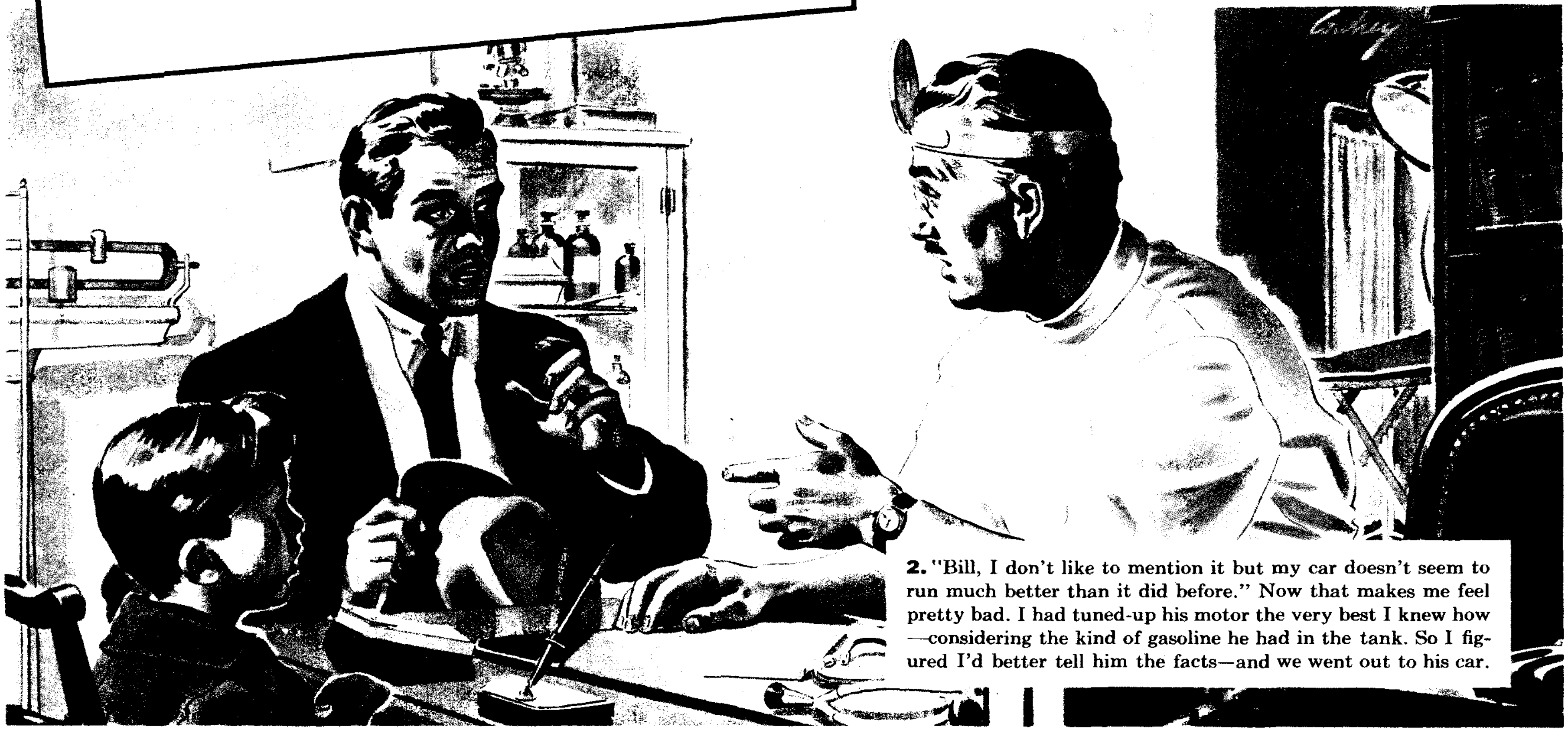
JAY IRVING

"So Doc swaps me the kid's measles for a carbon-and-valve job"...

(BASED ON ACTUAL EXPERIENCE)

DR. HENDERSON

1. Dr. Henderson and I have a working agreement. He doctors my family and I keep his car healthy. So last month I do a first-class carbon-and-valve job to pay for his taking care of my boy's measles. Later I take the kid around to him for a final check-up and I'm much relieved to hear he is now O.K. But then Doc says:



2. "Bill, I don't like to mention it but my car doesn't seem to run much better than it did before." Now that makes me feel pretty bad. I had tuned-up his motor the very best I knew how—considering the kind of gasoline he had in the tank. So I figured I'd better tell him the facts—and we went out to his car.

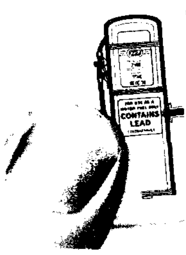
3. "Doc," I says, "I know your car isn't running 100 per cent... but it's the best you can expect from that gas you've been buying lately."

"Gasoline's gasoline, isn't it?" he asks. "What's that got to do with it?" So I explain:

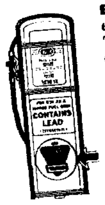
4. "Every car has a spark adjustment that controls performance. High anti-knock gasoline allows an *advance* setting for more power and mileage. Low-grade gas requires a *retard* setting to prevent 'knock'... See this chart?"

The higher the anti-knock quality of gasoline... the farther your mechanic can advance the spark toward maximum power (*without "knock" or "ping"*)... and the better the performance of your car.

HERE ARE THE SIGNS OF IMPROVED GASOLINE



BETTER—This sign on a pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than three-fourths of all the motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline.



BEST—The "Ethyl" emblem means that: The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock, is your dealer's finest grade of motor fuel and your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy.

5. Doc reads it carefully. "You mean the better the gas, the better my car?" he asks. "Absolutely correct, Doc," I answer. "You go fill your car's tank with the *best* gasoline and then let me reset the spark. You'll see plenty of difference!"

The better the gas – the better your car!

6. "*You're* the doctor, Bill!" Doc tells me now. "My engine has plenty of pep these days and it runs so quiet I need a stethoscope to hear it!"... *But what of **your** car, reader? Look at the chart above again. It's good medicine!*

THIS MONDAY NIGHT...Tune in "Tune-Up Time," featuring Andre Kostelanetz and Tony Martin. Columbia Broadcasting System, 8 P.M., E.S.T.; 7 P.M., C.S.T.—10 P.M., M.S.T.; 9 P.M., P.S.T.

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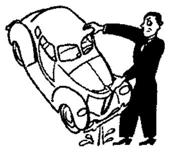
PREVENTIVE SERVICE

FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

Nowadays, the term "Spring Tune-up" is as much a part of operating your automobile as the owner's license. In the Springtime, when the car-owner's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of distant scenes, it is important that the car be in the same mood. The Spring Tune-up is one of the most satisfying purchases you can make for your automobile. It contributes to your comfort, safety and pleasure. It protects the investment you have in your car and saves on operation and upkeep.

IF the automobile could talk, Spring Tune-up would need no check list. The car would say—"I'll feel better if you'll get this old anti-freeze out of my pipes . . . let me have fresh lubrication . . . straighten my wheels and a few other things I'll tell you about as you go along."

But up to now, cars haven't been made to talk, although they do almost everything else. Therefore, you, as the owner, will have to give the instructions about the tune-up.



Of Course, You'll Drain Out the Anti-Freeze

Cleaning out the cooling system is No. 1 on the "making fit" parade. But that means more than draining the radiator and putting in fresh water. The hot water has been depositing a scale on the inside of the cooling system. This scale must be removed for efficient operation. If it isn't removed, it clogs up the passages and also actually acts as an insulator and causes overheating. The customary way of giving the cooling system a good cleaning is to put a specially prepared chemical compound in the radiator, then the engine is run for a while so the chemical has a chance to do its work. Finally "reverse flushing" with water under air pressure speeds the parting scale. When the fresh water is put in, it is good to add a "rust inhibitor" which will keep down future rust and scale.

Before leaving the cooling system, there are three points to check before you can feel that it is all set for Summer. First, the water pump, which sees to it that the water circulates. Second, hose connections, which carry the water from the engine to the radiator and back again. Third, the fan belt, which drives the pump and turns the fan to help cool the water.

The water pump does a lot of pumping in a season, so it is due for an inspection in the Spring Tune-up. The hose connections may have lost their resiliency and require replacing to make the cooling system water-tight. The fan belt may be worn to a point where replacement is advisable before the Summer season starts. . . . By the way, don't forget to have your heater shut off.

"Change the Oil"

"Drain out the anti-freeze" and "Change the oil" go together like ham and eggs. Even the most casual tuner-upper thinks of taking care of these two operations. It's all right as far as it goes—but it doesn't go far enough.

Lubrication may be **Ordered** *Casually but It must be* **Done** *Carefully*

Probably no other piece of machinery ever had its lubrication taken so casually by the owner as the automobile. Even the non-mechanical householders feel that the oiling of household appliances is a very important duty. Long before the vacuum, the electric fan or the sewing-machine starts to screech, the owners are applying the soothing and essential lubricants.

Maybe if we keep reminding ourselves that the automobile is a combination of many pieces of machinery rather than considering it a unit, the lubrication needs would make their proper impression.

Depending on the make of car, there are 25 to 50 different places that need to be lubricated. Some of these individual pieces of machinery will hold their lubricant for approximately 1,000 miles. Some of the other pieces of machinery are so designed that they hold their lubricant for 2,000 miles; others for 5000 miles and some for 10,000 miles.

Of course, it is human nature to ignore entirely that which asks for so little attention. All too often, the parts in the automobile that require lubrication only every 2,000 or 5,000 or 10,000 miles don't get it then.

Good service stations keep records for you so that these parts, such as wheel bearings, transmission, universal joint and rear axle, do not become neglected "orphan spots".

Give the New Oil a New Filter Element

Throughout the Winter, your oil filter has been trapping the dirt and abrasives that sneaked into your engine. The oil filter can't get rid of that sludge. It just has to hold it while it continues to collect more and more in its job of keeping the oil clean. Naturally, there comes a time when it has all the dirt it can possibly hold. If it could scream for help, it would. But not being able to do that, it automatically cuts itself off from the oil line and the car has *to run as though it didn't have a filter*. So, when you are giving your car its Spring tonic, be sure to give it a fresh new oil filter element.

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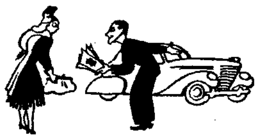
that comes in the Spring



Tune-up for the Fuel Line Saves Money

While the oil filter operation is fresh in mind, let's give the air cleaner attention. What the oil filter does in keeping the oil clean, the air cleaner does in keeping the air which goes into the carburetor clean.

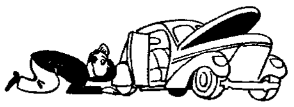
This little device makes a tremendous contribution to the mileage you get per gallon of gasoline. There are cases where a new element has increased the mileage of a car as much as 15%. Such a saving is the best reminder that a check of the air cleaner is important business in the Spring Tune-up.

The carburetor setting is another place to watch for savings. There is a big change in the atmosphere from Winter to Summer—and a little change in the carburetor will deliver a big improvement in the mileage you secure from each gallon of gasoline. And, speaking of gasoline, don't forget the fuel pump and the fuel filter. Better have them checked.

The Electrical System

It is not an arduous task to check the ignition system from battery to spark plugs. And in the checking, little things that are out of whack can be fixed easily while the car is being tuned up. Whereas, they cause you no end of trouble and inconvenience if they give way on the road.

First, you want to know that the battery is okeh. Then as you go out along the "line", you want to know whether the cables and cable connections and the coil are all set for a busy season. Then have the distributor points cleaned and set—or, better still, replaced. If the charging rate of your generator was increased last Fall, remember to have it changed back again. And finally, the spark plugs should be tested, cleaned, adjusted or replaced—depending upon what is necessary to give them that get-up-and-go that belongs with Spring.

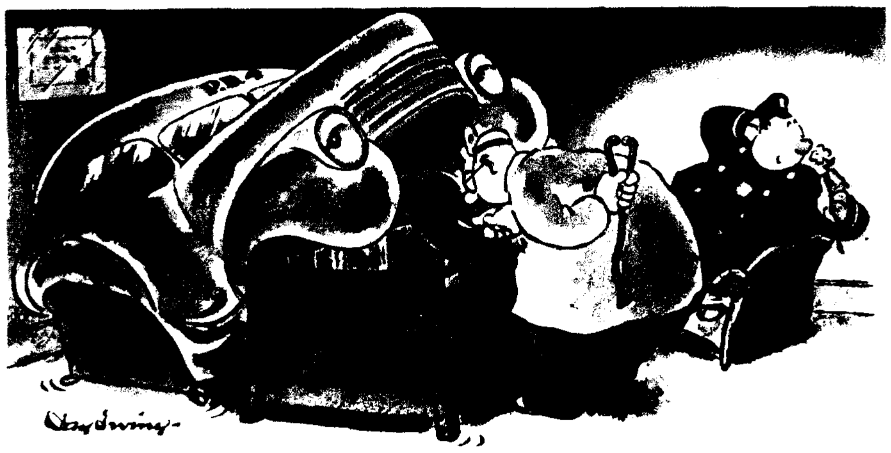


By the Way, Do You Know Where the Fuse Box Is?

The electrical system on the automobile is so near perfect that many people drive cars for years without ever having occasion to learn where the fuses for the horn and the lights are placed. But for that rare occasion when the horn goes dead or, what is worse, when the horn gets "shorted" and its continuous blowing arouses the neighborhood, there is relief if you can go directly to the fuse box and stop the noise by removing the fuse temporarily. If the horn has gone dead, it is quite possible that the fuse is blown out, and with a handy spare you can put it in order again.

Now—Back to the Tune-up

Engine valves ought to be on your checking list. After all, the valves have the job of closing and making the little chamber gas-tight before the explosion goes off. In the course of 1,000 miles, each valve opens and closes two or three million times and has to withstand the wear and tear of two or three million explosions. It wouldn't be surprising if the valves needed a little adjustment as a result of your Winter driving. To have them checked is good business.



You might discover that they have gathered an excess of carbon, and in that case you will be well repaid in savings and performance to have the carbon removed and the valves reseated.

Next, Consider the Running Gear

Here, we take a look into that department of the automobile which had some good, hard work during the Winter—the wheels, the tires, the brakes.

Wheels

If you did much driving on the ice and snow, the wheels probably had a bumpy time of it. Those sharp bumps frequently force the wheels out of alignment—and wheels out of alignment wear the tires excessively, in addition to producing difficult steering. You know how easy it is for your glasses to get out of alignment with hardly any wear and tear on them. With the rough treatment your wheels get during a whole Winter, it is easy to see that they deserve checking during the Spring Tune-up.

Tires

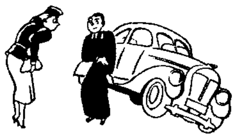
More and more people are coming to the opinion that it doesn't pay them to squeeze the last ounce of mileage out of a set of tires. There is much to be said for their point of view. They figure that each tire costs them about 50c per 1,000 miles. So, when tires get down to where there is a risk of running into trouble on the road, they reason that it is bad economy. To them, the cost of getting fixed up on the road is likely to be more than a 1,000-miles' saving on a set of tires.

In any event, make your tire inspection a tread inspection. Be sure you have plenty of non-skid tread before you give your tires an okeh for the Summer. And while you're inspecting, see that you haven't lost any of the caps from the tire valves . . . And, of course, check your tire inflation regularly.

Brakes

No words are strong enough to stress the importance of brakes. If we hadn't gotten so used to the automobile, we would be inclined to check the brakes almost every day before we started out. But the automobile has become so nearly perfect that the tendency is to be lulled to sleep in the matter of PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

To inspect brakes once a season is little enough. Be sure a thorough check of your brakes is a part of your Spring Tune-up.



Under the Heading of Comfort and Safety

For the convenience of grouping, let's consider the following under this heading: shock absorbers, lights and windshield wiper, muffler and exhaust.

When shock absorbers first appeared on automobiles, everyone was excited about this new riding comfort. But familiarity breeds forgetfulness, and all too often shock absorbers are not given the little attention they need in adjustment and replacement of fluid. The trouble with neglecting them is that you not only lose the comfort of riding, but you lose steering control. . . . Of course, if allowed to go too long, wear finally produces the need for repairs.

Lights and Windshield Wiper

Give as much attention to your lights and wiper as you give to your glasses. Seeing is so important in driving. Wiper blades that have been working through snow and ice need adjustment in the Spring—to say the least.

Headlights lose their candle-power so gradually that you don't notice the loss from day to day—or rather, from night to night. The only way to overcome this tendency to forget is to have the bulbs inspected and have the reflectors and lenses cleaned at regular intervals. The accumulation of dirt and tarnish can cut the effectiveness of your lights as much as 40%. Where cleaning can make that much improvement, cleaning is certainly indicated.

Muffler and Exhaust

Don't forget the "chimney" of your car in the Spring Tune-up. It is vitally important to the occupants of the car that the fumes of the exploded gases are carried off, clear of the car. Even the smallest leak anywhere along the line is likely to produce discomfort and even danger to the occupants.

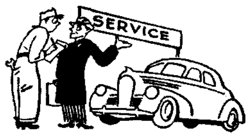
A leak at home in the water pipes produces a hurry call for the plumber, even in the middle of the night. Well, consider the exhaust system of your car just as important—at least important enough to have it inspected for possible leaks during your Spring Tune-up.

More Than a Matter of Looks

An important part in Spring Tune-up is what might be called the Spring housecleaning for the car. The importance of Preventive Service for the finish of your car is not solely a matter of having the car look pretty. Cleaning and protecting the finish makes many contributions. Saving the surface saves the finish and that in turn saves the important metals underneath. The accumulated punishment of Winter must be removed and the finish must be protected against Summer sun.

Keeping the finish well protected reduces depreciation on the car, of course. But, equally important, nothing makes you feel so good as to see your car bright and lustrous. And at the same time, few things contribute so much to careful driving. If every car were kept bright and new-looking, the accident record would take a tremendous drop.

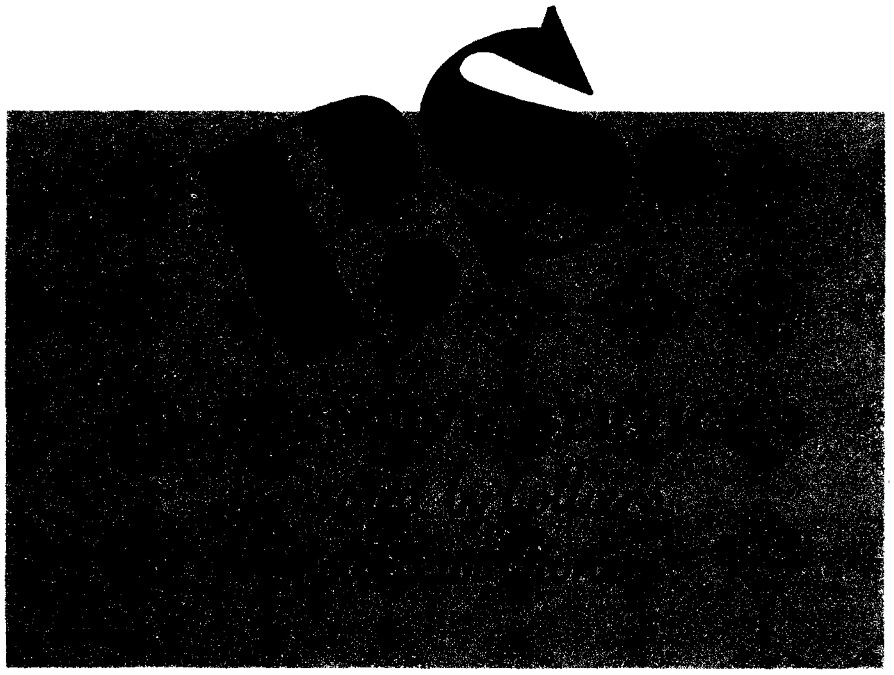
It is just human nature. We step more carefully when our shoes are new and bright.



Placing the Order

The service facilities that have been built up to meet the car-owner's needs are fitting companions to the engineering excellence of the automobile itself.

Practically all places that service automobiles are prepared to render a complete Spring Tune-up at a reasonable price. See your service man for PREVENTIVE SERVICE and be prepared to ride through the Summer with pleasure and satisfaction from your automobile.



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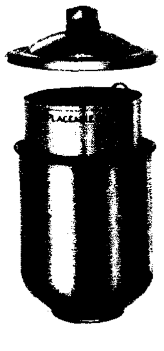

Saves you money on "refills"! For millions of owners whose cars are factory-equipped with Purolator Oil Filters, the NE-1517 Purolator makes possible continued protection *at a substantial saving in cartridge replacement cost.* In just a few minutes, the service man can install this new replaceable-element NE-1517 Purolator on your engine, using the fittings and tubing already there. It costs you only 75c more than a new cartridge—and it saves you $1.75 each on all subsequent "refills".

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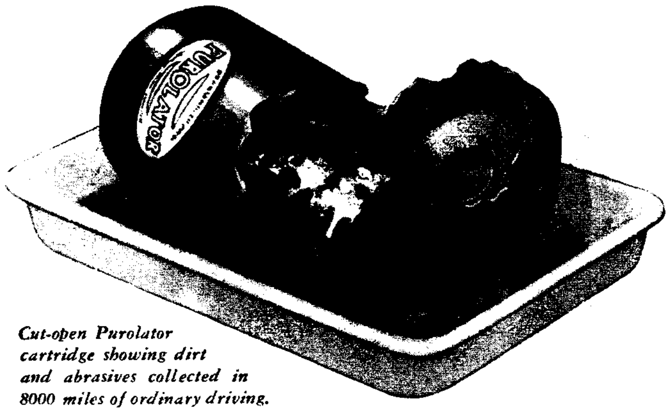

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Dance Once More

Continued from page 10

It went on like that all evening. After a while a girl showed up, with an accompanist to sing; and from cocktails on there'd been a black-haired boy playing the piano.

At about eleven-thirty I was leaning on the piano listening when Lanse tapped me on the shoulder.

"Jake," he said, "here's somebody I want you to meet. Mrs. Davies, Mr. Donoghue. Helen, Jake."

We said hello. She was a very pretty woman, thirty at a guess, maybe a little under. Slender, even somewhat thin; burned a deep tan by the sun; dressed in exceedingly good taste.

Lanse left us and I took Helen Davies over to a table and ordered her a drink. She was very rich, you could tell, she had that look. Rich and sophisticated in that money-all-her-life way, and intelligent.

I ASKED her if she spent every winter here.

"Frankly, I do. This is my second," she said. "I love the place."

I lighted her cigarette.

She said: "You've known Rosie and Lanse a long time, haven't you?"

"Since they were so high."

"I like them."

"They're the nicest children in America," I said, stressing the "children" because she had said "them," but had been looking across the room at Lanse.

She turned back to me and smiled, just the least bit mockingly, I thought.

Someone came and took her away about then, and things rolled along until one o'clock, when the place closed, and at one-thirty the three of us, Rosie and Lanse and I, were out at their house sitting slumped in soft chairs having a quiet nightcap.

Suddenly Rosie sat up straight and looked startled. "Oh, good heavens!" she said.

We looked at her.

"I forgot, I absolutely forgot. There's not a drop of coffee in the house for breakfast, and I meant to bring some from the club, and . . . Lanse, darling, I'm so sorry but . . . *would* you drive in to Sam's and get some?"

Sam's, I happened to remember, was a hamburger stand in the block next to the club.

Lanse got up. "Oh, all right," he said. He sighed. "But it's a funny arrangement when you have to go four miles for coffee." He put on his coat and went out and we heard the car drive away.

It seemed no time till the phone rang. Rosie got up and went into the next room. In a minute she called: "Jake, do you want to go on a party?"

"Now?" I said. "Where?"

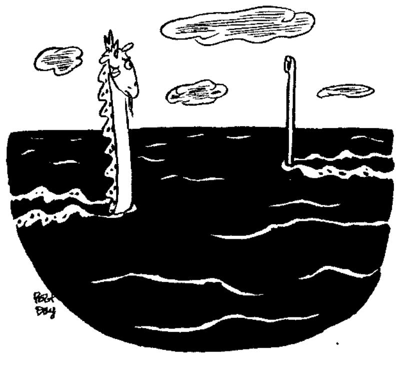
"Yes. To Miami. Lanse wants to know."

"Most certainly not," I said.

In a minute Rosie came back in and sat down.

"Lanse'll be in later," she said. "He's going on a party with some people."

"Any particular people?"



She tipped her head. "Oh, some people called the Ansleys, from Pittsburgh, and Helen Davies."

I said: "Who's this Davies?"

Rosie laughed. "Put it away, Jake. She's just one of our steadiest guests, and Lanse has to be nice to her."

"She's divorced," I said.

Rosie wrinkled her nose. "She owns half this town. A very shrewd gal. . . . But, listen, Jake. Forget her."

"All right," I said, "I can forget her."

"Oh, Jake, you exasperate me to death! When people ask him to go places with them, he must do it. It's part of the business. Lanse and I can't go around holding hands all the time. These goings-on are only till the business gets really rolling."

"To me," I said, "the business looks rolling right now."

She clucked. "Isn't it *wonderful?*"

"Is it?" I said.

"Why, Jake, don't you realize what's happened? The dream we had—it's come true."

Maybe, I thought, maybe. But at the same time I couldn't help thinking of the days when nothing on earth could have prevented their holding hands if they'd taken a notion to hold hands, any time, anywhere; the days when they were brilliant and childish and gay, when such things went on as the time Rosie told Lanse she hadn't had a good dill pickle in years, and the next morning a barrel of pickles was delivered to her room, and she got back at him by putting them in the bathtub, and they had such fun all the time.

And now—

"Rosie," I said, "we're old friends. *Has* the dream come true?"

"Yes, it has, just as Lanse—just as we planned it." Then suddenly she drooped. "Yes, Jake, it's come true, it's all come true. And we work three times as hard, and this home doesn't mean anything because we're never here, never here together, and, oh, Jake"—she put her head in her hands—"oh, Jake, there's something wrong. There's something terribly wrong."

ROSIE drove me down to the plane when I left a couple of nights later.

And while we were waiting at the airport she said, "Now don't you worry, Jake. It's just the club."

"You're sure?"

"Sure. You remember how Lanse used to be when we were working up a new routine. Nothing meant anything to him except getting the routine right. Time, food, rest, whether my legs were about to fall off or not—to hell with it. And it's the same way with the club. Anything Lanse does, he has to do all the way. He's made like that."

"Just the same—"

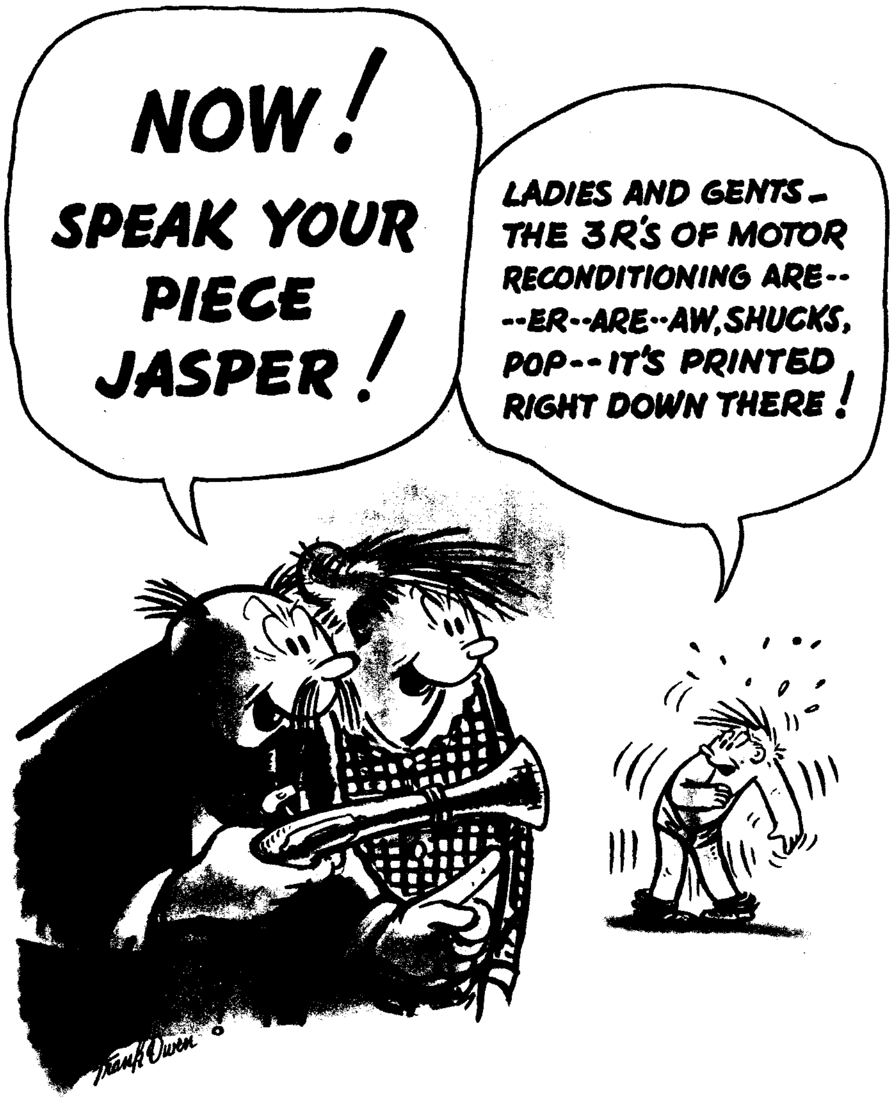
"Now, Jake, don't worry." She looked out at the big air liner turning ponderously and heading toward the marquee. "And don't forget," she said, "that he's doing it all for me." She shook her head. "I—I don't know, Jake. I'm all confused. Tired and nervous and confused. It's what we planned . . . and that's the way to live, isn't it, Jake, plan things and then do them?"

Her upturned face was very appealing.

"I guess so, Rosie," I said.

"We'll work it out. It's only that we've always lived so differently, thoughtless and careless and never thinking of tomorrow." She smiled. "It's a new dodge for us, that's all, and we haven't learned the trick yet. But everything will be all right, Jake, everything will be all right."

Poor Rosie. When I saw her next,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Frank Owen

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If your car has never needed new piston rings before, and the cylinder taper is under .015" . . . the most satisfactory ring installation will be the American Hammered Flexible OilCutter Set-up. Your American Hammered repairman makes his recommendations on the strictly scientific basis of actually measuring the cylinder taper.

Re-Bore

If your car has had a previous installation of replacement piston rings, or the cylinder taper is .015" or over . . . your most satisfactory solution will be a re-bore. In this case, your repairman will re-bore the engine block and install the American Hammered Conventional OilCutter Set-up.

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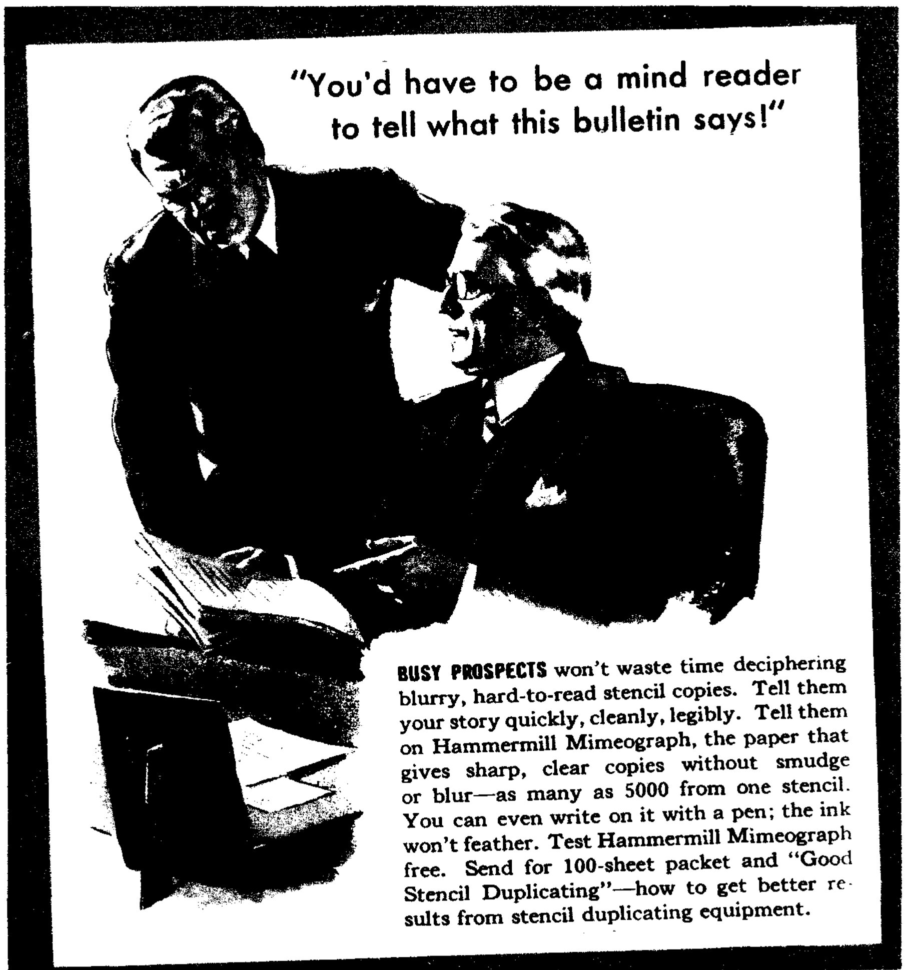

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three weeks later, everything was certainly not all right. I had an orchestra that got in a jam in Miami and I had to fly down and do a little untangling, so of course I went up and stayed with Lanse and Rosie.

I had a shock when I saw her. She, well—the gloss was gone, that was it. The sheen, the suavity, the neatness of Rosie Boardman, she didn't have that any more. And the point somehow was not that she didn't notice, but that she didn't care.

Even the pretense, so far as I was concerned, was gone. She hated this place, and she let me know it. She hated the town, the house, the club, she hated ordering groceries, she hated owning potted plants, she hated knowing how many sheets there were.

It was perfectly easy to see that if things kept on like this something was going to happen. Something was going to pop.

So one day when Rosie and I were down at the beach together, I made a suggestion: "What you kids could use," I said, "is a vacation."

"A vacation." She spoke tonelessly.

"A vacation. Together." I thought for a moment. "Look," I said, "I've got it. The thing for you and Lanse to do is pick up and go to Key West for a week. Just leave everything and go. How does that strike you?"

She closed her eyes, and gently bit her lower lip. "Jake," she said almost in a whisper, "it strikes me as the most gorgeous thing that could ever happen in the world." Then she opened her eyes, and stared at a passing freighter, and slowly shook her head, and when she spoke again it was in a normal voice: "But it wouldn't work."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't even suggest it." She smiled a little. "I don't think you understand, Jake. Things aren't the same between Lanse and me. We're not . . ."

I didn't know what to say, so I said again, "Rosie."

"Jake, you talk to him. You say we ought to go to Key West." Suddenly she looked almost like herself, now. "Oh, Jake, what a wonderful idea! How wonderful you are, darling, in spite of everything. You talk to him, could you?"

I said I could, and would.

THERE was no talking to him that evening at the club, though. To put the bee on him about Key West, I wanted a few quiet minutes somewhere, and there weren't many of those floating around. And then at closing time Lanse went off with a crowd that incidentally—and perhaps only incidentally—included Helen Davies. He went off with The Crowd. You've been at resorts. You know about The Crowd.

Next day, though, I cornered him at his noon breakfast, in the nook.

"Lanse," I said right off, "you look tired." I knew Rosie was listening from the living room, all ears.

"I am tired, Jake," he said. "I've never been so tired in my life."

"Rosie looks a little under the weather, too."

"Yes," he said, his eyes on his plate, "I know it."

"You two need a rest."

"We could use one, all right."

"Why don't you pop down to Key West for a week, and relax? Swim and lie in the sun, and eat, and sleep. Catch a fish, what the hell."

He shook his head. "Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"The place. I can't leave the place."

"Listen, Lanse," I said. "Don't give me that. The place could take care of itself for a week and never know you'd been away."

Rosie came into the room.

"Please, Lanse," she said. "Please, let's go."

He looked up at her. "Gee, Rosie," he said, like a small boy, "we can't."

"Oh, yes, we can, Lanse. Come on. Don't think. Say yes."

"I can't help thinking."

"Lanse." She was holding her hands in front of her, clenched into excited fists. "You throw down that egg and get some clothes on, and I'll be ready in eight and a half minutes and we'll get in the car and *go*."

But Lanse shook his head stubbornly.

"But, why? Why, Lanse? Why, why, why?"

"Lots of reasons, Rosie. For instance—"

"I know your reasons."

His face flushed slightly. "Rosie, if you'll let me explain—"

She waved her arms. "Explain, explain, explain! I don't want explanations! I want to go to Key West!"

He was mad too, now. "You won't listen to me, will you?"

"Well, a lot of listening to me you're doing!"

Lanse didn't answer. Sitting tight and tense at the table, he went on eating.

"Lanse!"

"It's no use, Rosie."

Rosie screamed.

"Lanse Boardman, will you listen to me!"

He shook his head.

It could have gone on like that, I feared, for a long time. The kids simply seemed to have no common meeting ground any more.

I DIDN'T see any way out for them now except a bust-up. I hoped, that was all. You know how it is when you love people, you let a hope kill a fact: you can rest easier. Still I was prepared, and I remember now that I wasn't even surprised when ten days after I had left her at the Miami airport that second time, Rosie walked into my office in New York.

She came in very casually, without any kind of announcement, just as she might have come in a year before. She looked herself again. All the expensive neatness was back in her clothes and hair and face again, and she wore an unmentionable hat. She was Rosie Boardman again.

"Hello, Jake," she said.

"Hello."

She sat down.

I had to say, "Where's Lanse?"

She didn't look at me. "Key West."

"*Key West?*"

"He went with Helen Davies."

"Rosie . . ."

Then she began to cry. "Oh, Jake," she said, "Jake, what am I going to do?"

I got up and came around to her. "Tell me," I said.

She kept shaking her head. "You know how he wouldn't go with me, you remember. . . . And then three days ago Helen decided she'd take a party in her boat down to the Keys, and Lanse . . ."

It took me a while to get it out of her. Lanse had insisted they take the trip in Helen's boat. Demanded, in fact.

"He thought I'd just go along . . ." she sobbed, "without . . . Oh, Jake, I was so stupid. I thought it was the club he was paying that attention to. . . ."

"Baby," I said. "You're worth a hundred of Helen Davies."

"You think so," she said, staring out the window, "but I haven't got a yacht and money and a family behind me and everything else under the sun."

She began to cry again. "I love him so, Jake," she said. "I love him so. . . ."

Well, it took half an hour to calm her down. I sent out for some stuff for her to put on her eyes, I got her champagne, I did everything I could, but she was in no humor to be much cheered up.

I went and sat behind my desk. I spoke to her in a very matter-of-fact voice. "So what do you want to do?"

She knew. "Work," she said.

"You want me to find you a partner?"

"Oh, *no,* Jake." She put out a hand. "I can't face that. Not yet. Couldn't I maybe dance alone, for a little while, anyway? Irene Castle used to. I could think up some routines."

I considered. "It's an idea," I said.

"I'll work for anything."

"You won't have to do that."

She stood up. "I believe I could do it. [illegible]ke, *I've got to work.*"

Well, I got busy on the telephone the next morning and by noon I had Rosie set to open in two weeks in one of the smartest rooms in New York. I got her very good money, too, quite a bit more than half of what she and Lanse drew.

Then, of course, immediately I had another problem on my hands. Rosie. She had been perfectly sure she could dance alone until I got her an engagement, then she was sure she couldn't. We had to argue and have tears and I even yelled at her before finally she went to work. I hired a rehearsal hall and got her a piano player she was used to.

During those two weeks we didn't mention Lanse. My theory is that if you have something unpleasant facing you, just avoid it as long as you can.

I didn't hear from him, and so far as I know Rosie didn't either. I certainly didn't write him, I wanted to get Rosie's opening behind us with as few complications as possible.

Rosie lost four pounds worrying. I remember that the last morning she called me and insisted I come to the rehearsal hall that afternoon.

"Maybe," she said, "you can see if I'm doing anything wrong. Jake, I'm terrified. Promise me you'll come."

I was there.

And I watched her for half an hour, and while I'm no choregrapher, I have looked at a lot of dancing, and I saw nothing wrong with anything she did.

But Rosie shook her head. She said to the piano player, "Try the waltz again."

I remember I was standing there by the piano, leaning on the lid, watching her. This waltz seemed to me the best of the new dances she had figured out; it was a maze of exquisite turns, with her feet seeming not to care about the floor. I was watching this, and looking back now, I think I was conscious of someone standing behind me.

Anyway, when she ended, and held her pose, there *was* a voice behind me. "It was wonderful," the voice said, "up to the last sixteen bars, but then . . ."

Of course the voice was Lanse's.

"How about this?" he said, and walked out on the floor to Rosie. He took her in his arms, the music started, and they were off.

I said to the piano player, "Keep going till I tell you to stop."

They went into one of their old routines, and no audience, of one or a thousand, ever saw a waltz danced more beautifully. If you need emotion to dance, you had emotion that day.

But when they were done—Rosie on the floor, Lanse bending over her—she looked up at him and said very calmly, "I thought you were in Key West."

Lanse bowed. "I didn't have to go."

Rosie got up. "What do you mean?"

They started walking over toward me. "Helen bought us out sooner than I expected."

Rosie couldn't understand. "Bought us out?"

Lanse grinned. "Isn't it wonderful? We're free again."

"Listen," I said, "what goes on?"

Lanse spread his arms. "I told you. I sold the joint. We're wage slaves again. We have to work for our living. We're free." He was positively lyric. "No lousy club to hold us down, no house that looks like a last year's valentine. You know. Room service. Rosie and Lanse. . . ."

Rosie just stood there, looking at him.

HE WENT over and put an arm around her. "I got you into it, honey. I thought it was the right thing. No kidding. But for us there isn't any virtue in a home and a business. For other people maybe, for normal people. But not for us." He ran his hand gently over the nape of her neck. "And so I had to get you out of it, and can you forgive me for wanting to present you with an accomplished fact, for wanting to come to you like a bolt from the blue and say, 'Pack your trunks, baby. We dance again?' "

Rosie smiled. "We dance again," she said softly. But then she frowned. "But Lanse, you liked it. You . . ."

"Liked it! For three weeks I liked it, and from then on I knew it was all wrong, and my only idea was to build it up for a sale."

"You—"

"So I had to work on Helen Davies. She was our best out." He grinned sheepishly. "And it wasn't a dirty trick, you know, because she was working on me too."

"Lanse," Rosie said, "wait till I get you home. . . ."

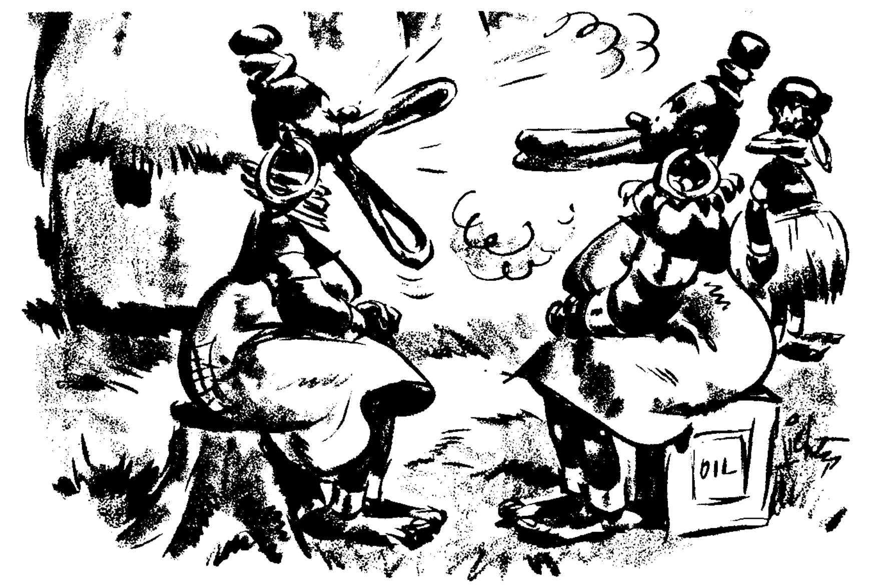
We started out then and had almost reached the door when Lanse turned around with a fake look of worry, and said, "Rosie, you forgot your coat."

He pointed. There, on a chair behind the piano, was a fortune in sables.

Rosie screamed.

"Lanse!"

And—but that gives you the idea. There let us leave them.



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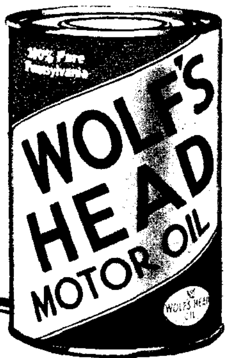

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THOMAS

Mrs. Ralph C. Young (extreme right) wins top honors in American Contract Bridge play for 1939-40. *Others of the first ten are, left to right,* Charles J. Solomon, Mrs. J. J. Mitchell, Charles H. Goren and John R. Crawford. All are from Philadelphia

SHE plays bridge like a man." For years that has ranked as the highest compliment a male bridge star could pay to a woman, though for reasons of personal safety it was seldom used in the presence of anybody except other men.

The time has now arrived to revise it. Ladies who wish to compliment some gentlemen friend may say: "He plays bridge like Sally Young." Usually they will be exaggerating, for there are few men whose game is strong enough to challenge hers seriously.

Sally—or, to be more exact, Mrs. Ralph C. Young, of Philadelphia—has just accomplished a feat which many of the smug men experts did not expect would occur during their bridge lifetimes. She has landed the top place among the national championship contract players for the season of 1939-40, in the tenth season that national rankings have been possible.

Mrs. Young, 5 feet 3 inches tall and now weighing a bare 100 pounds—less than half the bulk of the largest of the male champions—took part in the winning of three events in the list of eleven contests during the season which were for national championships. They were the women's pairs, women's teams of four and open match-point teams of four. In addition she gained a second place in the masters' teams of four, which was for players who had earned recognized rank as master players. No other aspirant shared in the winning of more than two of the eleven national championships, so she had a clear-cut claim to the No. 1 position.

In being the first woman to gain the contract-bridge pinnacle, she also accomplished another prodigious feat, leading a contingent of six Philadelphians in the smashing of a New York monopoly. From the beginning, New Yorkers had dominated the list of the first ten, each time with a majority of the positions. This season, counting a five-way tie for ninth and tenth places, there are six Quakers in the ranking and only five Gothamites, even if we count as still a New Yorker Oswald Jacoby, who has moved his official residence to Texas.

Some enthusiasts feel that the two championship events restricted to women should count something less than others, and that therefore Mr. Jacoby might be rated first. Still others, who might grant that point, go farther and suggest that events restricted to men alone should not count, in which event Mr. Maier would be promoted to top position. But the basis of these rankings has not been anybody's opinion. It has been a mathematical summary to ascertain who won the most victories in the national championship events, other factors being eliminated except in the case of ties.

A Leading Lady

Twenty-eight different players shared in the winning of the eleven events. An even dozen of these are names brand-new to the list, sixteen of them having been on it in previous seasons. Twenty-one other players gained second places. Whereas last year only three cities claimed winners, New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland, this year there are seven, including those same three and also Dallas, Chicago, Detroit and Brooklyn. Second places this season also went to players from Pittsburgh, Boston and Atlanta, making it, all told, the most representative assortment in the game's history. The monotony of an all-New York aggregation has been fading more and more with the passage of each campaign.

Cheering sections are supposed to be peculiar to college and school athletics, but here again Sally Young has upset something. Her husband and her twelve-year-old boy, Ralph C. Jr., whom she distinguishes from his dad by the pet name of "Sonny," constitute one of the most enthusiastic of rooting sections. Father is unconsolable when she fails to make a good showing in an event, and son thinks it is terrible. Both of them feel that she should win every time.

Mrs. Young has been playing bridge of one kind or another since she was fifteen years old. She was Miss Sara Sheppard then, vacationing at Atlantic City. Every evening two couples whom she had met would get together for a session of auction bridge, and Sally, as she was nicknamed even then, was their regular kibitzer. Before the summer was over, she was getting into the game occasionally with them and became a wild-eyed enthusiast who would rather play bridge than do anything else.

When Sally went away to school at St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, New Jersey, she found that most of the girls didn't play bridge at all, or played it with an almost utter lack of skill. She sought a better game, found that a group of teachers played every Saturday afternoon and got their permission to join them. It constituted fine bridge schooling. The more-experienced ones coached her until she was at least as strong a player as any of them.

Sally was not out of school a full two years when she fell in love with Ralph Campbell Young, a contrac-

QUEEN HIGH

y Shepard Barclay

THE FIRST TEN

rs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia
swald Jacoby, Dallas, Texas
erwin D. Maier, New York
ohn R. Crawford, Philadelphia
iss Florence Stratford, Cleveland
rs. Albert M. Sobel, New York
obert A. McPherran, Philadelphia
harles J. Solomon, Philadelphia
10. (Tied) Charles H. Goren and
rs. J. J. Mitchell, Philadelphia;
lvin Landy, Cleveland; Mrs. Robert
. Fuller and Theodore A. Lightner,
ew York

WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS
1939-40 SEASON

Masters' Events

vidual—Merwin D. Maier, New
ork.
s—Harry J. Fishbein and Robert A.
ppleyard, New York.
rs—Oswald Jacoby, Dallas, Texas;
heodore A. Lightner, Merwin D.
aier and Howard Schenken, New
ork; Robert A. McPherran, Phila-
elphia.

Open Events

rs—Walter L. Jacobs and Albert
eiss, Chicago.
ut Fours (The Harold S. Vander-
Cup)—Melville Alexander, Sig-
und Dornbusch, Sylvester Gintell,
ee Hazen and Harry B. Raffel, New
ork.
tch Point Fours—Mrs. Ralph C.
oung, Charles H. Goren, John R.
rawford and Charles J. Solomon,
hiladelphia; B. Jay Becker, New
ork.

Women's Events

rs—Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadel-
hia, and Mrs. Albert M. Sobel, New
ork.
rs—Mrs. Ralph C. Young and Mrs.
J. Mitchell, Philadelphia; Mrs.
lbert M. Sobel, Mrs. Mabel Ervin
nd Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, New York.

Men's Events

rs—Oswald Jacoby, Dallas, Texas,
nd John R. Crawford, Philadelphia.

Mixed Events

rs—Miss Florence Stratford, Cleve-
and, and Lewis H. Fremont, Detroit.
rs—Miss Florence Stratford and Al-
in Landy, Cleveland; Mrs. Valerie
lein, New York, and Robert Chatkin,
oklyn.

Nonwinners Who Earned Second Places

s. L. A. Peck, Mrs. Donald B. Tansill,
s. Stuyvesant Wainwright, Jr., Philip
ramsohn, Wingate Bixby, Jack Cush-
, Morrie Elis, Myron Fuchs, Seymour
plan and Waldemar von Zedtwitz,
w York; Mrs. Benjamin Golder, Ed-
rd Ellenbogen, Joseph Davis and Jack
dy, Philadelphia; Mrs. B. N. Katzen,
s. M. S. Samberg and Henry Aus-
der, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Sylvia De
ung, Cleveland; Edward N. Marcus,
ston; Henry Chanin, Atlanta, and
bert Liebowitz, Brooklyn.

tor and builder, and married him. At first they played bridge together quite a bit, but when she began to show a serious interest in tournament bridge and revealed such superlative talent for it, he gradually played less and less and became an enthusiast over her achievements. Both he and their son like to act as kibitzers whenever she plays at home.

A great many of Mrs. Young's bridge hours are spent in what is usually called "tough" rubber bridge with strong competitors in the Drake Hotel Bridge Club, which has among its members twenty-six fully qualified national masters. Her first preference, though, is for tournament bridge, which always is played at duplicate and entails a test determining who can do best with the same hands.

Pupil Outshines Master

Mrs. Young was already a pretty good natural contract player when she first tried the regular bridge clubs back in 1931. It was while visiting with a friend at the old Franklin Bridge Club that she attracted the attention of Philadelphia's leading exponent of the game by a brilliant defensive play. Charles H. Goren—the star who led these rankings for the 1938-1939 season—was so impressed with her aptitude that he asked her to play as his partner in a duplicate game. She took to it like a duck to water, was eager for all the information her expert partner could give her, and became Mr. Goren's prize pupil. In 1933 she went to her first national tournament with him, in New York, earning second place in the mixed-pair championship. They continued to get stronger and stronger as a pair until a year ago Mr. Goren gained the leadership over all other players in national championship performance, with Mrs. Young second. He gets a still greater kick out of the triumph of his star protégée this season, as instead of featuring his own individual ability as a competitor it emphasizes his talent as an instructor. It marks the first time in the game's history that a teacher has led the rankings one year and his pupil the next.

Practically every player recalls some particular hand as the one that gave him more satisfaction than any other. Mrs. Young remembers particularly the first "squeeze play" she ever made consciously. It was on this deal:

North
♠ 10
♡ A-9-6-3
♢ K-7-3
♣ Q-9-7-4-3

West	*East*
♠ A-K-J-8-2	♠ 9-7-6-4-3
♡ J-10-8-5	♡ 7
♢ A-9	♢ 8-6-5-4-2
♣ 8-6	♣ 10-5

South
♠ Q-5
♡ K-Q-4-2
♢ Q-J-10
♣ A-K-J-2

She was playing for 5 clubs. West led the spade king, then switched to his club 8. Winning this, she led a diamond to knock out the ace, took the club return, then ran clubs and diamonds. West discarded on the third round of both minors, showing he had nine cards in the majors. Since he had bid and

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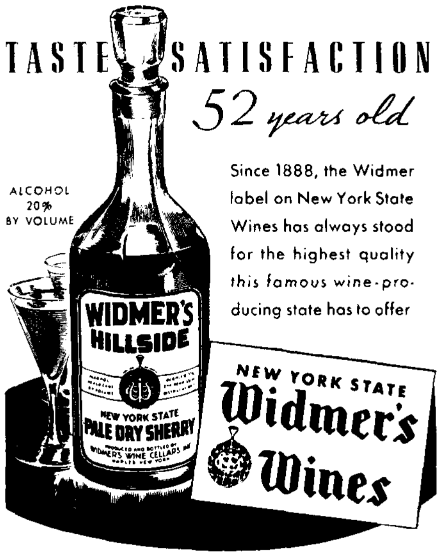

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rebid spades, she knew he originally held five of them, therefore four hearts. When she finally played the last club, discarding a heart from her own hand, West was squeezed. He held onto his spade ace to defend against her queen and so had to discard one of his four hearts, which enabled her to take the last trick with her fourth heart in the dummy.

Now that such stratagems are frequent with her, she seldom bothers to report them to others. She is more interested in the thrill of the contest and in winning. One of the most decisive victories ever scored in national play was that of her team in the women's fours in Pittsburgh. With a total of 66 deals to be played, each of them a separate match counting a point if you beat the other team, her group won 45 matches. Another notable feat was scored by the Philadelphia combination in the national match-point teams of four, the third consecutive year they won this event, something that has never happened in any other national competition. Entering the final session, they were 4¼ points out of first place, but piled up such a big score that they won by 1¼ matches in spite of having to sacrifice 1½ on a penalty for changing the line-up of their pairs without notifying the tournament director.

The six Philadelphians who broke New York's monopoly on a majority of this annual honor roll furnish proof that bridge is increasingly a young person's game. Their average age is 31⅓ years. Mrs. Young, born February 2, 1906, is 34, as also is Mr. Solomon. Mrs. Mitchell is 33, Messrs. Crawford and McPherran only 24, and Mr. Goren, their leader, is 39. All of these players favor what they call natural bidding, without any artificial slam conventions, but only occasional "ace showing" when reaching toward a slam.

Interest in tournament bridge showed an increase in all parts of the country during the last season, featured by the largest entry at Pittsburgh that any national competition has ever known. They came from twenty-one states, Canadian provinces, and even one from far-off Brazil, including thirty-eight sizable American cities and 180 smaller towns. The Pittsburgh tournament also hit a new high in number of special events, with contests for members of the Pittsburgh Industrial League, amateur pairs, junior pairs, intercollegiate pairs, a nonmasters individual and open duplicate games. Both there and at the summer tournament in Asbury Pa[illegible], a kibitzers' gallery proved popular as a succession of prominent players was brought in to give observers a close-up for their bidding and play. Both the Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce co-operated in helping organize the huge tournament, at which 7,544 separate hands were dealt and played.

Bridge has been affected by the war, as has everything else. It did not hamper the national organization's annual charity events on St. Valentine's Day in many sections in behalf of underprivileged children, but bestirred additional similar occasions in the interest of the Finnish Relief Fund. The war had the effect of causing temporary discontinuance of the British bridge magazine, but had no effect on plans for the World Bridge Olympic, in which sets of hands are mailed to contestants for simultaneous play on April 4, except to eliminate a few of the warring nations and limit some of the others.

With a new season of national competition due to start next month, with the Vanderbilt Cup team matches and the National Individual Masters joust in New York, it will be interesting to see just how the natives will be influenced by the Philadelphia surge of the last twelve months. There is no question that the Quakers are going to strive to repeat their feat, especially since their city expects to stage the winter nationals next December. And what will be the effect of Mrs. Young's triumph on other women stars? That will be worth observing as well as the question of whether she can repeat at the top.

Left-Handed Press Agent

Continued from page 15

Mails can tell it. Here he is—"The Big Lip"—broadcasting as usual:

"Everyone knows that I was the greatest left-handed pitcher in history. In the summer of 1920 I was burning up the Pacific Coast League. In May, 1920, Ray Chapman, Cleveland shortstop, was hit on the head by one of Carl Mays' submarine balls at Yankee Stadium and killed. Cleveland, fighting for the American League pennant, started to go to pieces. They sent out a general alarm to the minors for the best pitcher they had. They picked me, naturally.

"The day I joined Cleveland, every guy on the club had his chin on his chest. I said, 'C'mon, gang, cheer up. You're looking at The Great Mails!' That broke the tension; they began to laugh. Well, I went out and won five games in a row, drove the team into first place. Then came the last week of the season. We were two and a half games out in front, with only the White Sox to beat to cinch the flag. As the White Sox got nearer to Cleveland our team began to get jittery. Everyone was scared to death. I said, 'The White Sox are a lot of bushers.' Billy Evans, the umpire, said, 'Walter, the White Sox have the greatest team in the history of organized baseball.' I said, 'Yeah? Well—I'll not only beat them—I'll shut them out. I'll not only shut them out—but I'll strike out the great Joe Jackson on three pitches with three men on!'

"Well, the White Sox came to town, beat us the first two games—which I didn't pitch—and climbed to within a half game of first place. I pitched the next game.

"Out on the mound, Kid Gleason, coaching on third for the Sox, shouted, 'You won't last an inning.' I ignored him. I started to blow my fast ball down the middle and in the fifth I was ahead, 1-0. Then I said to Gleason, 'Want to see me strike out three men in a row with three on?' Gleason cried, 'You fresh busher! Start ducking!' So I walked Risberg, Schalk and Faber—intentionally. Three on, none away, our club a half game in front for the pennant, score 1-0. I walked these guys to get at Buck Weaver, Eddie Collins and Joe Jackson, all country hitters in my opinion. Weaver came up. I threw him three balls, all strikes. He didn't take his bat off his shoulder. Up came Eddie Collins. I spoke to him in Latin because he went to college. I said, 'Who are you—the bat boy?' He glared at me and I struck him out. Then up comes Jackson, supposedly the greatest hitter in the history of baseball. I shouted to Gleason on the side lines, 'I'll strike him out on three pitched balls.' Jackson started to laugh. I burned a fast ball down the middle. As the ball passed Jackson, the smoke got in his eyes and he missed the pitch a foot. I threw again. Strike two. And then I really wound up and the pitch was so fast that Jackson was still standing there a min-

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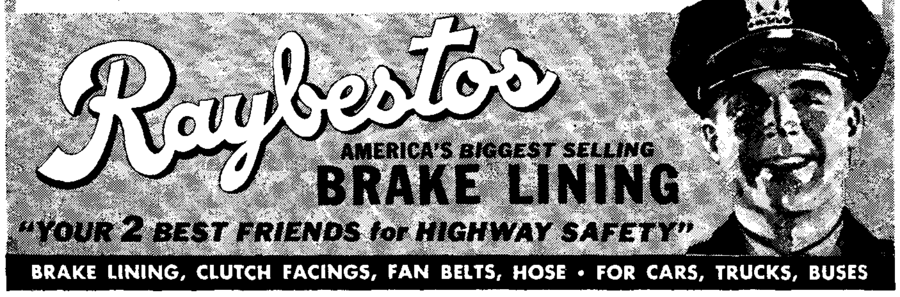

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ute later protesting to the umpire that I hadn't thrown the ball yet. Well, I won that game easily and broke the White Sox's hearts. That's how I pitched Cleveland into a pennant.

"Well, along came the World's Series of 1920 with Brooklyn as our foe. I had finished up one game against Brooklyn and knew I could beat them if Mr. Speaker gave me a chance. We came to the last game. We had won three and lost two. I said to Mr. Speaker, 'Put me in there. I'll pitch a no-hit, no-run game.' I told the crowd the same thing and everyone was stunned. Well, I went out there and had Brooklyn beat 1-0 going into the ninth. Up to that time, they hadn't got a hit off me. I got by the first two men in the ninth and it looked like I was going to do the miraculous—or I should say the ordinary with me. Up comes Ivy Olsen, Brooklyn shortstop. Two out in the ninth. Olsen was pale around the gills. I decided to have some fun with Olsen, so I threw a ball six and five-eighths inches above his head. He fell to the ground, threw his bat in the air and the ball hit the bat and bounced over the third baseman's head. Olsen got up and ran to first base, where he hid behind our first baseman. Well, I got rid of the next hitter anyway and won the World's Series for Cleveland.

Success Story

"I was born at San Quentin, the famous state prison in California. Remember, folks, I was born *outside* the walls! I left San Quentin around 1913 and went to work as a taffy-puller for the Romona Candy Company in Berkeley, California. At noontime I used to throw baseballs through a brick wall. One day Mr. D. E. Dugdale, owner of the Seattle team, came over to watch me. He said, 'I'll give you $90 a month to throw a baseball for me.' I said, 'It's not much, but I'll do it.'

"I joined Seattle in the spring of 1914 and found they had seven left-handed pitchers. Within a week, Mr. Dugdale fired all the other left-handers and doubled my salary.

"In 1915, Brooklyn of the National League bought me from Seattle. I joined them in St. Louis and Wilbert Robinson, the manager, sent me out to pitch batting practice. I was so fast the Brooklyn hitters stood ten feet from the plate.

"In 1917, Brooklyn sent me to Portland in the Coast League. I jumped that team to work in the shipyards. Then I was drafted and sent to Camp Lewis, Washington.

"In February, 1919, I received my honorable discharge, joined Seattle of the Coast League, was traded to Sacramento in 1920 and then in June of that year I joined Cleveland. I've told you how I went to Cleveland and won the World's Series for them. I stayed with Cleveland in '20, '21 and '22. In the spring of '23, Speaker said to me: 'You've shortened my life by twenty years. I'm sending you as far away as I can.' He shipped me to Oakland."

There he is—The Great Mails! Debonair, Irish—with black hair now peppered with gray and brown eyes that dance with mischief—six feet two, handsome and clever.

Mails rocks women into a daze with his dazzling smile and D'Artagnan manner. Of the feminine fans, he says: "We've got to get the girls out to the ball park, because the hand that rocks the cradle is going to save baseball!" And with eyes flaming, he adds: "Every mother ought to insist that her son play baseball—because the game is the greatest crime deterrent known to criminologists!"

But—listen to him tell you about some of his plans.

"Ballplayers are actors, but they don't know it! I have a helluva time getting them to pose for pictures, to make personal appearances. They even hate to go on the radio. But they're in the public eye and they've got to do it! One of these days I'm going to put a clause in the contract to the effect that every player will have to appear wherever I order him to appear. We must sell this game off the field stronger now than ever before. We've got a lot of other entertainment fighting us now—and we must get increased attendance in the minors to survive."

Mails takes a deep breath. "Take me—for instance. I really work. I've talked to the Irish, the Jews, the Protestants. I've talked to the Elks, the Shriners, the Knights of Columbus and the rest. I've talked at schools, clubs, lodges, banquets, picnics, exhibition games and meetings of all types and descriptions. In fact, I talk too much!"

In his promotion job on the Coast, Mails "gets around," as the saying goes. He haunts the sports departments of the newspapers and every editor in town has heard his "hot ideas." Most of the radio stations think he's on their staff. And, in all justice to The Great One, Mails *is* the best sports broadcaster in the business.

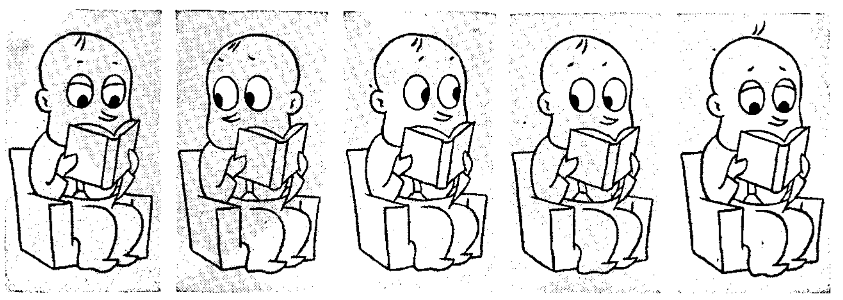
Mails once thought it would create columns of publicity, get out the newsreels and radio people, if Manager Frank O'Doul climbed to the top of the Tower of the Sun and dropped baseballs for players to catch. The stunt was proceeding splendidly until O'Doul, who was climbing the ladder to the tower, got caught 70 feet from the top and couldn't move up or down. The fire department had to rescue him and he gave Mails a terrible tongue-lashing.

Walter laughed and produced a flock of page-one stories and said. "It isn't every day that a manager gets caught on the Tower of the Sun. Look at the publicity we got. Hell, you're famous, Frank!"

O'Doul shook his head and as he walked away snapped, "I ought to send you to Napa." (Napa is the home of the California state insane asylum.)

To this, Mails quipped, "I got my A. B. degree from Napa, Frank. And they won't let me do postgraduate work. That's why I'm here—working for you."

That's Mails. So get those brass bands ready, Big Leaguers, and dust off those golden shakos! The Cock o' the Walk of Baseball, the Great Left-Handed Press Agent, the "King of Kings Mails" will be with you one of these days.



Murder Mystery

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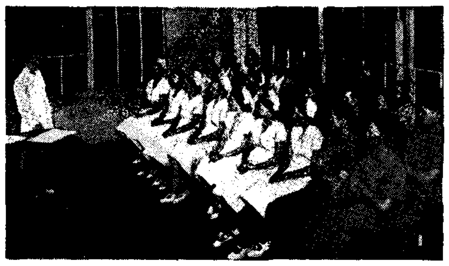

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When New York Blacked Out

Continued from page 17

The captain, they said, was extremely handsome with his blond Vandyke beard. He had served, they learned, with the Hamburg-American Line on the American run.

On June 2d, the U-151 sank the schooner Isabel B. Wiley and the steamship Winneconne. The survivors, along with the 23 prisoners, were loaded into four lifeboats. One boatload was picked up by the S. S. Santiago and taken to New York. The others were found by the S. S. San Sabo about 25 miles southeast of Barnegat.

Her mine-laying completed without an alarm ashore, the U-151 resumed her attack on American shipping. The Edward H. Cole was next. After attacking and sinking the schooner, the prisoners were released in the schooner's dories. They were picked up by the steamship Bristol and brought to New York, to be greeted with skepticism.

Men and Munitions First

But by the next day, June 4th, there were few skeptics in America. When twenty-eight "bedraggled, exhausted and famished" survivors of the steamship Carolina landed in a lifeboat at Atlantic City, a thousand Shriners, gathered there for a convention, wept and cheered at their arrival. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner. Shriners waded into the surf to help the survivors ashore. A collection of $1,002 was taken up in a large American flag passed along the beach.

New York continued its "lightless nights," for it was thought possible that the submarines might have been accompanied by a mother ship carrying planes for assembly off the coast. At any rate, 100 planes, as well as destroyers, blimps and chasers, were immediately put in pursuit of the marauders.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, deprecated the widespread alarm and denied the report that the Navy Department had ordered the darkening of New York streets. He regarded the measure as "quite unnecessary."

Government opinion was that the German plan was to terrorize coastwise shipping and thus force a weakening of troop transport convoys and the withdrawal of part of our Navy from European waters.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced that "an open road to France for munitions and men comes first—with coast defense second."

The Navy Department asked Congress for 16 million dollars to strengthen coast defenses.

Secretary Daniels offered $1,000 reward for information leading to the discovery of submarine bases on the American coast. None was discovered, however, and it soon became obvious that the German submarines were quite capable of operating from the other side.

Rumors were rampant. Anything was believed. There were secret bases all along the coast. Oil was being supplied the submarines by ships leaving Mexico. A schooner with an auxiliary motor was seen stocking a U-boat with provisions 40 miles southeast of Long Branch, New Jersey. A floating U-boat repair dock was spotted in mid-Atlantic. Suspicious lights from numerous high points along the shores of Westchester County had been seen. Cases containing the parts of a German U-boat were lying alongside the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn. Observers swore they saw foreign crude oil barrels floating off Long Island. A substance like mustard gas, coming in from the sea, overcame six persons and killed a brood of chickens near Charleston, South Carolina. Every floating object was a periscope.

Three Germans were arrested in Atlantic City. One for allegedly signaling to U-boats off the coast. Another, a registered alien, for working his gas jet and a curtain in combination from his room window. The third was charged with having in his possession maps of American ports. Three men were arrested in Hempstead, Long Island, and accused of communicating with German submarines through carrier pigeons.

An officer from one German submarine was reported seen in a New York restaurant by one of his victims. Survivors of a sunk fishing schooner landed at Nantucket said one German officer had ticket stubs for a New York theater dated only two days previous. In Ocean City, New Jersey, a beach walker was shot and killed as a spy by coast guardsmen, having been seen, it was said, signaling out to sea with powerful electric torches.

In the Yorkville section of New York City, U. S. marshals raided several German clubs. As "a precautionary measure," sixty-four Germans were taken into custody and the press stated that the prisoners had been caught "exulting" over the success of the submarine attacks.

In Chicago, Judge Kenesaw Landis adjourned an important I.W.W. trial when it was reported that German U-boats had actually entered New York harbor. In Berlin, it was announced that twenty of the largest U-boats were blockading the American coast and even bombarding coastal cities.

The Convincing Proof

Rumors were endless, and largely baseless. But one fact cannot be denied: there were submarines off the coast of the United States.

During the summer and early fall of 1918 there were six raids by U-boats. Here are the facts:

The first raider was the U-151, already mentioned. She was here for nearly a month. In that time, she sank 22 vessels, totaling 52,000 tons, and laid five mine fields. Spectacular among her triumphs was her encounter with the steamship Vindeggen. Discovering that the Vindeggen was carrying copper valued at one million marks in Germany, the crew decided that this would be a choice cargo to take back with them. It took two days to transfer the eighty tons. Meanwhile, there were passing vessels to attack. They managed to do both.

A few weeks later, the same U-151 brought havoc right to New York's door, when a mine laid by her off Fire Island sank the U. S. Cruiser San Diego. The explosion was heard clearly in Bay Shore and Babylon, and the Long Island summer colony lined the shore all day. Thirty-five survivors landed at Point O'Woods. Six of the crew were injured and six lost.

Next came the U-156. She caused a sensation when she came up only three miles off Orleans, on the southeastern elbow of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, one Sunday morning late in July.

The Cape was crowded with summer visitors and week-enders who had fled the heat wave in Boston. Suddenly, out of a low-hanging fog bank, emerged the U-156 and opened fire.

In no time, she had shelled and set fire to a tug and had sunk four barges with a total of 41 persons aboard, including three women and three children, all of whom were rescued. Fragments of the shells even reached the shore.

The attack occurred only a few miles from the Chatham Naval Air Station. Four student aviators, hearing shellfire, jumped into their hydroplanes and took off. For some reason, however, their bombs failed to explode. As a last resort, sandbags were dropped. The U-156, finding the planes harmless, opened fire on them. After an hour and a half of very bad marksmanship, the U-boat headed south on the surface.

In later attempts the U-156 was more successful. She sank 29 vessels in all. She captured and armed the trawler Triumph, which, in turn, sank 6 fishing schooners. On the homeward voyage, however, she hit a North Sea mine—the only raider that failed to reach home safely.

Then came the U-140, which sank 8 vessels, including the largest sunk by a German submarine on this side of the Atlantic, the O. B. Jennings, a Standard Oil tanker, of 10,289 gross tons. That happened about 60 miles east of Newport News.

The U-117 appeared off Cape Cod in August and sank 19 vessels before returning to Kiel.

The U-155 appeared off Halifax in August and sank 7.

The U-152 followed and got 3 victims. This submarine shelled and torpedoed the U.S.S. Ticonderoga in mid-Atlantic; 237 men were aboard; 24 survived. Two prisoners were taken back to Germany and did not reach the United States until a month after the war had ended.

Forewarned Wasn't Forearmed

Total number of vessels sunk or seriously damaged in raids off the American coast in the summer of 1918—100. The majority were sunk by gunfire, although 14 steamships, from 2,500 to 8,000 tons, were torpedoed, and 7 vessels, including the two largest, the U.S.S. San Diego, 13,680 tons, and the U.S.S. Minnesota, 17,650 tons, were mined.

And Washington had been warned in advance of all this. As early as April, 1917, the British Admiralty and the Navy Department had exchanged communications on the possibility of a U-boat raid on our Atlantic coast.

By February, 1918, the Navy Department had received a detailed plan from a special board created to formulate a campaign of defense against submarine attacks in home waters.

The weapons to be used by German submarines were accurately forecast—"mines, guns, bombs, torpedoes."

Among the steps for defense recommended by the naval board were submarine nets, deep-laid mine fields, airplanes, sub chasers, mine sweepers, submarines, destroyers, listening stations, rerouting of shipping and the placing of all marine commerce under naval control.

This plan, with a few modifications, was approved by the Department on March 6, 1918.

On April 30th, the Navy Department received a memorandum from the commander of the U. S. naval forces in European waters, discussing the possibility of a raid by any one of several cruiser-type submarines. He recommended that the Department keep older and less effective destroyers, with an adequate number of chasers and the bulk of the submarines, in readiness but was opposed to withdrawal of American war vessels from European waters because of the threat.

On May 1st, the British Admiralty reported to Washington that it had been informed by "reliable agents" that a U-boat had left Germany on April 10th for a U. S. raid. So precise was the information that the Admiralty even knew the route and its speed. It was reported to be going by the northerly passage at about 5 knots. The Admiralty said it understood that this was the U-151; that it was about 215 feet long, 29 feet broad, that its top speed was 11½ knots on the surface; that it carried 12 torpedoes, 40 mines, 8 officers, 65 men; that it was equipped with two 6-inch guns, two 22-lb. guns and one machine gun.

On May 16th, the Navy Department secretly warned all naval bases of the impending arrival of the U-151.

The raid, officially anticipated, had begun.

Yet, despite elaborate preparations, the Navy did not capture, sink or seriously damage one U-boat during that entire summer.

That was 1918.

HOW TO FLY
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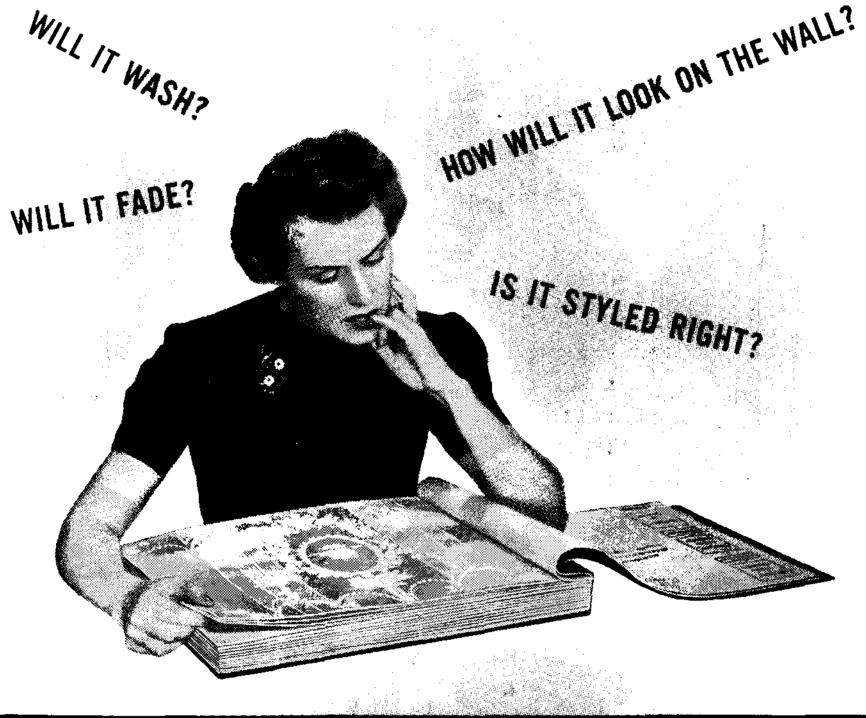
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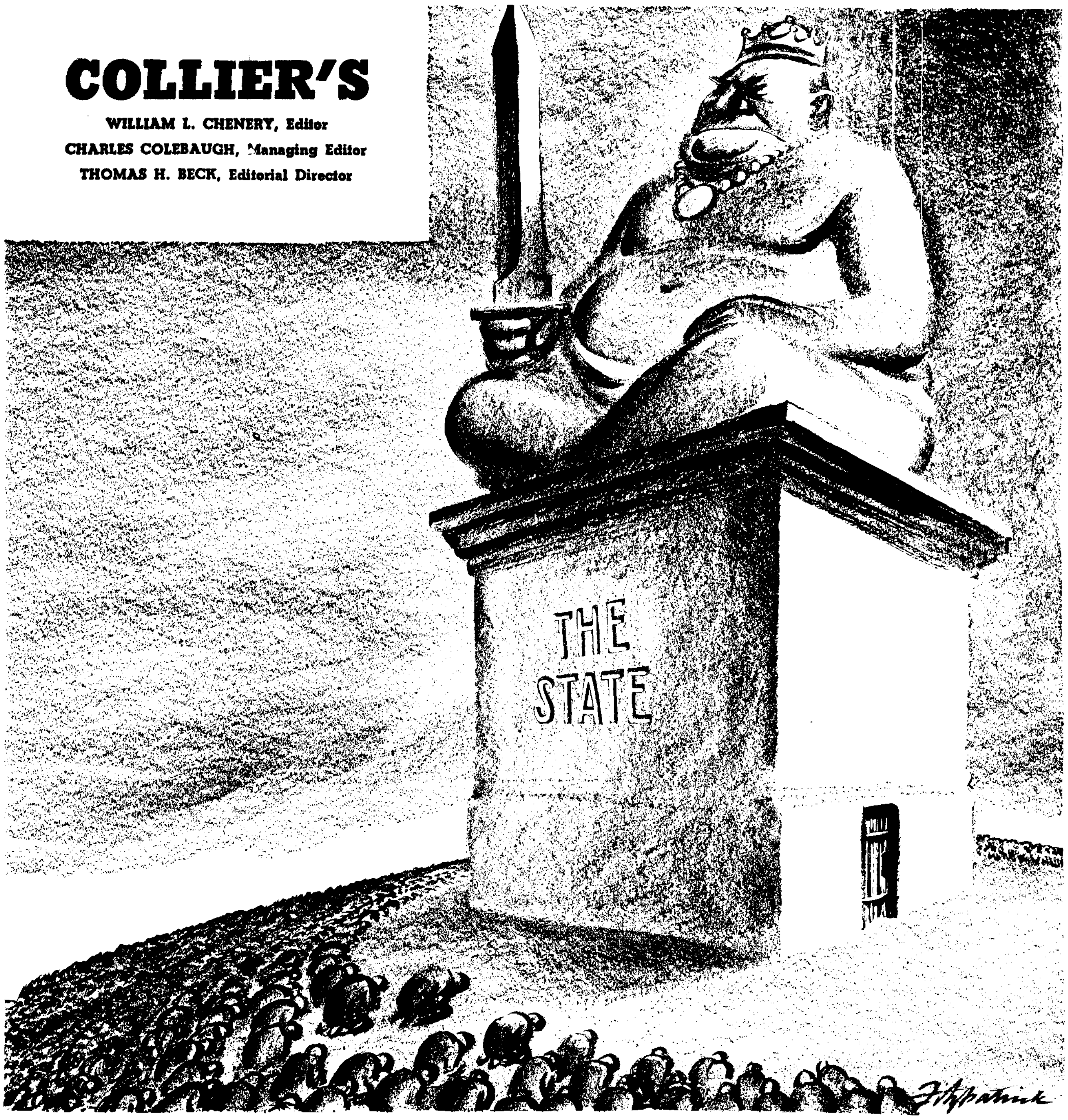


What This Country Needs

IS a good ash tray. A good basic design for an ash tray, we mean, the various makers of ash trays to be free to embroider that basic design as they please.

The basic design of today's typical American ash tray harks back, obviously, to the days when he-men rarely permitted themselves to smoke cigarettes. It has a wide, flat rim, punctuated with three or four rounded slots, each of them the proper size for dry-docking a cigar. This ash tray will berth a cigar with almost no danger of accident, as it was originally designed to do.

But how about the billions of cigarettes per year that Americans now consume?

Well, a cigarette parked in one of those wide, rounded slots is fair game for a chance breeze or a slight jar, and the chances are 50-50 that it will fall off rather than into the ash tray. Forgotten, as it all too often is, a cigarette will burn quietly without making the slightest outcry until the unburned part lying outside the tray's edge becomes heavier than the end where the ash is building up. At this instant the cigarette tips over, and the result is anything from a simple varnish scab or a ruined rug to a disastrous fire.

We aren't plugging any trick ash trays, or promising publicity to any inventors. We're merely stating that what this country needs is a basic design for ash trays to accommodate both cigarettes and cigars, and that the sooner such trays get into circulation the safer most of us will be.

The Russian Way

AS APPALLING as any other single feature of the Finnish war has been the mass murder of their own men by the Russian generals, political commissars and OGPU operatives.

Mass murder is the only name we know of for it. It is nothing but mass murder when, at pistol point or under threat of death, hordes of poor, ignorant peasants are hurled in frontal attacks against integrated pillboxes, machine-gun nests and fortified positions, through splintered-steel hurricanes of cross-fire and interlacing barrages.

Anybody who wants to call it by some prettier name than mass murder is invited to consider this: That, though the total Russian losses probably never will be known, experts deduce from U. S. Army General Staff expectancy tables that the Russians suffered 50,000 dead and 250,000 wounded in the first 17 days of the "great" offensive against the Mannerheim Line.

That isn't a great offensive, regardless of the winnings. It is a great massacre.

Horrible though the spectacle has been, however, it should have been surprising to nobody. Nobody, that is, who knows what the word Statism means.

Statism, a better though less familiar word than totalitarianism, is the philosophy of the governments run by Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini. It is nothing new in the world. It is, in fact, far older than democracy.

The core of the Statism philosophy is simply that the individual person, with his hopes and fears and loves, his fragile body and his sensitive soul, is nothing; that the State is all.

So in peacetime, if you live under a Statist government, the State owns you. It runs every phase of your life—your job, your home life, the upbringing of your children and any other phase you care to name.

The State tells you it is doing all this for your benefit. But that is merely to keep you and your fellow slaves quiet. The State is really running the mob of you for its own benefit—which means to feed the egomania of whatever Mr. Big happens to be on top of your particular Statist ant heap.

The same holds true in war, only more so. If you're young enough and strong enough to go to war, you'll go. The whole mob of you and your fellow slaves will do exactly what Mr. Big and his henchmen tell you to do.

If the State is facing an enemy somewhere near its size, it will conserve as much man power as seems wise, assuming its generals have any military ability whatever. If it is trying to overwhelm a small but fearless nation like Finland, it will toss its uniformed and animated dummies and dolls into the holocaust until, by the very weight of their numbers, they smother the enemy.

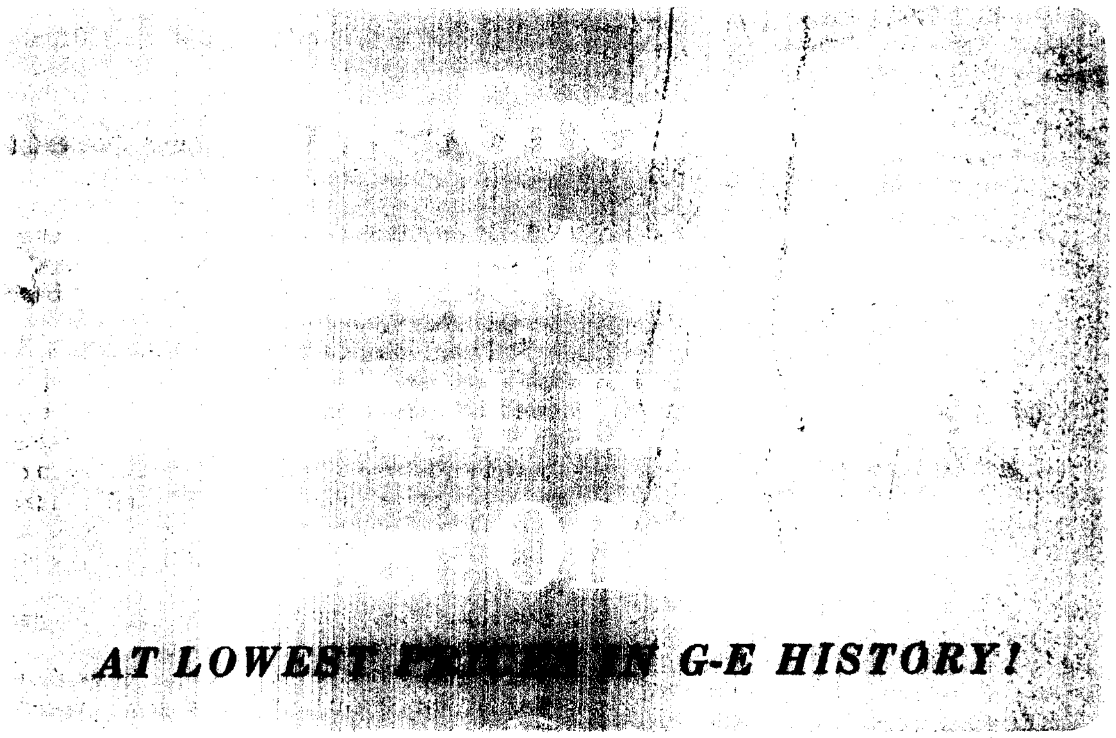
That is what Statism means in war. The Russian generals, commissars and OGPU operatives have merely been applying the Statist philosophy to this war with absolute logic. What else are a Statist government's soldiers for?

It does make us the least bit ill, though, to think that the United States government for years has been buying gold from Soviet Russia, as well as from all other comers, at $35 an ounce.

In 1938, Russia mined 5,235,909 ounces of gold—$183,256,815 worth at the $35-an-ounce price which we have maintained since we clipped the dollar to 59.06¢ gold on Jan. 31, 1934. It costs Russia about $11 an ounce to mine gold.

With the profits from the gold which it has sold to us directly or indirectly, Russia has bought goods of various descriptions; mainly warmaking goods of late.

There is no law compelling our Treasury to buy gold that originated in Russia. Really, do we owe Russia the duty of helping it finance its plans for the destruction of democracy all over the world?



Beautifully Styled! Spacious Interiors! New Conveniences! And CONDITIONED AIR!

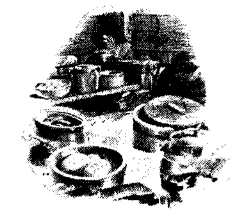
SEE the new 1940 G-E—*the refrigerator with Conditioned Air!* From General Electric's laboratories have come advancements that make this the most complete, the thriftiest General Electric Refrigerator ever built! Yet General Electric prices go even lower for 1940!

Big! Thrifty! Easy to Buy!

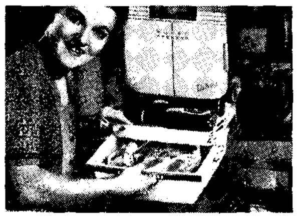
When you shop for your new refrigerator—and compare values—you're going to be happily surprised to find you can buy such a big, beautiful General Electric at the prices quoted. More beautiful styling, more spacious interiors, more wanted conveniences and better food preservation —*plus the famous General Electric Thrift Unit*—make these 1940 models the greatest General Electric Refrigerator values ever offered. See them today at your nearby G-E dealer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

CONDITIONED AIR!

Keeps Food Fresher Longer



Keeps air sweet and clean, like that in the old-fashioned spring house.



1. **New G-E Cold Storage Compartment** automatically controls humidity for keeping meats better longer.

2. **New Air-Filter** freshens air, practically eliminates transfer of food odors. You can taste the difference!

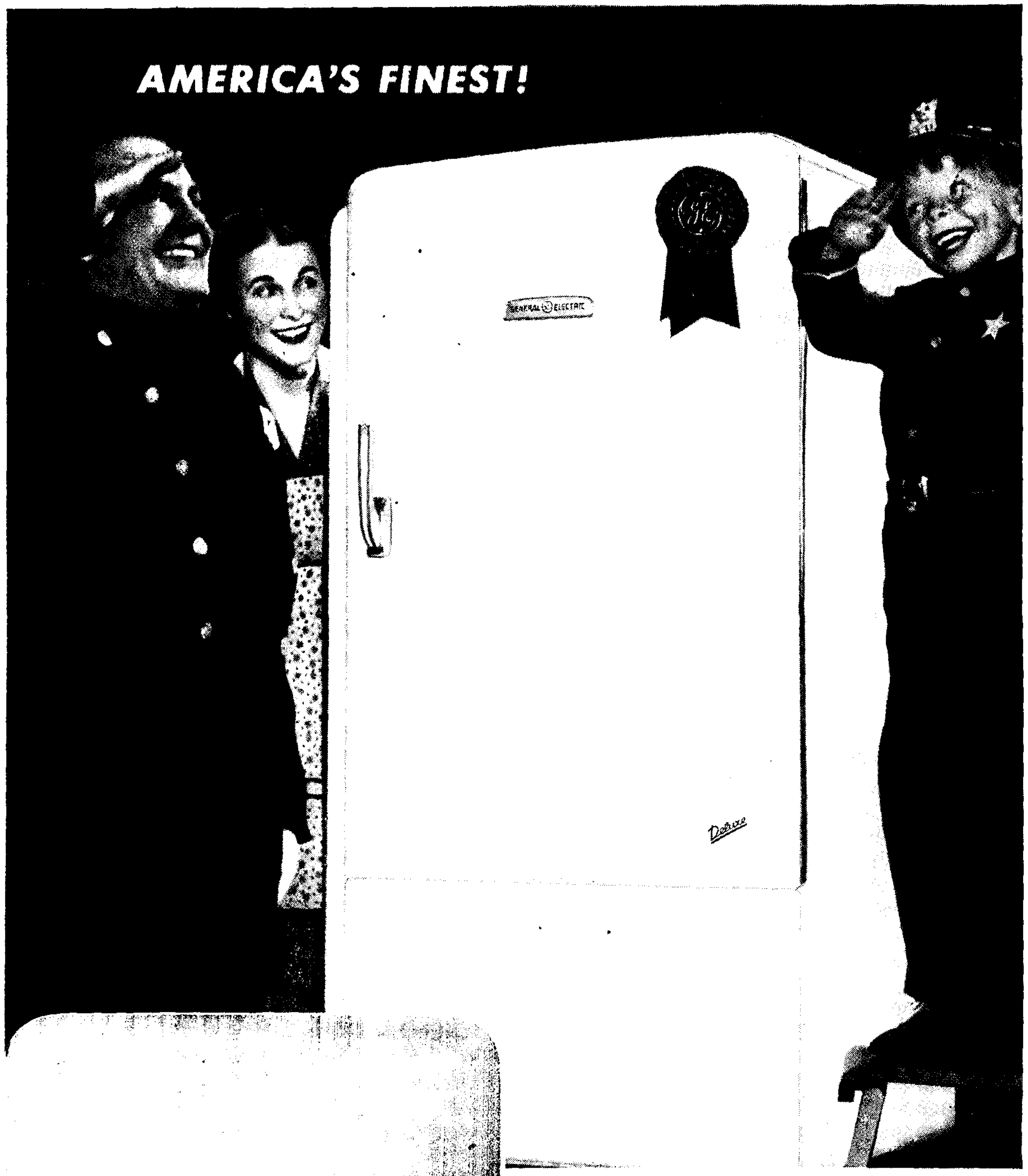
3. **New G-E Humi-Dial** provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables fresh.

[illegible] Be Glad [illegible] a G-E!

- CONDITIONED AIR! Controlled temperature, humidity, and constant circulation of freshened air.
- SELECTIVE STORAGE. All four needed zones—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone General Storage.
- ALL-STEEL CABINET, built for long life. One-piece porcelain interiors—and porcelain exteriors, too!
- STAINLESS STEEL Super-Freezer and STAINLESS STEEL Sliding Shelves!
- ILLUMINATED TEMPERATURE DIAL. Tel-a-frost Indicator. Thriftometer. Interior Lighting. Easy releasing, fast freezing QuickTrays. Matched Dishes.
- SEALED-IN-STEEL G-E THRIFT UNIT famed throughout the world for quiet, low-cost operation and enduring economy.

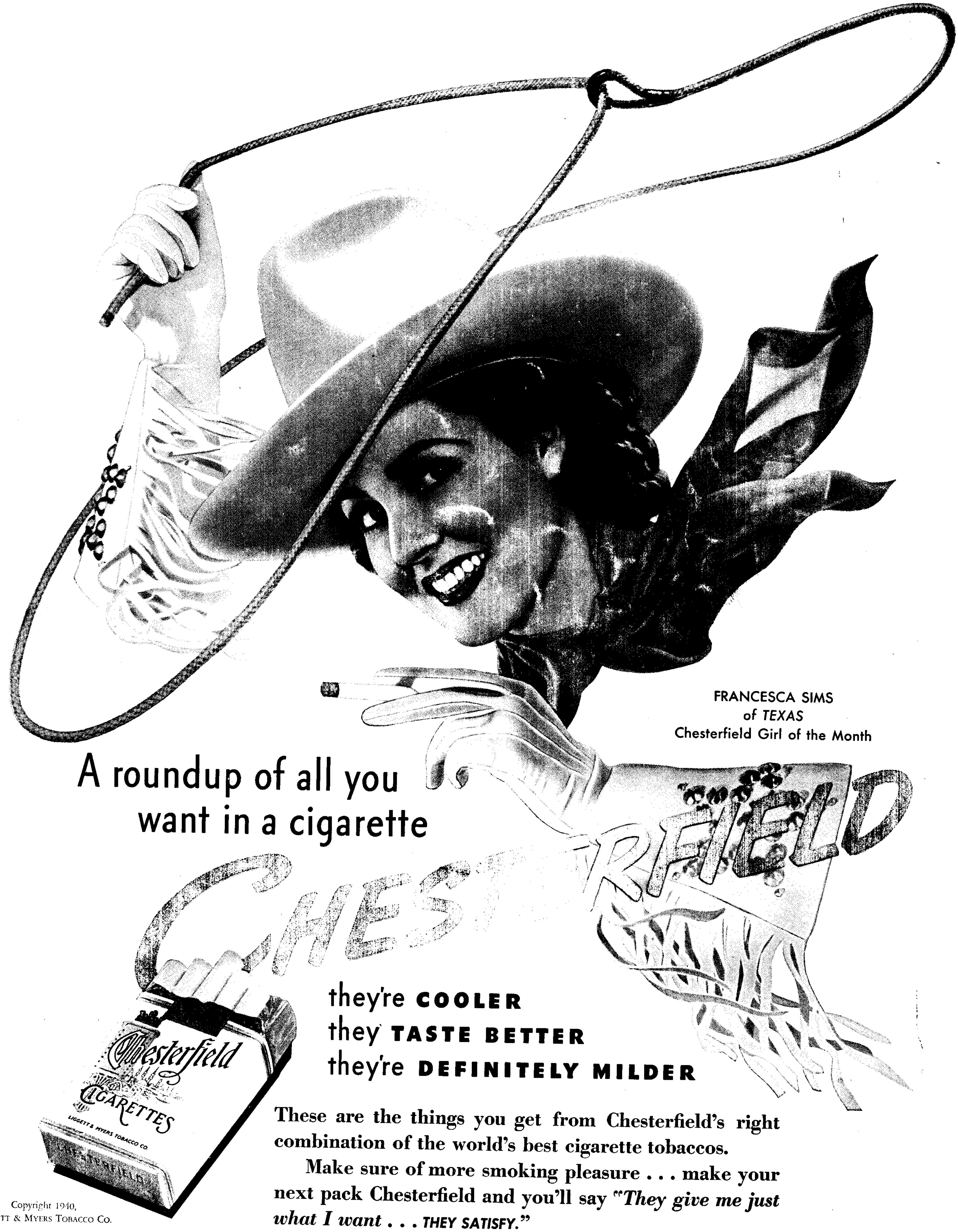
A Statement by the General Electric Company

We believe the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator you can buy at any price. It is a product of the world's largest and oldest electrical manufacturer. Into its design and manufacture have gone the knowledge and skill acquired through sixty years of research and leadership in things electrical.



The new G-E Refrigerator provides low, fast freezing temperatures, and gives you what G-E engineers have found to be the most convenient, most practical low-cost method of food preservation ever developed.

GENERAL ELECTRIC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